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DOWN ON THE SHORE.
PAGE 111.

JOHNSON'S

FIFTH READER.

—BY—

MRS. BLANCHE WYNNE JOHNSON,

Formerly teacher in Bellevue School, Richmond ,Va., and author of "Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver."

ILLUSTRATED.

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PREFACE.

The ability to read well is one of the greatest accomplishments. To read well, it is necessary that the pupil should understand thoroughly the meaning of the author; he should make himself master of the thought expressed upon the printed page.

The Fifth Reader has been prepared with the idea that the pupil has already mastered elementary reading and is prepared to enter upon the higher forms of written language. With this idea in view, selections have been made from the best authors in history, biography, fiction, travels, etc. In numerous instances, the selections have been adapted or abridged, without, however, impairing their literary value. Explanatory notes have been prepared on several selections. It is suggested that supplementary explanation from the teacher would prove interesting to the pupils. Especially is this the case in selections taken from some of our standard works of fiction. The aim of the compiler has been to present to the pupil interesting and useful facts, and to stimulate an interest

in the best authors as well as to increase his vocabulary and improve him in the art of expression.

The editors desire to express their thanks to several friends, who, by criticism and suggestion, have rendered valuable aid in the preparation of this work, as well as to "Ladies' Home Journal," Philadelphia, Pa.; Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston, Mass.; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, N. Y.; "The Outlook," New York, N. Y.; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.; Harper & Bros., New York, N. Y.; N. D. Thompson Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo.; "Youth's Companion," Boston, Mass.; Gay Brothers & Co., Hartford, Conn.; G. W. Dillingham Co., New York, N. Y.; A. J. Holman & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.; Thos. Y. Crowell & Co., Boston, who have generously allowed the use of copyright matter.

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FIFTH READER.

LESSON I.

Our Nation's Faith.

Margaret J. Preston.

Mrs. PRESTON, the daughter of Dr. George Junkin, was born in Philadelphia in 1825. Her father removed to Lexington, Virginia, in 1848, as president of the Washington College, where he remained in that position until 1861. In 1857 she was married to Professor J. T. L. Preston, of the Virginia Military Institute, her sister Eleanor being the first wife of Colonel T. J. Jackson, of the same institution.

Mrs. Preston identified herself with the South, and her "Beechenbrook; a Rhyme of the War," contains the poems, "Stonewall Jackson's Grave" and "Slain in Battle." Her later writings are mostly short poems (many of them religious), articles for magazines and sketches of travel, all of which breathe forth a sweet and wise influence.

1. O God! beneath whose folded hand
   So long was hidden away
   The secret of the wondrous land
   We glory in to-day,

2. We thank Thee that, with faith profound,
   Our sires their sails unfurled,
   And claimed as henceforth hallowed ground
   This unsuspected world;

3. That here they suffered, toiled and bled,
For leave to keep Thy laws;
That here pure martyr-blood was shed
For freedom's holiest cause;

4. That through what Christian men have done,
By stress of conscience driven,
No other land beneath the sun
Owes half so much to Heaven!

5. Now, in the zenith of our fame,
The nations come at call,
To learn the secret that we claim
Must hold the world in thrall.

6. What is it? Not our armaments
On ocean or on shore;
Not vaunted freedom's proud pretence;
Not gold's uncounted store.

7. *Our faith* hath made us what we are;
Beneath these skies so broad,
From Southern Cross to Northern Star,
Our people worship God!

DEFINITIONS.—1. Pro found′, deep; thorough. 2. Sires, forefathers. 3. Un fûrled′, opened; spread. 4. Häl′lowed, sacred; holy. 5. Zē′nith, point in the heavens directly overhead; greatest height. 6. Thrąll, subjection. 7. Är′ma ments, a body of men prepared for war. 8. Väunt′ed, boasted. 9. Pre tĕnçe′, false show.

LESSON II.

"The Air-Brake Did It."

1. "We went winding up the mountain," says a writer in the Philadelphia *Item*, "our massive engine drawing us up the curving grade without an apparent effort. We had crossed an iron bridge and made a curve, winding to the left, and from the track a cottage home stood in the shadow of the hill. Looking past it to a point just beyond, which was visible from my side of the engine, I saw, and excitedly exclaimed:

"'A child on the track!'

2. "At the exclamation, John sprang from his seat. One glance down the track, and his face became pallid. A child, three years old, perhaps, stood midway between the rails and not one hundred yards from the engine. I looked from John to the child. It stood facing us, clapping its little hands, as it was wont to do from its mother's arms, perhaps, at the passing of the cars. In another instant I was thrown forward, almost pitching through the glass window in front. At the same moment I heard a scream, a woman's voice, and, with arms aloft and face paralyzed with terror, the mother stood upon the steps of her cottage. We were nearer the child—it was not twenty yards from the engine, which, under the pressure of the air-brake, was bumping and jolting furiously.

3. "I looked for John; his seat was vacant; again I looked ahead; the pilot was within twenty feet of the child, the train still moving too rapidly to be checked before

reaching it! I shut my eyes; my heart stood still. Again the mother's heart-rending scream, and I opened my eyes to see the child tossed several feet in the air. My head swam as I averted my eyes, and I fancied I heard the crushing of the little form by the now slowly revolving wheels, when, in husky tones, I heard a man's voice say, 'Thank God!'

4. "I opened my eyes, and, standing upon the pilot, was John Akers, holding in his arms the child, its face wreathed in smiles. The engine was now at a stand-still. From the cottage, the father came with a blanched face and trembling steps. The child, in merry accents, called out, 'Want to ride, papa?' He took his baby from John Akers's extended hands, and, folding her in his arms, sank down on the earth beside the track.

5. "John clambered back to his perch and sounded the whistle. The passengers looked out of the windows, wondering what had occurred. A trembling hand drew the lever, which started the engine puffing and hissing until it was going at full speed again. I looked toward John—his blue eyes were on the track ahead, but they were dimmed. Tears were on his cheek, as he perhaps thought of what would have been his feelings if his own little girl had been the one on the track. Not a word did either of us speak until at Christiansburg, on the top of the Alleghanies, 2000 feet above sea level, the train stopped. As I started to leave the engine, I turned and grasped John's hand.

"'You did a brave thing, John,—a noble act.'

"''Twas the air-brake,' he modestly replied; ''twas the air-brake that did it.'"—*Anonymous.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Măss'ive, very large and heavy; bulky. 2. Ap pâr'ent, distinct. 3. Vĭş'i ble, in view. 4. Păl'lid, pale; without color. 5. Păr'ă lȳzed, unnerved. 6. Pī'lŏt, the cowcatcher of a locomotive. 7. Chĕcked, stopped. 8. A vĕrt'ed, turned away or aside. 9. Blânched, white; colorless. 10. Clăm'bered, climbed. 11. Oc cûrred', happened. 12. Lē'ver, a piece of machinery used for controlling the motion of an engine.

LESSON III.

What I Live For.

George L. Banks.

1. I live for those who love me,
   For those I know are true,
   For the heaven that smiles above me,
   And awaits my spirit, too;
   For all human ties that bind me,
   For the task by God assigned me,
   For the bright hopes yet to find me,
   And the good that I can do.

2. I live to learn their story
   Who've battled for my sake—
   The patriot crowned with glory,
   The martyr at the stake,
   Bards, prophets, heroes, sages,
   The noble of all ages,
   Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
   And Time's great volume make.

3. I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction;
Reap truths from fields of fiction;
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill God's grand design.

4. I live to hail that season,
By gifted ones foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

5. I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance
And the good that I can do.

DEFINITIONS.—1. As sīgned′, appointed; allotted. 2. Pā′tri ot, one who loves his country. 3. Mär′tyr, one who suffers death or great sacrifice for principle. 4. Stāke, a piece of timber to which a martyr is tied to be burned to death. 5. Bärds, minstrels; poets. 6.

Prŏph'ets, those who foretell future events. 7. Sā'ġes, wise men. 8. Com mūn'ion, fellowship, association. 9 Af flic'tion, distress or grief. 10. Fic'tion, works of imagination. 11. Con vic'tion, a sense of guilt. 12. De sīgn', plan; purpose. 13. Re şīst'ance, opposition.

LESSON IV.

He Had a Heart.

1. It was a hot, dusty day, when two or three passengers entered a train on the Northwestern road at Bridgewater. Among them was a stylishly-dressed young man, who wore a stiff white hat, patent-leather shoes, the neatest of cuffs and the shiniest of stand-up collars. He carried a cane, and carefully brushed the dust from the seat in front of me before he sat down.

2. Just across the aisle, opposite him, sat a tired woman holding a baby. I never saw in my life a more discouraged, worn-out, despairing look than that on the mother's face. The baby was too sick even to cry. It lay moaning and gasping in its mother's lap, while the dust and cinders flew in at the open doors and windows. The heat and dust made traveling, even for strong men, unbearable.

3. I had put down the stylish young man in front of me as a specimen of the dude family, and was making a mental calculation on the probable existence of brains under the new hat, when, to my astonishment, he leaned over the aisle and said to the woman:

"Madam, can I be of any assistance to you? Just let me hold your baby a while. You look so very tired."

"Oh! thank you, sir," said she tremulously; "I am tired," and her lips quivered.

4. "I think the baby will come to me," said the young man, with a smile. "Poor thing! It's too sick to make any objection. I will hold it carefully, madam, while you lie down and rest a while. Have you come far?"

"From the Black Hills."

"What! by stage?"

"Yes; but the baby was well when I started. I am on my way to friends in the East. My—my husband—my—"

"Ah, yes, I see, I see!" continued the young man in a sympathetic tone, as he glanced at the bit of crape in the little traveling-hat. By this time he had taken the baby and was holding it in his arms.

5. "Now you can lie down and rest a little. Have you far to go?"

"To Georgia," replied the woman, almost with a sob, as she wearily arranged a shawl over a valise, and prepared to lie down in the seat.

"Ah, yes, I see! And you have not money enough to go into a sleeping-car; have you, madam?"

The poor woman blushed faintly and put one hand over her face, while the tears dropped between her worn fingers.

I looked out of the window, and a mist came over my eyes, while I changed my calculation of the young man's mental ability. He looked thoughtfully and tenderly down at the baby, and in a short time the mother was fast asleep.

6. The woman sitting across the aisle from me, who had heard as much of the conversation as I had, came and offered to relieve the young man of his charge. "I am

ashamed of myself for not offering to take the baby from the mother before. Poor little thing! It is asleep."

"So it is. I'll surrender it to you now," with a cheerful smile.

7. At this point the train stopped at a station, and the young man rose in his seat, took off his hat, and said in a clear, earnest voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, here is an opportunity for us to show that we have been brought up in a Christian land and have Christian mothers and fathers. This poor woman," pointing to the sleeping mother, "has come all the way from the Black Hills, and is going to Georgia. Her husband is dead, and her baby is ill. She hasn't money enough to travel in a sleeping-car, and is all tired out and discouraged. What will you do about it?"

"Do?" cried a big man down near the water-cooler, rising excitedly. "Do? Take up a collection!" the American citizen's last resort in distress. "I'll give five dollars."

8. The effect was electrical. The hat went round, and the way silver dollars and quarters and ten-cent pieces rattled in it would have done any true heart good.

I wish I could describe the look on the woman's face when she awoke and the money was given to her. She tried to thank us all, and failed. She broke down completely. But we didn't need any thanks.

There was a sleeping-car on the train, and the young man saw the mother and child transferred to it at once. I did not hear what she said to him when he left, but it must have been a hearty "God bless you!"—*Writer in Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Spĕc'i men, sample; model. 2. Cal cu lā'tion, reckoning; estimate. 3. Trĕm'ū lous ly, in an agitated, trembling manner. 4. Quīv'ered, trembled. 5. Sym'pa thĕt'ic, kind; showing pity or compassion. 6. Op'por tū'ni ty, fit occasion. 7. Re şôrt', means of relief. 8. E lĕc'tric al, as if caused by electricity; magical. 9. Trans fĕrred', removed.

LESSON V.

PART I.

September.

George Arnold.

The cricket chirps all day,
"O fairest summer, stay!"
The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts browning;
The wild fowl fly afar
Above the foamy bar,
And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

Now comes a fragrant breeze
Through the dark cedar-trees,
And round about my temples fondly lingers,
In gentle playfulness,
Like to the soft caress
Bestowed in happier days by loving fingers.

Yet, though a sense of grief
Comes with the falling leaf,
And memory makes the summer doubly pleasant,
In all my autumn dreams
A future summer gleams,
Passing the fairest glories of the present!

DEFINITIONS.—1. A skănçe′, sidewise. 2. Be stōwed′, given freely.

LESSON V.—PART II.

September Rain.

Thomas MacKellar.

Patter—patter—
Listen how the rain-drops clatter,
Falling on the shingle roof;
How they rattle,
Like the rifle's click in battle,
Or the charger's iron hoof!

Cool and pleasant
Is the evening air at present,
Gathering freshness from the rain.
Languor chasing,
Muscle, thew, and sinew bracing,
And enlivening the brain.

Close together
Draw the bands of love in weather
When the sky is overcast;
Eyeballs glisten—
Thankfully we sit and listen
To the rain that's coming fast.

Dropping—dropping
Like dissolving diamonds—popping
'Gainst the crystal window-pane,
As if seeking
Entrance—welcome, and bespeaking
Our affection for the rain.

Quick and quicker
Come the droppings—thick and thicker,
Pour the hasty torrents down:
Rushing—rushing—
From the leaden spouts a-gushing,
Cleansing all the streets in town.

Darkness utter
Gathers round; we close the shutter;
Snugly sheltered let us keep.
Still increasing
Falls the rain; but, oh! 'tis pleasing
'Neath such lullaby to sleep.

How I love it!
Let the miser money covet—
Let the soldiers seek the fight,
Give me only,
When I lie awake and lonely,
Music made by rain at night.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Chär'ger, a horse for battle or parade. 2. Lan'guor (lăn'gwẽr), dullness or heaviness. 3. Thew (thū), nerve or sinew. 4. Sīn'ew (sīn'ū), nerve or muscle. 5. En līv'en ing, making active or vigorous; giving life to. 6. Diş şŏlv'ing, melting. 7. Crȳs'tal, clear. 8. Be spēak'ing, asking; begging. 9. Tŏr'rents, abundant streams of water. 10. Ut'ter, complete. 11. Lŭll'a by, a slumber song. 12. Cŏv'et, to desire greedily or wickedly.

LESSON VI.

The Blessings of Cheerfulness.

J. R. Miller, D. D.

1. What a difference it makes when one is habitually cheerful! Wherever such a person goes, he carries gladness. He makes it easier for others to live. He puts encouragement into the heart of every one he meets. When you ask after his health, he answers you in a happy, cheerful way that quickens your own pulses. He does not burden you with a list of complaints. He does not consider it necessary to tell you at breakfast how poorly he has rested, how many hours he heard the clock strike during the night, or any of the details of his miserable condition this morning. He prefers only to speak of cheerful things, not staining the brightness of the morning for you with the recital of his own discomforts.

2. The cheerful man carries with him a fragrance in his presence and personality—an influence that acts upon others as summer warmth on the fields and forests. It wakes up and calls out the best that is in them. It makes

them stronger, braver, and happier. Such a man makes a little spot of this world a lighter, brighter, warmer place for other people to live in. To meet him in the morning is to get an inspiration which makes all the day's struggles and tasks easier. His hearty handshake puts a thrill of new vigor in one's veins. After talking with him for a few minutes, you feel an exhilaration of spirits, a quickening of energy, a renewal of zest and interest in living, and are ready for any duty or service.

3. The blessing of one such cheerful life in a home is immeasurable. It touches all the household with its calming, quieting influence. It allays the storms of perturbed feeling that are sure to sweep down from the mountains of worldly care and conflict even upon the sheltered waters of home.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ha bĭt'u al ly, regularly; usually. 2. Vĭg'or, active strength; energy. 3. Ex̱ hĭl'a rā'tion, an elevation of the spirits; a gladdening. 4. Zĕst, keen enjoyment; relish. 5. Al lāyz', quiets; subdues. 6. Per tûrbed', disturbed; confused. 7. Cŏn'flict, struggle.

LESSON VII.

PART I.

"Building."

We are building every day,
In a good or evil way;
And the structure, as it grows,
Will our inmost self disclose,

Till in every arch and line
All our faults and failings shine:
It may grow a castle grand,
Or a wreck upon the sand.

Do you ask what building this,
That can show both pain and bliss,
That can be both dark and fair?
Lo, its name is character!

Build it well, whate'er you do;
Build it straight and strong and true;
Build it clean and high and broad;
Build it for the eye of God.

LESSON VII.—PART II.

Little at First, but Great at Last.

Charles Mackay.

CHARLES MACKAY was a Scottish journalist and poet. He was born in Perth, March 27, 1814, and died in London, December 24, 1889. In 1857 he came to the United States on a lecturing tour. During the Civil War he remained in New York as correspondent of the London *Times*, and greatly favored the Southern cause.

It will be interesting to note that his daughter Minnie is the popular "Marie Corelli," author of "A Romance of Two Worlds," etc.

A traveler through a dusty road
  Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
  And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
  To breathe its early vows,

And Age was pleased, at heat of noon,
  To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
  The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
  A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
  Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
  Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
  A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
  But judged that toil might drink;
He passed again, and lo! the well,
  By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
  And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
  'Twas old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain,
  Yet strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
  And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
  A monitory flame!
The thought was small; its issue, great;
  A watch-fire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown,
  And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid the crowd
  That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
  Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper, on the tumult thrown,
  A transitory breath,

It raised a brother from the dust,
  It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
  O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
  But mighty at the last.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Strewed (strud), scattered. 2. Lēa, a grassy field. 3. Bȧsk, to lie in comfort. 4. Dôr'mouse, small animal like a squirrel. 5. Pȧrch'ing, suffering for lack of moisture. 6. Rȧn'dȯm, without definite aim; left to chance. 7. Gēn'ial, sympathetic; kindly. 8. Bēa'con, guiding. 9. Mŏn'i tō ry, warning. 10. Is'sūe, final outcome or result. 11. Märt, market. 12. Tū'mult, commotion or uproar. 13. Trȧn'si tō ry, passing; short. 14. Gĕrm, source; beginning.

LESSON VIII.

PART I.

A Vacation Echo.

1. Vacation might aptly be called impression time. Scarcely any one of us in the days we shall spend away from our homes but will mingle with strangers. We shall

receive impressions from them (unrecognized at the time, perhaps), and in turn we make an impression. Each summer in most of our lives is marked by some well-remembered circumstance, event or person.

2. Some three or four years ago I met a bright young girl, whose life, for the few weeks in which we were in daily contact, was the living epistle of one word—"Inasmuch." What a vacation motto! How forcibly she put it into practice, and among the many guests at Maple Hill that year her opportunities were not a few. They were every-day affairs—a story told to a group of restless children, impatient on account of the shower that had interrupted their play; a book quietly handed the boy homesick and lonely in a strange place; listening with patient attention to the garrulous old lady who seemed never to lose an occasion to entice our companion from us. Somebody *was always* wanting Miss Amy, and it was a genuine pleasure to have her all to one's self now and then.

3. But in the house or out, the life was the same. If we were riding, room could always be made for the little girl or boy whom we found trudging along with a pail of berries, or for a basket of clean clothes that was coaxed from the tired washer-woman on her way to the Hill House. Perhaps the reminiscence most impressed upon my mind in connection with our rides is this: We were driving home one very warm afternoon, and were enjoying some delicious peaches, one of our village purchases. We passed many teams, as it was the main road: one old man slowly plodding up hill beside his heavy load of sand specially attracted us. Quick as thought Amy drew in our horse, and, reaching

down, handed him a couple of peaches; if thanks were needed, she had them in his look of grateful surprise. To me she said in a matter-of-fact way, "They tasted so good to us," and I drew my own conclusion.

4. Instances and incidents could be multiplied, for here, there, and everywhere this seemingly unconscious service was performed. What though it was nothing but letting some one else take the best croquet mallet, or being willing to ride with the driver, or play tennis with "just those boys," or helping the little tots make jack-o'-lanterns?

"It is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be never so fair,
But the love the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden with holy care
In the heart of the deed so fair."

DEFINITIONS.—1. Un rĕc'og nīzed, unknown. 2. Fōr'ci bly, strongly. 3. Găr'rụ lous, talkative. 4. Gĕn'ū ĭne, real; pure. 5. Rem'i nĭs'cence, remembrance; recollection. 6. De lī'cious, delightful. 7. In'ci dents, happenings; circumstances. 8. Tŏt, anything small; especially used in speaking of children.

LESSON VIII.—PART II.

Dead Souls.

1. An old physician remarked lately: "There is no study in human nature so difficult to me as a certain class of young girls. I spent a part of this summer with two specimens of this class. They had the usual amount of capacity for observing, understanding, and feeling. They

had been educated at much cost to their parents; both were constant attendants at church. I saw nothing in their faces or bearing to argue that they were imbecile. Their mother was an invalid, nearing the grave. Nothing could be more touching than the patient, appealing gaze with which her eyes followed them, watching for some signal of affection; but they had eyes and thoughts for nothing but a gown they were making. They were used to her love, her illness, even to the thought of her death.

2. "I walked out with them through a great forest under the solemn stars. They saw no beauty, no sublimity in them. They chatted incessantly of the new trimming on their bonnets. They were used to the meaning of the trees and stars. The only thing apparently to which they were not used were the changes in ribbons, puffs, and flounces. I went to church with them, and listened to the great 'Te Deum' which has come down to us through the ages, and lifted the hearts of countless worshipers to God. They nudged each other, while they sang it, to look at a beaded cloak in the next pew. We physicians now test the temperature of a patient's body, and, if we find it below a certain degree, know that death is already in the heart. When I find so low a degree in the words, thoughts, and actions of the human body, I begin to fear that the soul within is cold and dead beyond recall."

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ca păc'i ty, ability; power. 2. Im'be cile, of feeble mind. 3. In'va lid, one weak or indisposed. 4. Appēal'ing, entreating. 5. Sub lĭm'i ty, grandeur. 6. In cĕs'sant ly, without ceasing. 7. Tĕm'per a ture, degree of heat or cold.

LESSON IX.

PART I.

The Bird With the Broken Wing.

F. M. Lamb.

1. I walked through the woodland meadows,
   Where sweet the thrushes sing,
   And found on a bed of mosses
   A bird with a broken wing.
   I healed its wound, and each morning
   It sang its old, sweet strain;
   But the bird with a broken pinion
   Never soared so high again.

2. I found a young life broken
   By sin's seductive art,
   And, touched with a Christlike pity,
   I took him to my heart.
   He lived with a noble purpose,
   And struggled not in vain;
   But the life that sin had stricken
   Never soared so high again.

3. But the bird with the broken pinion
   Kept another from the snare,
   And the life that sin had stricken
   Raised another from despair.
   Each loss has its compensation;
   There is healing for every pain;
   But the bird with a broken pinion
   Never soared so high again.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Pin'ion, wing. 2. Se dūc'tive, beguiling; misleading. 3. Strick'en, smitten; struck 4. Snâre, trap; temptation. 5. Com'pen sā'tion, reward; satisfaction.

LESSON IX.—PART II.

If I Were a Voice.

Charles Mackay.

1. If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
   That could travel the wide world through,
   I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
   And speak to men with a gentle might,
   And tell them to be true.
   I'd fly, I'd fly o'er land and sea,
   Wherever a human heart might be,
   Telling a tale, or singing a song,
   In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong.

2. If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
   I'd fly on the wings of air;
   The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
   And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
   To save them from despair.
   I'd fly, I'd fly o'er the crowded town,
   And drop like the happy sunlight down
   Into the hearts of suffering men,
   And teach them to rejoice again.

3. If I were a voice, a pervading voice,
   I'd seek the kings of earth;
   I'd find them alone on their beds at night,
   And whisper words that should guide them right—
   Lessons of priceless worth.
   I'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
   And tell them things they never heard,—
   Truths which the ages for aye, repeat,
   Unknown to the statesmen at their feet.

4. If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
   I'd speak in the people's ear;
   And whenever they shouted "Liberty!"
   Without deserving to be free,
   I'd make their error clear.
   I'd fly, I'd fly on the wings of day,
   Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
   And making all the earth rejoice—
   If I were a voice, an immortal voice.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Con sōl'ing, soothing; comforting. 2. Per vād'ing, everywhere present. 3. Āy, always. 4. Stātes'men, men who are important in public affairs. 5. Im môr'tal, not mortal; eternal.

LESSON X.

PART I.

The Ship of Pearl.

1. One of the most exquisitely beautiful of marine objects is the celebrated Argonaut, or paper nautilus, so called

because of the extreme thinness of its shell. Of its famous sailing powers, that Darwin of the ancients, Aristotle, says: "The nautilus is of the nature of animals which pass for extraordinary, for it can float on the sea; it raises itself from the bottom of the water, the shell being reversed and empty, but when it reaches the surface it readjusts it. It has between the arms a species of tissue, similar to that which unites the toes of web-footed birds. When there is a little wind, it employs this tissue as a sort of sail."

2. Until recently, all accounts represented it as using its delicate shell for a boat, its tentacles or arms for oars, and its expanded mantle as a sail. The truth, however, is strange enough, without having recourse to fiction. It is impossible to realize, without seeing, the beauty of this dainty creature. It appears a mass of silver, with a cloud of spots of a most beautiful rose-color, and a fine dotting of the same, which heightens its beauty. A long, semi-circular band of ultra-marine blue, which melts away insensibly, very decidedly marks one of its extremities, known as the keel. Thus, as it floats upon a summer sea, it appears more like a fairy in a boat of unearthly and enchanting beauty, than the unattractive form which its preserved corpse exhibits in alcohol.

3. But now as to the way in which it actually does move: When it is taking a leisurely stroll, it walks upon its head—that is, when on the sea bottom, withdrawing its body as much and as far as possible into its shell, it turns itself in such a manner as to rest upon its head, and, using its arms to walk upon, creeps slowly along, sometimes taking a strong hold with its cup-like suckers on some projecting rock, and swinging itself from one projection to another.

At other times, desiring a swifter mode of progression, it extends its six arms in parallel straight lines, and squirts itself along backward like a flash of light, by violently ejecting water from a tube which projects beneath its outstretched bundle of arms. And now we are ready for Holmes' beautiful poem entitled, "The Chambered Nautilus."

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ex trạôr'di na ry, remarkable. 2. Re vẽrsed', turned upside down. 3. Rē'ad justs', rearranges. 4. Re cōurse', resort. 5. Fĭc'tion, invention. 6. Ul'tra ma rīne', the color of the clear, unclouded sky. 7. In sĕn'si bly, not noticeably. 8. Pro grĕs'sion, movement forward; progress. 9. Păr'al lel, extending in the same direction. 10. E jĕct'ing, throwing out.

NOTES.—*Charles R. Darwin* (born 1809; died 1882), an English naturalist who discovered many things never known before about plants and animal life.

Aristotle (Ăr'is tŏt l), a great Greek naturalist and philosopher, who died in the year 322 B. C.

LESSON X.—PART II.

The Chambered Nautilus.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was a poet, wit, humorist, novelist, essayist, college lecturer, and writer on medical subjects, and achieved high rank in all these fields. He was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1809. He was graduated from Harvard in 1829, and was for thirty-five years professor in the Medical Department of that institution. Dr. Holmes died in 1894.

His most popular book is the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and his greatest poem, "The Chambered Nautilus."

1. This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

2. In webs of living gauze no more unfurl:
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim, dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

3. Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil:
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft steps its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

4. Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

5. "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven, with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

DEFINITIONS.—1. Feign, pretend. 2. Māin, ocean. 3. Vĕn'tur ous, daring. 4. Sī'ren, fabled sea-nymph whose singing led sailors to destruction. 5. Wŏnt, used; accustomed. 6. Tĕn'ant, occupant. 7. Re vēaled', disclosed to view. 8. I'rised, having colors like those of the rainbow. 9. Crȳpt, vault; tomb. 10. Lŭs'trous, shining. 11. Spī'ral, a coil like the string upon a top. 12. Arch'way, a way or passage under an arch.

NOTE.—*Trī'ton*, a fabled sea-god; shaped, the lower part like a fish, the upper part like a man, represented as blowing a trumpet made of a shell.

LESSON XI.

The Whip-poor-will.

John James Audubon.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON (Aw'du bŭn), our great bird-lover and bird-artist, was born near New Orleans in 1780, and died in 1851.

About the age of fourteen he went to Paris and studied painting under the celebrated David. The greater part of his life was spent in roaming the forests of the Southern States studying birds and painting them from life. In 1839 he published a limited subscription edition of his plates of bird-portraits, true to life in color and size. They are now very rare, and are said to be worth $1,000 per set.

Later he published a volume of bird-biography, which has as great merit as his plates.

1. This bird makes its appearance in most parts of our Western and Southern Districts at the approach of spring, but is never heard, and indeed scarcely ever occurs, in the State of Louisiana. The more barren and mountainous parts of the Union seem to suit it best. Accordingly, the open barrens of Kentucky and the country through which the Alleghany ridges pass are more abundantly supplied with it than any other region. Yet, wherever a small tract of country thinly covered with timber occurs in the Middle Districts, there the whip-poor-will is heard during the spring and early autumn.

2. This species of night-jar, like its relative the chuck-will's-widow, is seldom seen during the day, unless when accidentally discovered in a state of repose, when, if startled, it rises and flies off, but only to such a distance as it considers necessary, in order to secure it from the further intrusion of the disturber of its noonday slumbers. Its flight is very low, light, swift, noiseless and protracted, as the bird moves over the places which it inhabits, in pursuit of the moths, beetles, and other insects of which its food is composed.

3. During the day it sleeps on the ground, the lowest branches of small trees and bushes, or the fallen trunks of trees so abundantly dispersed through the woods. In such situations, you may approach within a few feet of it; and, should you observe it whilst asleep, and not make any noise sufficient to alarm it, it will suffer you to pass quite near

without taking flight, as it seems to sleep with great soundness, especially about the middle of the day. In rainy or very cloudy weather it sleeps less, and is more on the alert. Its eyes are then kept open for hours at a time, and it flies off as soon as it discovers an enemy approaching, which it can do at such times at a distance of twenty or thirty yards. It always appears with its body parallel to the direction of the branch or trunk on which it sits, and, I believe, never alights across a branch or fence-rail.

4. No sooner has the sun disappeared beneath the horizon, than this bird bestirs itself, and sets out in pursuit of insects. It passes low over the bushes, moves to the right or left, alights on the ground to secure its prey, passes repeatedly and in different directions over the same field, skims along the skirts of the woods, and settles occasionally on the tops of the fence-stakes or on stumps of trees, from whence it sallies, like a fly-catcher, after insects, and, on seizing them, returns to the same spot.

5. When thus situated, it frequently alights on the ground to pick up a beetle. Like the chuck-will's-widow, it also balances itself in the air, in front of the trunks of trees or against the sides of banks, to discover ants and other small insects that may be lurking there. Its flight is so light and noiseless that, whilst it is passing within a few feet of a person, the motion of its wings is not heard by him, and merely produces a gentle undulation in the air. During all this time, it utters a low, murmuring sound, by which alone it can be discovered in the dark, when passing within a few yards of one, and which I have often heard when walking or riding through the barrens at night.

6. Immediately after the arrival of these birds, their notes are heard in the dusk and through the evening, in every part of the thickets and along the skirts of the woods. They are clear and loud, and to me are more interesting than those of the nightingale. This taste I have probably acquired by listening to the whip-poor-will in parts where nature exhibited all her lone grandeur, and where no discordant din interrupted the repose of all around. Only think, kind reader, how grateful to me must have been the cheering voice of this, my only companion, when, fatigued and hungry, after a day of unremitted toil, I have planted my camp in the wilderness, as the darkness of night put a stop to my labors! I have often listened to the nightingale, but never under such circumstances, and therefore its sweetest notes have never awakened the same feeling.

7. The whip-poor-will continues its lively song for several hours after sunset, and then remains silent until the first dawn of day, when its notes echo through every vale and along the declivities of the mountains, until the beams of the rising sun scatter the darkness that overhung the face of nature. Hundreds are often heard at the same time in different parts of the woods, each trying to outdo the others; and when you are told that the notes of this bird may be heard at the distance of several hundred yards, you may form an idea of the pleasure which every lover of nature must feel during the time when this chorus is continued.

8. Description is incapable of conveying to your mind any accurate idea of the notes of this bird, much less of the feelings which they excite. Were I to tell you that they

are, in fact, not strictly musical, you might be disappointed. The cry consists of three distinct notes, the first and last of which are emphatical and sonorous, the intermediate one less so. These three notes are preceded by a low cluck, which seems preparatory to the others, and which is only heard when one is near the bird. A fancied resemblance which its notes have to the syllables whip-poor-will has given rise to the common name of the bird.

9. This species is easily shot when the moon is shining and the night clear, as you may then approach it without much caution. It is, however, difficult to hit it on wing, on account of the zigzag lines in which it flies, as well as the late hour at which it leaves its resting-place. It is seldom killed, however, being too small to be sought as an article of food, although its flesh is savory, and it is too harmless to excite dislike.

10. It deposits its eggs about the middle of May on the bare ground or on dry leaves, in the most retiring parts of the thickets which it frequents. They are always two in number, of a short, elliptical form, much rounded, and nearly equal at both ends, of a greenish-white color, spotted and blotched with bluish-gray and light brown. The young burst the shell in fourteen days after the commencement of incubation, and look at first like a moldy and almost shapeless mass, of a yellowish color. When first able to fly they are of a brown color, interspersed with patches of buff, the brown being already beautifully sprinkled with darker dots and zigzag lines. They attain their full plumage before they depart with their parents for the South.

11. I think their southward migration, which is performed by night, must be very rapid, as I have never found any of these birds in Louisiana at that season, whereas they proceed slowly on their return in spring. Both birds sit on the eggs, and feed the young for a long time after they are able to fly, either on wing, in the manner of the common house swallow, or while perched on the fences, wood-piles or houses. The food of the young at first consists of ants and partially digested beetles and large moths, which the parents disgorge; but at the end of a fortnight the parents present the food whole to the young, who then swallow it with ease.

12. Much has been said respecting the difference existing between the whip-poor-will and the night hawk, for the purpose of showing them to be distinct species. On this subject I shall only say that I have known both birds from my early youth, and I have seldom seen a farmer or even a boy in the United States who did not know the difference between them.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Băr'ren, waste and wild. 2. Night'-jar', an European bird. 3. In trụ'sion, disturbance. 4. Pro trăct'ed, lengthened; prolonged. 5. Dis pẽrsed', scattered; spread. 6. Be stĩrs', arouses. 7. Un'du la'-tion, a wave-like motion. 8. Gran'deūr, sublimity; majesty; magnificence. 9. Dis côrd'ant, noisy; clashing. 10. Un're mĭt'ted, without rest. 11. De clĭv'i ties, steep slopes. 12. So nō'rous, giving a clear, loud sound. 13. In'ter mē'di ate, coming between; intervening. 14. Sā'vor y, pleasing to the taste or smell. 15. El lĭp'tic al, oblong with rounded ends; having the form of an

ellipse. 16. In′cu bā′tion, setting; hatching. 17. In′-ter spĕr′sed′, sprinkled; mingled. 18. Mī grā′tion, removal from one country to another; change of residence.

LESSON XII.

Part I.

Birds at Audubon's Grave.

There is a little scene of rural nature enacted every evening up on Washington Heights that probably cannot be seen in any other thickly settled part of New York. Thousands of swallows, which make their homes in the big chimney of a church, gather from every direction about sunset and circle around over Trinity cemetery, retiring gradually to their nests. At daybreak they rise from the chimney in clouds and scatter to all points of the compass. Residents of the neighborhood regard these flights with affectionate interest. As I stood near the cemetery the other evening watching the gathering hosts of birds circling against the pale light of the sky, I noticed a white-haired old man leaning against a tree and gazing upward. From north and south, east and west, flocks of the graceful birds were arriving every moment to join the swirling multitudes. There were literally thousands of them, swooping in a wide circle over the silent grave-yard and filling the air with plaintive cries. Suddenly the old man addressed me.

"What a beautiful sight that is," said he. "I have watched these flights for years. During the summer the birds come every evening about 6 o'clock, and for an hour

or more fly in that swift circle overhead before seeking rest."

"Why have they chosen this spot?" I asked.

"It has been their haunt for many years," said the old man. "I like to think that it is because their friend sleeps yonder. Can you see that monument?" He pointed with his stick through the massive iron fence that surrounds the cemetery. Through the gathering dusk I could make out a great white cross, on a high pedestal, glimmering in the twilight. "That is in memory of Audubon," said the old man. "On one side of that cross are the sculptured forms of many birds.

"Just a block away is the old mansion where Audubon lived, now occupied by former Mayor Daniel F. Tieman.

"Every evening in summer the swallows wing their swift way from New Jersey, from Westchester and Long Island, and swing in their strange circle over the tomb of the naturalist and within sight of the place where he lived and worked. It seems as though it were a ceremony before a shrine."

Overhead the birds still swirled in a swift circle, and the darkening grave-yard lay silent but for the soft rustling of the leaves. The sunset light faded. Suddenly one of the swallows widened the circle and a hundred swung out after him. The twittering cries grew fainter and stopped. The first detachment circled toward the chimney of the Church of St. Catherine of Genoa, and dropped into it one by one. They had not all disappeared when another company swept out of the circle and disappeared. Rapidly the host grew less until finally the last of the birds had darted over and

fluttered into their nests. The old man walked away slowly. All was darkness beyond the iron gates, and silence.—*The Humane Alliance.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ru'ral, belonging to the country; rustic. 2. En ăct'ed, acted or represented. 3. Cŏm'-pass, an instrument for determining directions ("all points of the compass," in every direction). 4. Swīrl'ing, whirling. 5. Mūl'ti tūdes, great numbers. 6. Lit'er al ly, really. 7. Plāin'tive, mournful. 8. Hāunt, home or place of rèsort. 9. Pĕd'es tal, base or foot of a column, statue, or the like. 10. Scŭlp'tūred, carved into images. 11. Cēr'e mō'ny, an act of honor or worship. 12. Shrīne, any sacred place, as an altar or tomb.

LESSON XII.—PART II.

Only a Bird.

Mary Morrison.

Only a bird! and a vagrant boy
  Fits a pebble with boyish skill
Into the folds of a supple sling.
  "Watch me hit him. I can and I will."
Whirr! and a silence chill and sad
  Falls like a pall on the vibrant air,
From a birchen tree, whence a shower of song
  Has fallen in ripples everywhere.

Only a bird! and the tiny throat
  With quaver and thrill and whistles of flute,
Bruised and bleeding and silent lies
  There at his feet. Its chords are mute.

And the boy, with a loud and boisterous laugh,
  Proud of his prowess and brutal skill,
Throws it aside with a careless toss—
  "Only a bird! it was made to kill."

Only a bird! yet far away
  Little ones clamor and cry for food—
Clamor and cry, and the chill of night
  Settles over the orphan brood.
Weaker and fainter the moaning call
  For a brooding breast that shall never come.
Morning breaks o'er a lonely nest,
  Songless and lifeless; mute and dumb.

—*The Humane Alliance.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Vā'grant, roving. 2. Sŭp'ple, elastic. 3. Pạll, funeral cloth. 4. Vī'brant, vibrating; tremulous. 5. Quā'ver, a tremulous note. 6. Bois'ter ous, rough; rude; noisy. 7. Prow'ess, bravery. 8. Brụ'tal, cruel; like a brute. 9. Brōōd, a nest of young birds.

LESSON XIII.

"A Georgia Volunteer."

Mary Ashley Townsend.

MRS. MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND was born in New York State, but has lived in New Orleans since her marriage in 1856. She has published three volumes of verse, the latest being "Distaff and Spindle."

1. Far up the lonely mountain-side
  My wandering footsteps led;
The moss lay thick beneath my feet,
  The pines sighed overhead.

The trace of a dismantled fort
  Lay in the forest nave,
And in the shadow near my path
  I saw a soldier's grave.

2. The bramble wrestled with the weed
  Upon the lowly mound,
The simple headboard, rudely writ,
  Had rotted to the ground;
I raised it with a reverent hand,
  From dust its words to clear:
But time had blotted all but these:
  "A Georgia Volunteer."

3. I saw the toad and scaly snake
  From tangled covert start,
And hide themselves among the weeds
  Above the dead man's heart;
But undisturbed, in sleep profound,
  Unheeding, there he lay;
His coffin but the mountain soil,
  His shroud, Confederate gray.

4. I heard the Shenandoah roll
  Along the vale below,
I saw the Alleghanies rise
  Toward the realms of snow.
The "Valley Campaign" rose to mind—
  Its leader's name—and then
I knew the sleeper had been one
  Of Stonewall Jackson's men.

5. Yet, whence he came, what lip shall say?
Whose tongue will ever tell
What desolated hearths and hearts
Have been because he fell?
What sad-eyed maiden braids her hair—
Her hair which he held dear?
One lock of which, perchance, lies with
The Georgia Volunteer.

6. What mother, with long-watching eyes
And white lips cold and dumb,
Waits with appalling patience for
Her darling boy to come?
Her boy! whose mountain grave swells up
But one of many a scar
Cut on the face of our fair land
By gory-handed war.

7. What fights he fought, what wounds he wore,
Are all unknown to fame;
Remember, on his lonely grave
There is not even a name!
That he fought well and bravely, too,
And held his country dear,
We know—else he had never been
A Georgia Volunteer.

8. He sleeps—what need to question now
If he were wrong or right?
He knows, ere this, whose cause was just
In God the Father's sight.

He wields no warlike weapons now,
  Returns no foeman's thrust;
Who but a coward would revile
  An honest soldier's dust?

9. Roll, Shenandoah, proudly roll
  Adown thy rocky glen!
Above thee lies the grave of one
  Of Stonewall Jackson's men.
Beneath the cedar and the pine,
  In solitude austere,
Unknown, unnamed, forgotten, lies
  A Georgia Volunteer.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Dis măn'tled, broken down. 2. Nāve, middle or main body of a church (nave of the forest, an open avenue in the forest). 3. Cŏv'ert, shelter. 4. Prō found', deep. 5. Dĕs'o lā'ted, wasted; sad. 6. Ap pąll'ing, frightful. 7. Wiĕlds, handles. 8. Re vīle', to heap reproach or abuse upon. 9. Sŏl'i tūde, loneliness; seclusion. 10. Aus tēre', severe or rigid.

LESSON XIV.

Prose Selections.

1. The little I have seen of the world, and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look on the errors of others in sorrow, and not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed

through—vicissitudes of hope and fear; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of a world that has little charity; the desolation of the mind's sanctuary; the threatening voices within it; health gone; happiness gone; even hope, that remains the longest, gone—I would fain lay the erring soul of my fellow-man tenderly in His hand from whom it came.—*Longfellow.*

HAPPINESS.

2. I say there is no happiness in having or in getting, but only in giving, and half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting and in being served by others. It consists in giving and in serving others.—*Professor Henry Drummond.*

3. Teach self-denial and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

4. The shortness of life is bound up with its fullness. It is to him who is most active, always thinking, feeling, working, caring for people and for things, that life seems short. Strip a life empty, and it will seem long enough.—*Phillips Brooks.*

5. Mother of marvels, mysterious and tender Nature, why do we not live more in thee? We are too busy, too encumbered, too much occupied, too active! The one thing needful is to throw off all one's load of cares, of preoccupation, of pedantry, and to become again young, simple, childlike, living happily and gratefully in the present hour.—*Amiel.*

CHARITY.

1. Though I speak with the tongue of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

2. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

3. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—*Bible.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Rep're şĕnt', imagine. 2. Vi cĭs'si-tūdes, changes. 3. Sănc'tu a ry, holy place. 4. Fāin,

gladly. 5. Mär'vels, wonders. 6. Pre oc'cu pā'tion, state of having the mind already occupied to the exclusion of anything else. 7. Pĕd'ant ry, vain show of learning. 8. Be stōw', give. 9. Vạunt'eth, boasts. 10. Un seem'ly, unbecomingly. 11. In ĭq'ui ty, evil; sin. 12. Văn'ish, disappear.

LESSON XV.

The Land of Memories.

Abram J. Ryan.

ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN, an American poet, was born at Norfolk, Virginia, in 1839. He was educated in the school of the Christian Brothers at Louisville, and then entered a Catholic seminary at Niagara, New York, to study for the priesthood. But soon after his ordination he became a chaplain in the Confederate army, in which he served until the close of the Civil War. In 1865 he settled in New Orleans, where, in addition to his clerical duties, he edited the *Morning Star*, a weekly Catholic paper. He was also the founder, and for several years the editor, of *The Banner of the South*, a religious and political weekly, published at Augusta, Georgia.

For about twelve years he was pastor of St. Mary's church, Mobile, Alabama, and in 1880 he went North to lecture and to publish his poems. His health failing, he obtained permission from his Bishop to retire from active duty in the Church, and removed to Biloxi, Mississippi, where he continued his literary work. He was devoted to the South, and is familiarly known as "the poet-priest of the South."

1. "A land without ruins is a land without memories—a land without memories is a land without liberty! A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see; but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and be that land beautiless and bleak, it becomes lovely in its conse-

crated coronet of sorrow, and it wins the sympathy of the heart and history! Crowns of roses fade; crowns of thorns endure! Calvaries and crucifixes take deepest hold of humanity. The triumphs of Might are transient; they pass away and are forgotten. The sufferings of Right are graven deepest on the chronicles of nations!

2. "Yes, give me a land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead!
Yes, give me a land that is blest by the dust,
And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden just!
Yes, give me a land that hath legend and lays
Enshrining the memories of long-vanished days!
Yes, give me a land that hath story and song,
To tell of the strife of the Right with the Wrong!
Yes, give me the land with the grave in each spot,
And names in the graves that shall not be forgot!
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb,
There's a grandeur in graves—there's a glory in gloom!
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night, looms the sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead, with the grass overgrown,
May yet form the footstool of liberty's throne;
And each single wreck in the war-path of Might
Shall yet be a rock in the Temple of Right!"

DEFINITIONS.—1. Blēak, cold; cheerless. 2. Con'secrā'ted, sacred. 3. Cŏr'o net, a crown. 4. Crṵ'ci fix'es, crosses. 5. Trăn'sient, passing; of short duration. 6. Chrŏn'i cles, records; histories. 7. Lĕg'end, wonderful story. 8. Lāys, songs. 9. En shrīn'ing, preserving. 10. Lōōms, rises in view.

LESSON XVI.

The Nightingale.

S. H. Peabody.

The nightingale is unknown in America, but in England and throughout Europe it is deemed the prince of singers. In the evening, after most of nature's sounds are hushed, the nightingale begins its song, and sings, with little rest, all the night. It rarely sings by day, and those kept in cages are often covered with a cloth to make them sing. It is very shy; even naturalists know but little of its habits. Mudie says: "I watched them carefully for more than five years in a place where they were very abundant, and at the end of that time I was about as wise as at the beginning."

The nightingale begins to sing in England in April. Its music is loudest and most constant when it first comes, for then the males are singing in earnest rivalry to attract their mates. When the female has once made her choice, her male becomes very much attached to her, and, if she should be captured, pines and dies. But his song grows less, and, after the eggs are hatched, ceases altogether. The bird-catchers try to secure the singers during the first week, for then by proper care they may be made to sing a long time.

The listener is astonished to hear a volume of sounds so rich and full proceed from the throat of so small a bird. Besides its strength, its delightful variety and exquisite

harmony make its music most admirable. Sometimes it dwells on a few mournful notes, which begin softly, swell to its full power, and then die away. Sometimes it gives in quick succession a series of sharp, ringing notes, which it ends with ascending notes of a rising chord. The birds which are free do not sing after midsummer, while those which are caged sing until November, or even until February. The young birds need to be under training of some older one, and will often surpass their teachers; few become first-rate.

The nest of the nightingale is not built in the branches, or in a hole, or hanging in the air, or quite on the ground, but is very near it. It is not easily found unless the movements of the bird betray it. The materials are straw, grass, little sticks, dried leaves, all jumbled together with so little art that one can hardly see it when it is right before him. If the same materials were seen anywhere else, they would seem to have been blown together by the wind, and stopped just there by a fork in the branches. There are four or five smooth olive-brown eggs. The bird is about six inches long, and weighs three-quarters of an ounce. Its colors are dark-brown above and grayish-white below.

Izaak Walton says: "But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music out of the little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind think that miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, 'Lord, what

music hast Thou provided for Thy saints in heaven, when Thou affordest such music on earth!' "—*Taken from The Golden Treasury.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Rī′val ry, contention; competition. 2. At tăched′, devoted. 3. Pīne, waste away; droop. 4. Sur påss′, excel; do better than. 5. Mīr′a cles, wonderful works. 6. Dĕs′cants, songs in part; varied melodies.

LESSON XVII.

Three Summer Studies.

James Barron Hope.

JAMES BARRON HOPE—lawyer, soldier, and editor—was born near Norfolk, Virginia, in 1827. He was educated at William and Mary College, and began the practice of law at Hampton. In 1857 he wrote the poem for the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Jamestown, and in 1858 an ode for the dedication of the Washington monument in Richmond.

In 1861 he entered the Confederate service and fought through the war as captain. Afterwards he settled in Norfolk, where he practiced law.

His best poems are "Arms and the Man" and "Memorial Ode," the latter being written just before his death for the laying of the corner-stone of the Lee monument in Richmond in 1887.

MORNING.

1. The cock hath crowed. I hear the doors unbarred;
   Down to the grass-grown porch my way I take,
   And hear, beside the well within the yard,
   Full many an ancient quacking, splashing drake
   And gabbling goose and noisy brood-hen—all
   Responding to yon strutting gobbler's call.

2. The dew is thick upon the velvet grass;
  The porch-rails hold it in translucent drops;
And, as the cattle from the enclosure pass,
  Each one, alternate, slowly halts and crops
The tall, green spears with all their dewy load,
Which grow beside the well-known pasture-road.

3. A humid polish is on all the leaves;
  The birds flit in and out with varied notes;
The noisy swallows twitter 'neath the eaves;
  A partridge whistle through the garden floats,
While yonder gaudy peacock harshly cries,
As red and gold flush all the eastern skies.

4. Up comes the sun! Through the dense leaves, a spot
  Of splendid light drinks up the dew; the breeze,
Which late made leafy music, dies; the day grows hot,
  And slumbrous sounds come from marauding bees;
The burnished river like a sword-blade shines,
Save where 'tis shadowed by the solemn pines.

NOON.

5. Over the farm in brooding silence now—
  No reaper's song, no raven's clangor harsh,
No bleat of sheep, no distant low of cow,
  No croak of frogs within the spreading marsh,
No bragging cock from littered farm-yard crows—
The scene is steeped in silence and repose.

6. A trembling haze hangs over all the fields;
The panting cattle in the river stand,
Seeking the coolness which its wave scarce yields—
It seems a Sabbath through the drowsy land;
So hushed is all beneath the summer's spell,
I pause and listen for some faint church-bell.

7. The leaves are motionless; the song-birds, mute;
The very air seems somnolent and sick;
The spreading branches, with o'er-ripened fruit,
Show in the sunshine all their clusters thick,
While now and then a mellow apple falls
With a dull thud within the orchard's walls.

8. The sky has but one solitary cloud,
Like a dark island in a sea of light;
The parching furrows 'twixt the corn-rows plowed
Seem fairly dancing in my dazzled sight,
While over yonder road, a dusty haze
Grows luminous beneath the sun's fierce blaze.

EVENING.

9. That solitary cloud grows dark and wide,
While distant thunder rumbles in the air;
A fitful ripple breaks the river's tide;
The lazy cattle are no longer there,
But homeward come in long procession slow,
With many a bleat and many a plaintive low.

10. Darker and wider, spreading o'er the west,
  Advancing clouds, each in fantastic form,
And mirrored turrets on the river's breast,
  Tell in advance the coming of a storm;
Closer and brighter glares the lightning's flash;
And louder, nearer, sounds the thunder's crash.

11. The air of evening is intensely hot;
  The breeze feels heated as it fans my brows;
Now sullen rain-drops patter down like shot,
  Strike in the grass, or rattle mid the boughs.
A sultry lull, and then a gust again;
And now I see the thick, advancing rain!

12. It fairly hisses as it drives along;
  And where it strikes, breaks up in silvery spray,
As if 'twere dancing to the fitful song
  Made by the trees, which twist themselves and sway
In contest with the wind, that rises fast,
Until the breeze becomes a furious blast.

13. And now the sudden, fitful storm has fled,
  The clouds lie piled up in the splendid west,
In massive shadow tipped with purplish red,
  Crimson or gold. The scene is one of rest;
And on the bosom of yon still lagoon
I see the crescent of the pallid moon.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Trans lū'cent, allowing the light to come through. 2. Al tẽr'nate, by turns; one after the other. 3. Hū'mid, damp; moist. 4. Gạud'y, over-fine; showy. 5. Ma rạud'ing, plundering. 6. Bûr'nished,

made brilliant or shining. 7. Sŏm'no lent, sleepy. 8. Lū'mi nous, shining. 9. Plāin'tive, mournful; complaining. 10. Fan tăs'tic, fanciful. 11. Mīr'rored, reflected back; pictured. 12. Tûr'rets, small spires or towers. 13. Cŏn'test, struggle; controversy. 14. Măss'ive, large. 15. La gōōn', marsh; shallow pond. 16. Crĕs'cent, the shape of the new moon.

LESSON XVIII.

Gentle Hand.

T. S. Arthur.

TIMOTHY SHAY ARTHUR, an American author, was born in Newburg, New York, in 1809. His parents removed to Baltimore, Maryland, while he was a child. Here he was apprenticed to a trade, but afterward became clerk in a mercantile house, and in 1833 went to the West as agent for a banking company. This venture proving unsuccessful, he returned to Baltimore, where he became associate editor of a newspaper. In 1841 he removed to Philadelphia, which place was his home from that time until his death, March 6, 1885.

When and where, it matters not now to relate; but "once upon a time," as I was passing through a thinly-peopled district of country, night came down upon me almost unawares. Being on foot I could not hope to gain the village towards which my steps were directed, until a late hour; and I therefore preferred seeking shelter and a night's lodging at the first humble dwelling that presented itself.

Dusky twilight was giving place to deeper shadows, when I found myself in the vicinity of a dwelling, from the small uncurtained windows of which the light shone with a

pleasant prospect of good cheer and comfort. The house stood within an enclosure, a short distance from the road along which I was moving with wearied feet. Turning aside, and passing through the ill-hung gate, I approached the dwelling. Slowly the gate swung on its wooden hinges; and the rattles of its latch, in closing, did not disturb the air until I had nearly reached the little porch in front of the house, in which a slender girl, who had noticed my entrance, stood awaiting my arrival. A deep, quick bark answered, almost like an echo, the sound of the shutting gate, and, sudden as an apparition, the form of an immense dog loomed in the doorway. At the instant when he was about to spring, a light hand was laid upon his shaggy neck, and a low voice spoke:

"Go in, Tiger," said the girl, not in a voice of authority; yet in her gentle tones was the consciousness that she would be obeyed. And as she spoke, she lightly bore upon the animal with her hand; and he turned away, and disappeared within the dwelling.

"Who's that?" A rough voice asked the question; and now a heavy-looking man took the dog's place in the door.

"How far is it to G——?" I asked, not deeming it best to say in the beginning that I sought a resting-place for the night.

"To G——!" growled the man, but not so harshly as at first. "It's good six miles from here."

"A long distance; and I'm a stranger, and on foot," said I. "If you can make room for me until morning I shall be very thankful."

I saw the girl's hand move quickly up his arm, until

it rested on his shoulder; and now she leaned to him still closer.

"Come in. We'll try what can be done for you."

There was a change in the man's voice that made me wonder. I entered a large room in which blazed a brisk fire. Before the fire sat two stout lads, who turned upon me their heavy eyes, with no very welcome greeting. A middle-aged woman was standing at a table, and two children were amusing themselves with a kitten on the floor.

"A stranger, mother," said the man who had given me so rude a greeting at the door; "and he wants us to let him stay all night."

The woman looked at me doubtingly for a few moments, and then replied coldly, "We don't keep a public house."

"I am aware of that, ma'am," said I, "but night has overtaken me, and it's a long way yet to ——."

"Too far for a tired man to go on foot," said the master of the house, kindly; "so it's no use talking about it, mother; we must give him a bed."

So unobtrusively that I scarcely noticed the movement, the girl had drawn to the woman's side. What she said to her I did not hear, for the brief words were uttered in a low voice; but I noticed, as she spoke, one small, fair hand rested on the woman's hand. Was there magic in that gentle touch? The woman's repulsive aspect changed into one of kindly welcome, and she said—

"Yes, it's a long way to G——. I guess we can find a place for him."

Many times more during that evening did I observe the

magic power of that hand and voice; the one gentle and yet potent as the other.

On the next morning, breakfast being over, I was preparing to take my departure, when my host informed me that if I would wait for half an hour he would give me a ride in his wagon to G——, as business required him to go there. In due time the farmer's wagon was driven into the road before the house, and I was invited to get in. The horse was a rough-looking Canadian pony, with a certain air of stubborn endurance. As the farmer took his seat by my side, the family came to the door to see us off.

"Dick!" said the farmer in a peremptory voice, giving the rein a quick jerk as he spoke. But Dick moved not a step. "Dick! you vagabond, get up;" and the farmer's whip cracked sharply by the pony's ear.

This second appeal, however, availed nothing. Dick stood firmly disobedient. Next, the whip was brought down upon him, with an impatient hand; but the pony only reared up a little. Fast and sharp the strokes were next dealt, to the number of half-a-dozen. The man might as well have beaten his wagon, for all that his end was gained.

A stout lad now came out into the road, and catching Dick by the bridle, jerked him forward, using at the same time the customary language on such occasions. But Dick met this new enemy with increased stubbornness, planting his forefeet more firmly, and at a sharper angle with the ground. The impatient boy now struck the pony on the side of his head with his clenched hand, and jerked cruelly at his bridle.

It availed nothing, however; Dick was not to be wrought upon by any such arguments.

"Don't do so, John!"

I turned my head as the maiden's sweet voice reached my ear. She was passing through the gate into the road, and in the next moment, had taken hold of the lad, and drawn him away from the animal. No strength was exerted in this; she took hold of his arm, and he obeyed her wish as readily as if he had no thought beyond her gratification. And now that soft hand was laid gently on the pony's neck, and a single low word was spoken. How instantly were the tense muscles relaxed; how quickly the stubborn air vanished.

"Poor Dick!" said the maiden, as she stroked his neck lightly, or softly patted it with a child-like hand. "Now, go along, you provoking fellow!" she added in a half-chiding yet affectionate voice, as she drew up the bridle.

The pony turned toward her, and rubbed his head against her arm for an instant or two. Then, pricking up his ears, he started off at a light, cheerful trot, and went on his way as if no silly crotchet had ever entered his stubborn brain.

"What a wonderful power that hand possesses," said I, speaking to my companion, as we rode away.

He looked at me for a moment, as if my words had occasioned surprise. Then a light came into his countenance, and he said briefly, "She's good! Everything and everybody loves her!"

Was that, indeed, the secret of her power? Was the quality of her soul perceived in the impression of her hand, even by the brute beasts? The father's explanation was,

doubtless, the true one. Yet, have I ever since wondered—and do still wonder—at the potency which lay in that maiden's magic touch. I have seen something of the same power showing itself in the loving and the good, but never to the extent instanced in her, whom—for want of a better name—I must still call "Gentle Hand."

DEFINITIONS.—1. Un'a wâres', unexpectedly. 2. Vĭçĭn'i ty, neighborhood. 3. Ap'pa rĭ'tion, ghost. 4. Un'ob tru̧'sive ly, modestly; quietly. 5. Re pŭl'sive, cold; unpleasant. 6. As'pect, look; air. 7. Pō'tent, powerful. 8. Pĕr'emp to ry, sharply; positive. 9. Văg'a bond', worthless fellow. 10. A vāiled', accomplished. 11. Grăt'i fi cā'tion, pleasure. 12. Tĕnse, rigid. 13. Re lăxed', loosened; made less rigid. 14. Crŏtch'et, whim. 15. Oc cā'sioned, caused. 16. In'stanced, given an example or sample.

LESSON XIX.

PART I.

Before the Rain.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, the author of the following little poems, is another American poet of distinction. He is also a charming writer in prose. He was born in the old seaside town of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1837, but moved to New York city at the age of seventeen, and began his working life as a bookkeeper. But such a career was distasteful to him, and he abandoned it for journalism and other literary labors. During this period he entered into association with the poets Stedman, Stoddard, and Bayard Taylor,

and was more or less in touch with the group that included Walt. Whitman, Fitz James O'Brien, and William Winter. Aldrich is a brilliant wit, both in conversation and in his writings. His notes of travel are graphic and amusing. His poems are pieces of dainty literary workmanship. The most popular of his books is his "Story of a Bad Boy." Since 1866, he has lived in Boston.

We knew it would rain, for all the morn
  A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
  Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens—
  Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
  To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
  The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind—and the lightning now
  Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Fĕns, moors; lowlands. 2. Am'ber, yellow. 3. Trĕm'u lous, shaking.

LESSON XIX.—PART II.

After the Rain.

The rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy-leaves,
Antiquely carven, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye:

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A square of gold, a disk, a speck:
And in the belfry sits a dove
With purple ripples on her neck.

DEFINITIONS.—1. An tique'ly, quaintly. 2. Dôr'mer, an upright window on an inclined roof. 3. Disk, a circle. 4. Bĕl'fry, bell tower; cupola.

LESSON XX.

The Miami's Captive.

PART I.

1. You know, children, grandma began directly, when I was a girl I didn't live in such a fine house as this. Your grandsire's people were wealthy as folks went in those days, and just a bit aristocratic, too; and well they might be, for they come from the best of old English stock. My parents, on the other hand, though quite as respectable as the Hitchcocks, sprang from the men and women who settled this country and battled with the wild beasts and savages for the log cabin they themselves had built.

2. I was born in a log house myself, and my sister Ruth and I could swing an ax or use a rifle, if need be, as well as our brothers. There were four of us children. Robert was the oldest, I was next, with Ruth two years younger,

and Joseph the youngest. Our home was fairly in the wilderness, ten miles from any other habitation, away up toward the Canada line.

3. Father had obtained the grant of his land from the colony of New Hampshire, but he was still having trouble over it, for New York claimed jurisdiction there, too. Finally, having obtained no redress by peaceful means, the people of "the Grants," as the country was then called, became incensed at the cruel evictions by the York authorities and took matters into their own hands. Under such men as Ethan Allen, Member Baker, and Seth Warner, the settlers (Green Mountain Boys they called themselves) offered a determined resistance to the New York claims; but not until after the Revolutionary War was ended was the matter decided and the New Hampshire Grants acknowledged as the State of Vermont.

4. Early one fall (it could not have been very far into September) a summons came to my father to join a body of these settlers who were to meet fully fifty miles west of us near the shores of Lake Champlain. The object of the party was to evict tenants from New York who had occupied land formerly granted to other parties in New Hampshire. Such persons were driven over the border into New York.

5. Father went, of course, for the Feltons were never known to be last when duty called; and Robert, mother, and we girls were left at home to harvest the crops alone. Joseph was too small then to be of much assistance; but Robert was seventeen, and could "take the heart" of a tree away from father almost every time. He was as strong as a giant, lithe and active, and as straight as an Indian.

6. A long stretch of land on the river bottom had been planted in corn, and about a week after father went away, Robert commenced cutting it for fodder. It was a large piece, some distance from the house, and he was away all day. We did not think it strange at all, until evening came and the cows were lowing in the yard to be milked. Then mother got much worried, and sent Joseph out to find Robert. He came back in half an hour, and announced that he could not find his brother anywhere, and that the fodder was only about half cut.

7. Of course, we were all greatly frightened at this news. Mother and I each took a musket, and, bidding Ruth and Joseph to remain indoors, with the shutters barred, we hurried down to the river bottom in the gloaming. As Joseph had said, the fodder had not all been cut, but a portion of that which had was stacked, and the stacks loomed up in the dusk quite spectrally. These stacks would have served an excellent ambush for Indians or any other enemy, so we approached them with extreme caution.

8. But all our searching amounted to naught. It was becoming dark so rapidly that we were forced to go back to the house. However, before returning, we shouted Robert's name several times at the risk of guiding some enemy to our attack, but received no response. Mother bore up with wonderful fortitude. In those days, children, folks had to bear more hardships than they do now, and a woman that had to face bears and catamounts couldn't afford to faint at a mouse.

9. Well, the cows must needs be milked anyway, so mother and Ruth milked while I stood guard over them

with my gun, for we did not know what enemy might be lurking near. Then we barred the door, made the bullet-proof shutters at the windows tight, and picked the clay out of the loopholes, so as to be ready to defend the house should we be attacked.

10. I know that I felt dreadfully hard and bitter while we were making these preparations. Robert was my hero, and I had always worshiped him. He was the best brother a girl ever had, and it made me question the goodness of God to think that he might be a prisoner in some Indian camp, or lying dead and scalped out in the forest. I could not have cried if I had wanted to; but, perhaps, it would have done me good.

11. We had been troubled only occasionally by Indians, and usually they had gone no further than to steal some of our stock. But lately we knew that they had been stirred up against the settlers of the New Hampshire Grants by agents of the New Yorkers. It was for this reason that we at once set down Robert's unexplained absence to the savages. Why they had not attacked the house was a mystery; but they very likely would by morning, so we all, Joseph not excepted, took turns in standing watch until daybreak.

12. But our watch was in vain. Nothing disturbed us, and at sunrise mother went to reconnoitre. Soon she called me, and together we went down to the river bottom again. We examined every part of the field, and this time found Robert's rifle, powder-horn and shot-pouch all lying beside a stump in the edge of the field. Then we began to follow the footprints which covered the soft ground, and soon discovered a place where Robert had crossed the stream to cut

withes for binding the shocks. By the footprints, mother declared that he had crossed to the opposite shore twice, but had only returned once.

13. She at once plunged into the water and we waded across, continually on the lookout for danger. Near the bank of the stream, we found the place where Robert had cut a clump of birch sprouts; then he had evidently gone farther into the woods when he returned the second time. I followed mother along the trail with a terrible feeling of dread in my heart. Any moment I expected that we would come upon the dead body of my brother. I was more afraid of this than that some hidden enemy might attack us.

Then we reached the spot where he had cut more withes. The pile of brush still lay at one side; but the ground was torn up and covered with footprints, as though it had been the scene of a terrible struggle. Our darkest forebodings had been realized. Robert had been attacked by Indians and overpowered.

14. Whether there were three or four of the red men mother and I could not be sure, but their trail, very plain and broad, led to the river bank beyond the cornfield. There it ended, and search as we might along the banks we could not see the least trace of captors or captive. Evidently Robert had been carried away by the Indians, probably to their town, somewhere in Canada.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Grand′sīre′, grandfather. 2. Ar′is-to crăt′ic, well-born; well-bred. 3. Hab′i tā′tion, dwelling-place. 4. Grânt, right; title; deed. 5. Jū′ris dĭc′tion, legal authority. 6. Re drĕss′, satisfaction; reparation.

7. In cĕnsed′, angered; provoked. 8. E vĭc′tion, dispossession by force of law. 9. Sŭm′mons, call. 10. Līthe, graceful; supple. 11. Spĕc′tral ly, in a ghostly manner. 12. Am′bush, hiding place; a concealed place or station where some one lies hidden for the purpose of taking another by surprise. 13. Fôr′ti tūde, endurance; courage. 14. Căt′a mount, a panther-like animal. 15. Rec′on noi′tre, examine; survey. 16. Wĭthes, flexible twigs or branches used as bands.

The Miami's Captive.

Part II.

1. We went back to the house disheartened, and found both Ruth and Josie crying. I threw myself down upon the wooden settee, almost tempted to join in the children's tears. Mother alone bore up without a sign of wavering.

2. "Children, we mustn't take on this way," she said, decidedly. "If Robert has been carried off we cannot better it by sitting down and folding our hands. There are the cows to be milked, and it's almost noon now."

So she set Joseph and Ruth to caring for the cattle, and I shouldered Robert's rifle, which I knew how to use better than I did the musket, and patroled the place. Mother stayed in the house and got dinner, though I believe she did more praying than cooking.

3. We were thrown completely on our own resources, for father was too far away to sĕnd for, and neighbor Peterson's folks were just as helpless as ourselves, for both he

and his oldest son were away with the Green Mountain Boys.

4. We could not let the crops suffer either, so the next morning, under mother's directions, we children tried to continue the work Robert had begun. Rather than be separated for so long a time, we all four went to the river bottom together, and while one kept guard, the others cut and stacked the corn. Then we drew it to the barn and disposed of it for winter, the way father had always done. Most of our grain was in, and the remainder occupied our attention after the corn fodder was taken care of.

5. The work moved slowly, but in the course of a week it was all stored. In the mean time, we had neither seen nor heard any signs of Indians, and had not mother watched us carefully we children would have become careless. She never allowed us to stir out of the house without firearms, and seldom let one of us go alone beyond the cow-yard. After dark we remained inside anyway, so that one night a bear came down from the mountain and killed a yearling calf. Mother said all the cattle would better be killed than that we should run any more risks. We kept watch all night, too, just like a garrison.

6. A month passed after Robert was captured. Before dark one evening, we were all outside the house, Joseph feeding the calves, Ruth and I milking, and mother moving about uneasily with the rifle in her hands. Suddenly she touched me on the shoulder, and said in a low voice:

"Becky, take Ruth and Josie into the house. I thought I saw something move down behind that line of bushes toward the river."

7. As I hesitated, she repeated her command more sternly, and Ruth and Josie ran in at once. I followed, and, taking down my musket, returned to the corner of the house to see what mother was doing. She was still in the cow-yard, but sheltered behind the fence, and with her eyes fixed on the river bottom. I gazed in that direction, too, and soon made out an indistinct figure approaching. Occasionally I lost sight of it for a few moments, but it always reappeared nearer to the house. It seemed to be following the path the cattle had made from the river.

8. Finally it came near enough for me to see that it was a man. I saw mother bring the rifle to bear on him, and I looked to my own weapon. Suddenly mother stood up, looked sharply at the approaching figure, and, flinging down her weapon, sprang forward and threw her arms around the man's neck. I ran out, too, and found her crying and sobbing on father's breast. Her will, which had kept her sorrow pent up all this time, had at last given way, and father had to carry her into the house.

9. Her sorrow was no greater than his own when he heard of Robert's capture. His heart had been bound up in the boy, and the wound was deep. The satisfaction he had felt in the fact that the Green Mountain Boys had been victorious in a pitched battle with a New York sheriff and his men was forgotten in this great misfortune. But he at once went to work, as mother had done, to make our own safety more secure.

10. He examined every bar and shutter to be sure of its strength, filled the tiniest chinks between the logs with clay plaster, and made several new loopholes in the loft. The

THE MIAMI'S CAPTIVE.

second day after his return, he went down to neighbor Peterson's house and enlisted the services of Mr. Peterson and his son in a thorough search for Indian signs. Of course, the trail was altogether too cold to follow; but they found a paint bag beside the river which mother and I had failed to discover, and Mr. Peterson, who was an old Indian fighter, pronounced it to be of Miami manufacture.

11. We kept a continual watch, and father drilled Ruth and Josie in the use of the musket every day. I kept Robert's rifle, and, in fact, it was within my reach day or night. Never a thought of forsaking our home and fleeing to the settlement entered our minds. We had everything to gain if we stayed, and everything to lose if we left our home.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Dis heärt'ened, discouraged. 2. Wā'ver ing, yielding; breaking down. 3. Pa trōled', guarded. 4. Re sōur'ces, means of aid or relief. 5. Dis pōsed', stored away. 6. Gär'ri son, a body of troops stationed in a fortified place. 7. In'dis tinct', not clearly seen. 8. Pĕnt, penned; suppressed. 9. En lĭst'ed, engaged; secured.

The Miami's Captive.

PART III.

1. One evening we were all sitting before the great log fire busy with our several occupations, father smoothing an ax-helve, Ruth and Joseph shelling corn, and mother mending father's well-worn leggings. I sat back from the others near the side of the room, and a silence had fallen upon us

all. Suddenly a sound, faint though distinct, reached my ear. I started and looked at the others, but no one seemed to have noticed it but me.

Quietly rising, I went to the corner where the ladder which led into the loft was situated, and ascended to the low room above. Here, where the crackling of the fire was at a distance, I could hear what had aroused me more distinctly. Some one was coming along the cattle-run toward the house, and the footsteps sounded nearer and nearer as I approached a loophole which commanded the ground in that direction.

2. There was no moon, but the faint starlight illuminated the cow-yard and the ground between it and the house. A moment's scrutiny assured me that my suspicions were correct. A figure came out from the shadow of the straw-stack and approached the house. One glance was sufficient. It was an Indian warrior in full dress, his scalp-lock tied with a bunch of feathers, naked to the waist, but for a blanket which hung loosely from his shoulders, and a gun in his hand.

3. I did not even give myself time to be surprised at his boldness. Evidently the savage thought the only occupants of the house were women and children. I was back in the living room in a moment, and whispered to father:

"Indians! Right near the house. I just saw one not a dozen yards away."

"Silence!" commanded my father, without showing the least excitement. He was a man who never lost his self-possession under any circumstances.

With one movement he put out the candle dips ranged

along on the table, motioned mother and children into the dark corners of the room, and, catching up his rifle, mounted to the loft. I followed him with my own weapon, and he did not send me back. Our motions had been made so silently that no one outside would have supposed that we had been aroused.

4. The single intruder I had previously seen evidently had no suspicion of our preparation, for I could still see him from the loophole. He seemed to hesitate a moment, and then crept forward toward the door.

At that instant, there was a flash and report from father's loophole, and I plainly saw the feathers cut clean from the scalp-lock of the savage.

We had every expectation that the shot would be followed by the terrible sound of the war-whoop from the foes we thought hidden within a short distance of the house; but nothing of the kind occurred. The Indian uttered a startled exclamation, and sprang away from the door. I brought my own rifle to my shoulder, and fired just before he disappeared in the darkness; but evidently with no better success than to increase his speed.

5. "Well, I deserve to be horsewhipped," muttered father in disgust at his shot. "And I thought you were a better marksman, Becky. But I warrant the red scoundrels will keep their distance for a while, now they know we are ready for them."

Father called Joseph up to the loft and placed him at a loophole with his musket. The fire was allowed to die down, so that its light should not reveal us to any watchful foe, and with fast-beating hearts we waited the onslaught

which we momentarily expected. But we waited in vain. Moment after moment went by, and the Indians gave no further sign of their presence. Finally a disturbance among the cattle reached our ears.

6. The cattle soon became quiet again, but with weapons ready and every sense alert, we stood by our loopholes till day. Mother and Ruth relieved Joseph and me part of the time, but father watched through all that terrible night. Just as the gray light of the dawn began to show in the east, father roused us all and placed us at our several loopholes.

"If they haven't been frightened off and mean anything, they'll attack us now," he said. "But to save me I can't see any signs of 'em, and I haven't been able to since that scamp came to the door."

We waited, but the Indians did not come. The sun rose and flooded the fields with light, and finally father carefully unbarred the door and stepped out, rifle in hand. It was a courageous thing to do, for if the foe were in ambush he would be a splendid target for their weapons; but not a shot was fired.

7. Mother and I both followed him to the door. I stooped and picked up the feathers which had been bound in the Indian's scalp-lock. It certainly had been no dream.

Father walked to the corner of the house, from which he could see the cow-yard and out-buildings. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation, and dropping his rifle, leaned back against the wall, his face almost colorless. Mother and I reached his side in a moment, but mother did not stop there. She ran on with a glad cry and threw herself upon a figure standing near the barn door!

8. "Robert! Oh, Robert!" cried mother, and her words brought me to myself again.

It *was* my brother; yet, it was the Indian brave of the evening previous, too.

"You gave me a warmer greeting last night than you do this morning," said Robert, coming forward with mother.

"God Almighty Himself turned my bullet last night, my son, or you would have been killed at my own door-stone," said father, taking my brother in his arms, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. "Thank God for that!"

"It is a day of great thanksgiving."

We went into the house with Robert, and only the impatient lowing of the neglected cattle called us out three hours later, for we had forgotten all about them in listening to Robert's story.

9. He had gone into the woods to cut withes, as we had supposed, and there was captured by four Indians, who fell upon him so suddenly that resistance was impossible. They treated him very well, especially one old warrior who had, it seemed, recently lost a son in battle. They took him directly to their town, a long distance beyond the Canadian line.

10. Robert soon found that the best way for him to do was to accept his fate as cheerfully as possible, and make no trial for escape until an absolutely certain opportunity presented itself. When they arrived at the Indian town, the old warrior before mentioned formally adopted Robert as his son. He had been stained by the squaws, his scalp-lock dressed as befitted a young brave, his face painted, and buckskin leggings and moccasins given him.

11. Robert was wise enough to obey his captors in everything, so they treated him kindly. He did not accept his fate so eagerly as to arouse their suspicions of his infidelity. He simply waited patiently, and at last the opportunity for escape came and he grasped it. He had made his way through the untraveled forest, crossed only by the Indian runs, and against every opposition had reached his home the previous evening.

12. Being doubtful as to our condition, and not knowing whether father had returned or not, he hesitated to approach the house. His narrow escape from our bullets caused him to decide that he had better keep out of the way until morning, as there might really be Indians about, and we might be holding the cabin against them. So he had spent the night in the cattle-shed, while we had kept our lonely and anxious vigil.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Il lū′mi nā′ted, lighted up. 2. Scrụ′ti ny, close observation. 3. In trụd′er, one who enters without right, leave, or welcome. 4. Wạr′rant, guarantee. 5. On′slạught′, attack. 6. Mō′men ta′ri ly, every moment. 7. A lẽrt′, awake; alive. 8. Fôrm′al ly, in due form. 9. Be fĭt′ted, suited. 10. Sus pĭ′cions, doubts; misgivings. 11. In′fi dĕl′i ty, dissatisfaction; unfaithfulness. 12. Vĭg′ il, watch.

LESSON XXI.

Press On.

Park Benjamin.

1. Press on! there's no such word as fail;
   Press nobly on! the goal is near,
   Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!
   Look upward, onward,—never fear!
   Why shouldst thou faint? Heaven smiles above
   Though storm and vapor intervene;
   The Sun shines on, whose name is Love,
   Serenely o'er life's shadowed scene.

2. Press on! surmount the rocky steeps;
   Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch,
   He fails alone who feebly creeps;
   He wins who dares the hero's march.
   Be thou a hero! let thy might
   Tramp on eternal snows its way,
   And through the ebon walls of night
   Hew down a passage unto day.

3. Press on! if once and twice thy feet
   Slip back and stumble, harder try;
   From him who never dreads to meet
   Danger and death, they're sure to fly.
   To coward ranks the bullet speeds;
   While on their breasts who never quail,
   Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
   Bright courage, like a coat of mail.

4. Press on! if fortune play thee false
  To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
  Taking old gifts and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
  Makes up for follies past and gone;
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
  From frailty springs. Press on! press on!

5. Press on! what though upon the ground
  Thy love has been poured out like rain?
That happiness is always found
  The sweetest that is born of pain.
Oft, 'mid the forest's deepest glooms,
  A bird sings from some blighted tree;
And in the dreariest desert, blooms
  A never-dying rose for thee.

6. Therefore, press on! and reach the goal,
  And gain the prize, and wear the crown;
Faint not! for to the steadfast soul
  Come wealth and honor and renown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
  Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil;
Press on! and thou shalt surely reap
  A heavenly harvest for thy toil.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Gōal, end to be obtained. 2. In′-ter vēne′, come between. 3. Se rēne′ly, peacefully; calmly. 4. Sur mount′, rise above. 5. Eb′on, black. 6. Quāil, shrink. 7. Guärd′i an, protector. 8. Chĭv′-al ric, noble. 9. Coat of mail, metal armor worn in

olden times. 10. Frāil'ty, weakness; imperfection. 11. Drēar'i est, saddest; loneliest. 12. Stĕad'fast, firm; unwavering. 13. Slōth, idleness.

LESSON XXII.

The Mill on the Floss.

George Eliot.

This charming little sketch of child-life is taken from "The Mill on the Floss," a novel written by MARIAN EVANS. Miss Evans was one of the most distinguished of English novelists, and she has left a number of valuable works to immortalize her name. She is best known under the assumed name of "George Eliot." She was born in Warwickshire, England, in 1819, and died in London in 1880. Her father, Robert Evans, was a man of considerable ability and force of character, and his position as manager of the Arbury estate gave her an opportunity to observe the rich and poor alike, which helped her a great deal in her writings. She was a woman of great strength of mind and originality of thought. In 1880 she married an English gentleman named Cross, and died the same year.

1. Maggie was trotting with her own fishing-rod in one hand and a handle of the basket in the other, stepping always, by a peculiar gift, in the muddiest places, and looking darkly radiant from under her beaver bonnet because Tom was good to her. She had told Tom, however, that she should like him to put the worms on the hook for her, although she accepted his word when he assured her that worms couldn't feel (it was Tom's private opinion that it didn't much matter if they did). He knew all about worms

and fish and those things; and what birds were mischievous, and how padlocks opened, and which way the handles of the gates were to be lifted.

2. Maggie thought this sort of knowledge was very wonderful—much more difficult than remembering what was in the books; and she was rather in awe of Tom's superiority, for he was the only person who called her knowledge "stuff" and did not feel surprised at her cleverness. Tom, indeed, was of opinion that Maggie was a silly little thing. All girls are silly; they couldn't throw a stone so as to hit anything, couldn't do anything with a pocket-knife, and were frightened at frogs. Still, he was very fond of his sister, and meant always to take care of her, make her his housekeeper, and punish her when she did wrong.

3. They were on their way to the Round Pool—the wonderful pool, which the floods had made a long while ago. No one knew how deep it was; and it was mysterious, too, that it should be almost a perfect round, framed in with willows and tall reeds, so that the water was only to be seen when you got close to the brink. The sight of the old favorite spot always heightened Tom's good humor, and he spoke to Maggie in the most amiable whispers, as he opened the precious basket and prepared their tackle. He threw her line for her, and put the rod into her hand. Maggie thought it probable that the small fish would come to her hook and the large ones to Tom's. But she had forgotten all about the fish, and was looking dreamily at the glassy water, when Tom said, in a loud whisper, "Look, look, Maggie!" and came running to prevent her from snatching her line away.

4. Maggie was frightened lest she had been doing something wrong, as usual, but presently Tom drew out her line and brought a large tench pouncing on the grass.

Tom was excited.

"O Magsie! you little duck! Empty the basket."

Maggie was not conscious of unusual merit, but it was enough that Tom called her Magsie, and was pleased with her. There was nothing to mar her delight in the whispers and the dreamy silences, when she listened to the light, dipping sound of the rising fish, the gentle rustling, as if the willows and the reeds and the water had their happy whisperings also. Maggie thought it would make a very nice heaven to sit by the pool in that way and never be scolded. She never knew she had a bite till Tom told her, but she liked fishing very much.

5. It was one of their happy mornings. They trotted along and sat down together, with no thought that life would ever change much for them; they would only get bigger and not go to school, and it would always be like the holidays; they would always live together and be fond of each other. And the mill with its booming—the great chestnut-tree under which they played at houses—their own little river, the Ripple, where the banks seemed like home, and Tom was always seeing the water-rats, while Maggie gathered the purple, plumy tops of the reeds, which she forgot and dropped afterward—above all, the great Floss, along which they wandered with a sense of travel, to see the rushing spring-tide, the awful Eagre, come up like a hungry monster, or to see the Great Ash which had once wailed and groaned like a man—these things would always be just the

same to them. Tom thought people were at a disadvantage who lived on any other spot on the globe; and Maggie, when she read about Christiana passing "the river over which there is no bridge," always saw the Floss between the green pastures by the Great Ash.

6. Life did change for Tom and Maggie; and yet they were not wrong in believing that the thoughts and loves of these first years would always make part of their lives. We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it—if it were not the earth where the same flowers come up again every spring that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lisping to ourselves on the grass, the same hips and haws on the autumn hedge-rows, the same redbreasts that we used to call "God's birds," because they did no harm to the precious crops. What novelty is worth that sweet monotony where everything is known, and loved because it is known?

7. The wood I walk in this May-day, with the young yellow-brown foliage of the oaks between me and the blue sky, the white star-flowers, the blue-eyed speedwell and the ground-ivy at my feet—what grove of tropic palms, what strange ferns or splendid broad-petaled blossoms, could ever thrill such deep and delicate fibers within me as this home scene? These familiar flowers, these well-remembered bird-notes, this sky, with its fitful brightness, these furrowed and grassy fields, each with a sort of personality given to it by the capricious hedge-rows—such things as these are the mother tongue of our imagination, the language that is laden with all the subtle, inextricable associations the fleeting hours of our childhood left behind them.

Our delight in the sunshine on the deep-bladed grass to-day might be no more than the faint perception of wearied souls if it were not for the sunshine and the grass in the far-off years, which still live in us and transform our perception into love.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Pe cul′iar (pe kūl′yĕr), special. 2. Rā′di ant, beaming with happiness. 3. Awe, respect; reverence. 4. A′mi a ble, lovable; friendly. 5. Tĕnch, fish of the carp family. 6. Mär, spoil. 7. Ea′gre, a great wave or succession of waves. 8. Chrīs tian′a (Chrīs chăn′a), Christian's wife in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, who sets out to join her husband in the Celestial City. 9. Glōbe, the earth. 10. Nŏv′el ty, a new or strange thing. 11. Mo nŏt′o ny, lack of variety. 12. Per′son al′i ty, character. 13. Ca prī′cious, changeable; freakish. 14. Sŭb′tle, fine; refined. 15. In ĕx′tri ca ble, mingled. 16. Trans fôrm′, change.

LESSON XXIII.

Maggie Cuts Her Hair.

George Eliot.

PART I.

1. Maggie and Tom came from the garden with their father. Maggie had thrown her bonnet off very carelessly, coming in with her hair rough as well as out of curl.

"Go and speak to your aunts and uncles, my dears," said Mrs. Tulliver, looking anxious and melancholy. She wanted to whisper to Maggie a command to go and have her hair brushed.

2. "Well, and how do you do? and I hope you're good

children, are you?" said Aunt Glegg in a loud, empathtic way. "Look at me, now. Put your hair behind your ears, Maggie, and keep your frock on your shoulders."

"Well, my dears," said Aunt Pullet in a compassionate voice, "you grow wonderfully fast. I think the girl has too much hair. I'd have it thinned and cut shorter, sister, if I were you; it isn't good for her health."

"No, no," said Mr. Tulliver, "the child's healthy enough; there's nothing ails her. But it would be as well if Bessy would have the child's hair cut, as it would lie smooth."

3. "Maggie," said Mrs. Tulliver, beckoning Maggie to her, and whispering in her ear; "go and get your hair brushed—do, for shame! I told you not to come in without going to Martha first, you know I did."

"Tom, come with me," whispered Maggie, pulling his sleeve as she passed him; and Tom followed willingly enough. "Come upstairs with me, Tom," she whispered, when they were outside the door; "there's something I want to do before dinner."

4. "There's no time to play at anything before dinner," said Tom, whose imagination was impatient of any intermediate prospect.

"O yes, there's time for this! Do come, Tom."

Tom followed Maggie upstairs into her mother's room, and saw her go at once to a drawer, from which she took out a large pair of scissors.

"What are they for, Maggie?" said Tom, feeling his curiosity awakened.

Maggie answered by seizing her locks and cutting them straight across the middle of her forehead.

5. "O my, Maggie! you'll catch it!" exclaimed Tom, "you'd better not cut any more off."

Snip went the great scissors again while Tom was speaking; and he couldn't help feeling it was rather good fun; Maggie would look so queer.

"Here, Tom, cut it behind for me," said Maggie, excited by her own daring and anxious to finish the deed.

"You'll catch it, you know!" said Tom, nodding his head in an admonitory manner, hesitating a little as he took the scissors.

"Never mind, make haste!" said Maggie, giving a little stamp with her foot.

6. The black locks were so thick—nothing could be more tempting to a lad who had already tasted the forbidden pleasure of cutting the pony's mane. One delicious, grinding snip, and another, and another, and the hinder locks fell heavily to the floor; and Maggie stood cropped in a jagged, uneven manner, but with a sense of clearness and freedom, as if she had emerged from a wood into the open plain.

"O Maggie!" said Tom, jumping round her and slapping his knees, as he laughed, "what a queer thing you look! Look at yourself in the glass; you look like the idiot we throw our nutshells to at school!"

7. Maggie felt an unexpected pang. She had thought beforehand chiefly of her own deliverance from her teasing hair and teasing remarks about it, and something also of the triumph she should have over her mother and her aunts by this very decided course of action. She didn't want her hair to look pretty—that was out of the question; she only

wanted people to think her a clever little girl and not to find fault with her. But now, when Tom began to laugh at her and say she was like the idiot, the affair had quite a new aspect. She looked in the glass, and still Tom laughed and clapped his hands, and Maggie's flushed cheeks began to pale and her lips to tremble a little.

8. "O Maggie! You'll have to go down to dinner directly," said Tom. "O my!"

"Don't laugh at me, Tom," said Maggie in a passionate tone, with an outburst of angry tears, stamping, and giving him a push.

"Now, then, spitfire!" said Tom, "what did you cut it off for, then? I shall go down; I can smell the dinner going in."

9. He hurried downstairs and left poor Maggie to that bitter sense of the irrevocable which was almost an everyday experience of her small soul. She could see clearly enough, now that the thing was done, that it was very foolish, and that she should have to hear and think more about her hair than ever, for Maggie rushed on to her deeds with passionate impulse, and then saw not only their consequences, but what would have happened, if they had not been done, with all the detail and exaggerated circumstances of an active imagination.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Mĕl'an chol'y, gloomy; unhappy. 2. Com păs'sion ate, tender; sympathetic. 3. In'termē'di ate, coming between. 4. Ad mŏn'i to ry, warning; reproving. 5. E mẽrged', come forth. 6. As'pect, look; appearance. 7. Ir rĕv'o ca ble, unchangeable; not to be recalled. 8. Im'pulse, force of feeling. 9. Cŏn'se-

quen′ces, results. 10. Ex ăg′ger a′ted, enlarged beyond bounds; represented as greater than truth or justice warrants.

Maggie Cuts Her Hair.

Part II.

1. "Miss Maggie, you're to come down this minute," said Kezia, entering the room hurriedly. "Goodness! what have you been doing? I never saw such a fright!"

"Don't, Kezia!" said Maggie angrily, "go away!"

"I tell you you're to come down, miss, this minute; your mother says so," said Kezia, going up to Maggie and taking her by the hand to raise her from the floor.

"Get away, Kezia! I don't want any dinner," said Maggie, resisting Kezia's arm; "I shan't come!"

"Well, I can't stay. I've got to wait at dinner," said Kezia, going out again.

2. "Maggie, you little silly!" said Tom, peeping into the room ten minutes later; "why don't you come and have your dinner? There are lots of goodies, and mother says you're to come. What are you crying for?"

Oh, it was dreadful! Tom was so hard and unconcerned. If he had been crying on the floor, Maggie would have cried, too. And there was the dinner so nice, and she was so hungry. It was very bitter.

3. But Tom was not altogether hard; he was not inclined to cry, and did not feel that Maggie's grief spoiled his prospects of the sweets; but he went and put his head near her, and said, in a lower, comforting tone—

"Won't you come, then, Maggie? shall I bring you a bit of pudding, when I have had mine—and a custard and things?"

"Ye—e—es," said Maggie, beginning to feel life a little more tolerable.

"Very well," said Tom, going away; but he turned again at the door and said—"But you'd better come; you know, there's the dessert—nuts, you know, and cowslip wine."

4. Maggie's tears had ceased, and she looked reflective as Tom left her. His good-nature had taken off the keenest edge of her suffering, and nuts with cowslip wine began to assert their influence. Slowly she arose from among her scattered locks, and slowly made her way downstairs. Then she stood, leaning with one shoulder against the frame of the dining-parlor door; peeping in when it was ajar, she saw her empty chair, and there were custards on the side-table. It was too much. She slipped in and went toward the empty chair. But she had no sooner sat down than she repented, and wished herself back again.

5. Mrs. Tulliver gave a little scream as she saw her, and felt such a "turn" that she dropped the large gravy spoon in the dish with the most serious results to the table-cloth. Mrs. Tulliver's scream had made all eyes turn toward the same point as her own, and Maggie's cheeks began to burn, while her Uncle Glegg, a kind-looking, white-haired old man, said—"Heyday! what little girl is this? why, I don't know her! Is it some little girl you've picked up in the road, Kezia?"

6. "Why, she's gone and cut her hair herself!" said Mr. Tulliver in an undertone to Mr. Deane, laughing with

much enjoyment; "did you ever know such a little witch as she is?"

"Why, little miss, you've made yourself look very funny," said Uncle Pullet.

"Fie, for shame!" said Aunt Glegg in her loudest, severest tone of reproof. "Little girls that cut their own hair should be whipped, and fed on bread and water, not come and sit down with their aunts and uncles."

7. "Ay, ay!" said Uncle Glegg, meaning to give a playful turn to this denunciation, "she must be sent to jail, I think, and they'll cut the rest of her hair off there, and make it all even."

"She's more like a gypsy than ever," said Aunt Pullet in a pitying tone.

"She's a naughty child that'll break her mother's heart," said Mrs. Tulliver, with tears in her eyes.

8. Maggie seemed to be listening to a chorus of reproach and derision. Her first flush came from anger, which gave her a transient power of defiance, and Tom thought she was braving it out, supported by the recent appearance of the pudding and the custard. Under this impression he whispered, "O my, Maggie! I told you you'd catch it." He meant to be friendly, but Maggie felt convinced that Tom was rejoicing in her ignominy. Her feeble power of defiance left her in an instant, her heart swelled, and, getting up from her chair, she ran to her father, hid her face on his shoulder, and burst out into loud sobbing.

9. "Come, come, my child!" said her father soothingly, putting his arm around her. "Never mind; you were in

the right to cut it off, if it plagued you; give over crying; father'll take your part."

Delicious words of tenderness! Maggie never forgot any of these moments when her father "took her part"; she kept them in her heart, and thought of them long years after, when every one else said that her father had done very ill by his children.

10. With the dessert came entire deliverance for Maggie, for the children were told they might have that in the summer-house, since the day was so mild; and they scampered out among the budding bushes of the garden with the alacrity of small animals getting from under a burning-glass.—"*The Mill on the Floss.*"

DEFINITIONS.—1. Un'con cĕrned', easy in mind; indifferent. 2. Tŏl'er a ble, endurable. 3. Re flĕct'ive, thoughtful. 4. De nun'ci ā'tion, public reproof. 5. Derĭ'sion, ridicule. 6. Trăn'sient, momentary; not lasting. 7. De fĭ'ance, disposition to resist. 8. Ig'no min'y, disgrace; shame. 9. A lăc'ri ty, quickness.

LESSON XXIV.

The Old Surprise.

Eunice C. Comstock.

1. Now, what hath entered my loved woods,
   And touched their green with sudden change?
   What is this last of nature's moods
   That makes the roadside look so strange?

2. Who blanched my thistle's blushing face,
And gave the winds her silver hair?
Set golden-rod within her place,
And scattered asters everywhere?

3. Who splashed with red the sumac hedge,
The sassafras with purple stain?
Gave ivy leaves a ruby edge,
And painted all their stems again?

4. Lo! the change reaches high and wide,
Hath toned the sky to softer blue;
Hath crept along the river-side,
And trod the valleys through and through;

5. Discolored every hazen copse,
And stricken all the pasture lands;
Flung veils across the mountain tops,
And bound their feet with yellow bands.

6. Is, then, September come so soon?
Full time doth summer ne'er abide?
While yet it seems but summer's noon,
We're floating down the autumn-tide.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Mōōds, whims; fancies. 2. Blǎnch'ed, whitened; paled. 3. Tōned, colored; softened. 4. Hā'zel, a small tree bearing nuts. 5. Cŏpse, a small growth of woods. 6. Strĭck'en, struck; smitten. 7. A bīde', stay. 8. Tīde, season.

LESSON XXV.

Caught in the Quicksand.

Victor Hugo.

VICTOR HUGO was born in France in 1802. His father was a French general under Napoleon. He began to write when a mere school-boy, trying his hand at verses of every kind—odes, satires, tragedies, translations of Virgil, comic operas, even. By the time he was twenty his "Odes and Ballads" had won for him the favor of the king and a pension. During the next sixty years he did almost every kind of literary work with eminent distinction. His "Les Miserables" (The Unfortunates), "The Toilers of the Sea," "The Man Who Laughs," "The Hunchback of the Notre Dame," "Ninety-three," are novels of the greatest worth and interest. He stands far above all the writers of his time in genius and moral earnestness. He was a statesman and patriot, too, and for his devotion to the interests of the people he was banished by Napoleon the Second. He lived in exile upon the Island of Jersey, in the English Channel, for eighteen years. He returned to his native land upon the fall of Louis Napoleon, in 1870, where his last years were made happy by the love and admiration of his countrymen. His eightieth birthday was made a national celebration. He died in 1885, and was honored by a funeral at the expense of the state.

1. It sometimes happens that a man, traveler or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide, far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick in it; it is sand no longer; it is glue.

The beach is perfectly dry; but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print which he leaves fills with

water. The eye, however, has noticed no change; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil; all the sand has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from that which is no longer so; the joyous little crowd of sand-flies continue to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines to the land, endeavors to get nearer the upland.

2. He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels, somehow, as if the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in.

He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he stops to take his bearings; now he looks at his feet. They have disappeared; the sand covers them. He draws them out of the sand; he will retrace his steps. He turns back; he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles; he pulls himself out, and throws himself to the left—the sand is half-leg deep. He throws himself to the right; the sand comes up to his shins. Then he recognizes with unspeakable terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the terrible medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim. He throws off his load if he has one—lightens himself as a ship in distress; it is already too late; the sand is above his knees. He calls, waves his hat or his handkerchief; the sand gains on him more and more. If the beach is deserted; if the land is too far off; if there is no help in sight, it is all over.

3. He is condemned to that apalling burial, long, infallible, implacable, and impossible to slacken or to hasten, which endures for hours; which seizes you erect, free and in full health, and draws you by the feet; which, at every effort

that you attempt, at every shout you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the earth, while you look upon the horizon, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes inters him; he straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed. He shrieks, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs.

4. Behold him waist-deep in the sand. The sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of this soft sheath, sobs frenziedly; the sand rises; the sand reaches his shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it—silence! The eyes still gaze; the sand shuts them—night! Now the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand comes to the surface of the beach, moves and shakes, disappears. It is the earth-drowning man. The earth, filled with the ocean, becomes a trap. It presents itself like a plain, and opens like a wave.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Strănd, shore of the sea. 2. Trăn′quil, quiet; undisturbed. 3. Dis tĭn′guish es, marks the difference. 4. Tū mul′tū ous ly, in an agitated manner. 5. Wāy′fâr′er, traveler. 6. Beâr′ings, situation with reference to other objects. 7. Rĕc′og nī′zes, realizes; knows. 8. Mē′di um, substance. 9. Con dĕmned′, sentenced; doomed. 10. Ap pạll′ing, terrifying. 11. In făl′li ble, certain; sure. 12. Im plā′ea ble, relentless. 13. In tĕrs′, buries. 14. Frĕn′zied ly, wildly; frantically.

LESSON XXVI.

The Forsaken Farm-House.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, an American poet, was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1807. His parents were Quakers, and he always remained a member of this sect. Until his eighteenth year, he worked on the farm; then attended an academy for two years, writing occasional verses for the local newspaper. Most of his education came, however, from many years of newspaper work, private reading and study, and in the exercise of his poetic gifts. Whittier's spirit was that of a reformer. As a boy he wrote that he would rather have the memory of a Howard, a Wilberforce, or a Clarkson than the undying fame of a Byron.

It is by his verses on country life that Whittier's fame as a poet will be kept alive. Poems of a sectional or political character must die with the conditions which prompt them; but such poems as "Snow-Bound," "The Barefoot Boy," and others of like kind must always appeal to the sympathy and appreciation of the human heart.

Whittier's life was a long and useful one. He died in Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, in 1892. His fame is not world-wide, but in the hearts of his countrymen there is a warm regard for the "Quaker poet."

Against the wooded hills it stands,
  Ghost of a dead home, staring through
Its broken lights on wasted lands
  Where old-time harvests grew.

Unploughed, unsown, by scythe unshorn,
  The poor. forsaken farm-fields lie,
Once rich and rife with golden corn
  And pale green breadths of rye.

Of healthful herb and flower bereft,
  The garden plot no housewife keeps;
Through weeds and tangle only left,
  The snake, its tenant, creeps.

A lilac spray, once blossom clad,
  Sways bare before the empty rooms;
Besides the roofless porch a sad,
  Pathetic red rose blooms.

His track, in mold and dust of drouth,
  On floor and hearth the squirrel leaves,
And in the fireless chimney's mouth
  His web the spider weaves.

The leaning barn about to fall
  Resounds no more on husking eves;
No cattle low in yard or stall,
  No thresher beats his sheaves.

So sad, so drear! It seems almost
  Some haunting presence makes its sign;
That down yon shadowy lane some ghost
  Might drive his spectral kine!

DEFINITIONS.—1. Sĕc'tion al, belonging to a particular section. 2. Un shōrn', uncut. 3. Rīfe, abounding. 4. Be rĕft', destitute; deprived. 5. Tĕn'ant, occupant. 6. Pa thĕt'ic, pitiful. 7. Re sounds', ring; echo. 8. Spĕc'tral, ghostly.

LESSON XXVII.

The Story of Perseus and Andromeda.

1. On the eastern shore of the Great Sea, somewhere in the southern countries of Syria, there dwelt a people of Ethiopian race. Being neither bold fishermen nor strong in battle, they contented themselves with tilling the fertile plain, and were experts at the loom. Skillful also they were with the needle and in dyeing, but yet a timid folk, and feeble of heart.

2. The low ground on which they lived, bordering on the sea, was subject to disastrous floods, which are now known as tidal waves. Almost every year these worked desolation everywhere; and, after the floods had subsided, a monster, seemingly bred out of the slime that had been deposited, carried terror into every household. He devoured everything that had life—the oxen, sheep and goats, the young children, the fair maidens.

3. So panic-stricken grew the people that they abandoned the plains and took refuge in the hills. In a fastness, far retired, was a lake containing sacred fish, which neved died, and were holy to the goddess who ruled over the territory. Thither, in sackcloth and ashes, resorted the people, anxious to consult the priests who fed the sacred fishes, and to learn from them what crime had been committed which had brought down upon the land the wrath of the deity. The priests offered up sacrifices of the best of the flock, and prayed to their deity for guidance. Then they fasted for

Pĕr′şeūs. An drŏm′e da.

three days, and at the end of that time decided to draw lots to discover the evil-doer who was bringing the divine wrath upon his fellows.

4. The lot fell upon the fair queen, Cassiopea, loved and admired by every one. When she learned that the guilt was ascribed to her, she came forward and stood amongst the people. "I am innocent of crime or impure act," she said. "Only in one thing do I fear that I have offended the great goddess of the sea, Atergate. So proud was I in beholding the beauty of my child, Andromeda, as she frolicked in the bath, that I called her more beautiful than the queen of the ocean."

5. The dark-browed priests listened sullenly to her avowal. Why had she, a mortal, likened her offspring to the peerless immortals—nay, placed her above them in fairness! Such presumption demanded a dreadful expiation. The land must be washed from this guilt.

And so it was decreed in the temple that the child of King Cepheus and Queen Cassiopea should be exposed as an offering to the offended goddess of the sea. She was to be bound to a reef, and abandoned to the tender mercies of the waves and of the cruel monster who appeared daily for his meal.

6. It was a sore trial for the poor mother, who felt like a murderess, the slayer of her own daughter.

The long-robed priests were inexorable, and saw their victim bound securely with brazen chains to the reef down there at Jaffa; and, as they walked past her, leaving her to

Cas′sĭ o pe′a. A tēr′ga tĕ. Ce′pheūs.

her fate, they spat on the ground, as if she were a thing accursed.

The mother took a long and sorrowful farewell, and the hapless maiden was left alone with the elements. Guiltless, she had to bear all this cruel punishment. Could the immortal gods be so heedless and unjust?

7. After hours of tearful and awful waiting, there appeared not the hideous devouring monster, but a fair-haired, ivory-limbed youth, who bounded from billow to billow. A goat skin was all his covering, but on his head he wore a shining helmet, on his left arm was a brazen shield, and in his right hand a falchion gleamed. At first Andromeda believed that the monster had taken this enticing shape only to deceive her, and she shrank from his advances and caresses. But he persisted in wooing her, and with his sword cut through the chains that bound her limbs to the hard rock; and, finally, he conquered her shyness and mistrust.

8. He now had to reckon with the greedy monster, deceived of its prey. Onward over the billows it came, with greedy jaws, and even the fish fled for fear before it. Perseus, for this was the name of the young hero, waited for it as a sea-hawk waits for its prey. Suddenly he leapt over the waves, and, tearing off the covering of his brazen shield, disclosed the awful face of the Gorgon, which changes everything to stone. The monster forthwith became rigid, and turned over on its side, gleaming white among the waves. No more would it prey upon child or maiden.

9. The immortal gods from Olympus blessed this be-

trothal of Perseus and Andromeda. Aphrodite herself poured over them unseen odors, which are the promise of wedded bliss. And when their wedding-day came, Athene also appeared in person, to promise the princess and her husband a long and prosperous rule over a happy people. From this time onward, the people were no longer so fearful of the sea, but were able to look upon it as a friend.

Aph′ro dī′tē (Venus). Ath ē′nē (Minerva).

DEFINITIONS.—1. Diş as′trous, destructive. 2. Sub-sīd′ed, gone down. 3. Fȧst′ness, secure retreat. 4. Săck′cloth, a garment worn by mourners in olden times. 5. Re şôrt′ed, betook themselves. 6. Con sŭlt′, apply to for information or instruction. 7. As crĭbed′, considered as belonging to. 8. Pēēr′less, without equal. 9. Pre-sŭmp′tion, forwardness. 10. Ex pi ā′tion, atonement. 11. Rēēf, a chain of rocks near the surface of the water. 12. In ĕx′o ra ble, not to be moved by prayer or entreaty. 13. Hăp′less, hopeless; unhappy. 14. El′e ments, the forces of nature, supposed by the ancients to be four—earth, air, fire, and water. 15. Hēēd′less, careless. 16. Hĭd′e ous, very ugly. 17. Fạl′chiȯn, a light broad-sword with a curved point. 18. En tī′çing, tempting; alluring.

LESSON XXVIII.

PART I.

Down on the Shore.

1. Down on the shore, on the sunny shore,
   Where the salt smell cheers the land;
   Where the tide moves bright under boundless light,
   And the surge on the glittering strand;
   Where the children wade in the glittering pools,
   Or run from the froth in play;
   Where the swift little boats with milk-white wings
   Are crossing the sapphire bay,
   And the ship in full sail, with a fortunate gale,
   Holds proudly on her way;
   Where the nets are spread on the grass to dry,
   And asleep, hard by, the fishermen lie,
   Under the tent of the warm blue sky,
   With the hushing wave on the golden floor
   To sing their lullaby.

2. Down on the shore, on the stormy shore!
   Beset by a growling sea,
   Whose mad waves leap on the rocky steep,
   Like wolves up a traveler's tree.
   Where the foam flies wide, and an angry blast
   Blows the curlew off, with a screech;
   Where the brown sea-wrack, torn up by the roots,
   Is flung out of fishes' reach;
   Where the tall ship rolls on the hidden shoals,
   And scatters her planks on the beach;

Where slate and straw through the village spin,
And a cottage fronts the fiercest din,
With a sailor's wife sitting sad within,
Hearkening the wind and the water's roar,
Till at last her tears begin.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Sûrge, a great rolling swell of water. 2. Strănd, shore. 3. Frŏth, foam. 4. Gāle, a strong wind. 5. Be sĕt′, hemmed in; besieged. 6. Cur′lew, a long-billed wading bird. 7. Scrēēch, a shrill, sharp cry. 8. Sea′-wrack, marine vegetation or other floating material cast on the shore by the waves. 9 Shōals shallow places in the water.

LESSON XXVIII.—PART II.

The Three Bells.

J. G. Whittier.

1. Beneath the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintering mast,
The good ship settled slowly;
The cruel leak gained fast.

2. Over the awful ocean
Her signal guns pealed out;
Dear God! was that Thy answer,
From the horror round about?

3. A voice came down the wild wind:
"Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry;
"Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow
Shall stand till daylight by!"

4. Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship-lights—
The lights of the Three Bells.

5. And ship to ship made signals;
Man answered back to man;
While oft, to cheer and hearten,
The Three Bells nearer ran.

6. And the captain from her taffrail
Sent down his hopeful cry:
"Take heart! hold on!" he shouted;
"The Three Bells shall stand by!"

7. All night across the waters
The tossing lights shone clear;
All night from reeling taffrail
The Three Bells sent her cheer.

8. And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

9. Sail on, Three Bells, forever;
In grateful memory, sail!
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,
Above the wave and gale!

10. As thine, in night and tempest,
I hear the Master's cry,
And, tossing through the darkness,
The lights of God draw nigh.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Rāked, dragged across as with a rake. 2. Sīg'nal, sign of distress. 3. Hēav'ing, rising and falling. 4. Tăff'rāil, the hand-rail around a ship's stern. 5. Rēēl'ing, swaying from side to side. 6. Lûrched, pitched.

LESSON XXIX.

Fish That Give Shocks.

C. F. Holder.

1. The electric qualities of the torpedo-fish have been known to naturalists for more than two hundred years. The shocks given are sometimes strong enough to paralyze a healthy man.

2. On old Brighton Beach, on the south coast of England, a large torpedo, or camp-fish, was exhibited in a shallow water aquarium by an enterprising showman, who proclaimed that a ha'penny would be accepted as a consideration for the privilege of lifting the fish, and that a shilling would be given to any one who should lift it out of the tank bare-handed. This enticing offer was taken by numbers of muscular sojourners on the beach, but always resulted disastrously to the lifter, who, however, was unable to explain why he had failed. Another would step boldly up with bared arms, insert one hand carefully under the fish, to see that it was not held down (just what the showman wished him to do), and place the other hand upon the torpedo's back. Its queer eyes would wink, a convulsive movement followed, and the experimenter would find himself either unable to move, or almost lifted into the air

by the "heft" of the creature, and would fall back bewildered, amid the jeers and laughter of the crowd.

3. The effect of the shock upon birds is generally fatal. A reed-bird placed in the water over a torpedo-fish showed symptoms of fear almost immediately, and in less than two minutes dropped dead. Although the torpedo-fish does not heed its own shocks, it is particularly sensible to shocks administered by a regular battery, and can thus be readily killed. Its power is hardly sufficient to kill a man, though I have been told by a reliable informant that he was almost completely paralyzed when spearing one, and, on attempting to pull the iron from the fish, he was knocked over as suddenly as if shot. Even after the death of the torpedo, he could hardly hold the dissecting-knife, so intense were the shocks.

4. The electric eel can also communicate a powerful shock. One was recently captured near Calabozo, which not only killed a mule, but so prostrated the rider by its terrible powers that his life was despaired of. An English traveler reached the spot a few days after the occurrence, and, learning the size of the monster, determined to catch it. It was finally hooked and dragged upon the shore. The line, however, becoming wet, the fish communicated to the two natives who were holding it such a shock that they were utterly powerless to move. The Englishman rushed forward, cut the rope with a knife, and released the men, but received a shock himself. The fish was finally secured, and a load of shot sent into his head. The men then took hold of its tail to drag it to the bank above, when they were knocked over as if by an ax, and nothing could induce

them to touch it again. Not till three days after, when decomposition had probably set in, was it dragged from the shore and suspended from a tree and skinned.

5. These gigantic eel-like creatures are most forbidding in appearance, varying from six to twenty-two feet in length, having the same relative size throughout their entire length.

More than nine other fishes are known to be electrícians of more or less power, but little is known of their methods of using their curious means of defence.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. A quā'ri um, a tank for holding water, animals, and plants. 2. Hā''pen ny (half penny), a cent. 3. Mŭs'cu lar, strong. 4. Sō'joûrn ers, visitors. 5. In sẽrt', put in. 6. Hĕft, power; force. 7. Be wĭl'der ed, puzzled. 8. Sŷmp'toms, signs. 9. Commū'ni cate, impart; transmit. 10. Pros'trāted, deprived of strength. 11. De com'po sĭ'tion, decay.

LESSON XXX.

PART I.

Morning Sounds.

James Beattie.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side;
The lowing herd, the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd, him descried

In the lone valley; echoing far and wide,
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees; the linnet's lay of love!
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail, the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling plowman stalks afield; and hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower;
And shrill lark carols from her aerial tower.

DEFINITIONS.—1. De scrīed′, seen; discovered. 2. Clăm′or ous, noisy. 3. Lāy, song. 4. Stąlks, walks with proud steps. 5. Se quĕs′tered, secluded; lonely. 6. Căr′ols, sings happily. 7. A ē′ri al, pertaining to the air; high; lofty.

LESSON XXX.—PART II.

The Skylark.

James Hogg.

One of the great names in Scottish poetry is JAMES HOGG, better known as "The Ettrick Shepherd." He was born in the Ettrick Forest, in 1770; he sprang from a family of shepherds, and his youth and early manhood were passed in the same occupation. He never received any school education, but by the time he reached the age of twenty-four he had acquired some reputation as a local poet. From the age of eighteen to twenty-seven he was in the employ of a Scottish laird, who allowed him free access to his

library, and by reading and studying he managed to repair the defects of his early education. In 1801 he went to Edinburgh in order to sell a few sheep, and at this time he put forth a small volume of poems under the title "Scottish Pastorals, Poems, and Songs." A little later he became acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, and furnished him some ballads for his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders," which Scott was then preparing.

After several unsuccessful attempts at farming, Hogg, in 1810, went to Edinburgh to try a literary career. In this he was more successful. His poetry is charming, but his prose does not rank very high.

1. Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

2. Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

3. O'er fen and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

4. Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

DEFINITIONS.—1. Blīthe'some, gay; cheerful. 2. Cŭm'ber less, free from care or trouble. 3. Măt'in, morning song. 4. Lēa, meadow. 5. Em'blem, sign; type. 6. A bīde', dwell. 7. Fĕn, boggy land; moor; marsh. 8. Shēēn, bright; radiant. 9. Mōōr, waste land, covered with heath or marsh. 10. Hĕr'alds, proclaims. 11. Glōam'ing, twilight.

LESSON XXXI.

The Mighty Word "No."

Theodore L. Cuyler.

THEODORE LEDYARD CUYLER, an American clergyman and miscellaneous writer, was born at Aurora, New York, in 1822. He studied theology at Princeton, and was graduated in 1843. He then became pastor of a Presbyterian church in Burlington, New Jersey, and afterward of a Dutch Reformed church in New York; still later he was pastor of the Lafayette-Avenue Presbyterian church of Brooklyn.

1. The most tremendous word in the English language is the short yet mighty word, "No." It has been the pivot on which innumerable destinies have turned for this world and the next. Spoken at the right moment, it has saved

multitudes from disgrace, from ruin. The splendid career of Joseph turned on the prompt "No" spoken at the very nick of time.

2. Nehemiah's simple, manly statement is, "So do not I, because of the fear of God." Nobly said. We wish some young man would write those sharp, ringing words in his note-book, and determine to make the same answer whenever he is tempted to do a selfish or wicked act. Daniel might easily have said to himself, "Oh! everybody about the court drinks wine, and lives high on the king's meat. I do not want to be thought queer or puritanical." He dared to be singular. "So did not I," was the motto of this sturdy young teetotaler. If he had yielded to the current of temptation and drifted with it, we never should have heard of such a man as Daniel.

3. All the people who make a marked success in life, and who achieve any good work for God, are the people who are not ashamed to be thought singular. The man who runs with a crowd counts for nothing. It is when he turns about and faces the multitude who are rushing on to do evil that he commands every eye. Then, by a bold protest, he may put a thousand to flight. Every young man must come out and be separate from sinners if he wishes to save his character and his soul. The downward pull of sin is tremendous. To be able firmly to say, "Yet will not I," requires the grace from above in the heart.

4. There is a subtle pull also in the drift of fashion and usage, which carries away every one who is not established on a Bible conscience. Three-fourths of all the persons who are drowned on the sea-shore are swept out by the undertow.

This is the secret influence which takes hold of so many church members, and carries them off into extravagant living, into sinful amusements, and into all manner of worldly conformities. The bottom of the great deep is strewed with backsliders. Every true Christian is bound to be a "non-conformist."

5. I would press the truth home upon every young man. Your salvation depends upon your ability to say "No." The messmates of Captain Hedley Vicars sneered at him as a Methodist and a fanatic. A British soldier once told me that Vicars was a spiritual power in his regiment. We had just such Christian soldiers in our army during the war. In every school, the difference is clearly marked between the boy who has moral pluck and the boy who is mere pulp. The one knows how to say "No!" The other is so afraid of being thought "verdant" that he soon kills everything pure and fresh and manly in his character, and dries up into a premature hardness of heart.

6. I well remember the pressure brought to bear in college upon every young man to join in a wine dinner, or to take a hand in some contraband amusement. Some timber got well seasoned; some of the other got well rotted, through sensuality and vice. The Nehemiahs at college have been Nehemiahs ever since. The boy was father of the man.

7. The only motive that could hold back the brave non-conformist at Jerusalem was a godly conscience. "So did not I, because of the fear of God." This ever fresh principle held him firm when temptation struck him as the undercurrents strike against the keel. Thus was he able to face down temptation with the iron answer, "So will not I."

DEFINITIONS.—1. Pĭv'ot, turning point. 2. In nū'mer a ble, countless. 3. Dĕs'ti nies, fates. 4. Pū'rităn'ic al, overscrupulous; rigid. 5. Sĭn'gu lar, peculiar; odd. 6. Tee tō'tal er, one who abstains from intoxicating drinks. 7. Prō'test, objection. 8. Sub'tle (sŭt'l), cunning; crafty. 9. Cŏn'science, sense of right and wrong. 10. Un'der tōw', current of water below, in a different direction from that on the surface. 11. Con'fôrm'i ty, agreement in manner or action. 12. Non'con fôrm'ist, one who does not conform to rule. 13. Fa năt'ic, enthusiast; bigot. 14. Pŭlp, a soft mass of matter. 15. Vĕr'dant, green. 16. Prē'ma tūre', too early. 17. Cŏn'tra band, forbidden. 18. Sen su ăl'i ty, coarse pleasure.

LESSON XXXII.

Nightfall.

W. W. Ellsworth.

1. Alone I stand:
On either hand,
In gathering gloom stretch sea and land;
Beneath my feet,
With ceaseless beat,
The waters murmur low and sweet.

2. Slow falls the night:
The tender light
Of stars grows brighter and more bright;
The lingering ray
Of dying day
Sinks deeper down, and fades away.

3. Now fast, now slow,
The south winds blow,
And softly whisper, breathing low;
With gentle grace
They kiss my face,
Or fold me in their cool embrace.

4. Where one pale star,
O'er waters far,
Droops down to touch the harbor bar
A faint light gleams—
A light that seems
To grow and grow till nature teems

5. With mellow haze;
And to my gaze
Comes proudly rising, with its rays
No longer dim,
The moon; its rim
In splendor gilds the billowy brim.

6. I watch it gain
The heavenly plain;
Behind it trails a starry train,
While, low and sweet,
The wavelets beat
Their murmuring music at my feet.

7. Fair night of June!
Yon silver moon
Gleams pale and still. The tender tune,
Faint-floating, plays,
In moonlit lays,
A melody of other days.

8. 'Tis sacred ground;
A peace profound
Comes o'er my soul. I hear no sound,
Save at my feet
The ceaseless beat
Of waters, murmuring low and sweet.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Tēēms, abounds. 2. Gīlds, tinges with gold. 3. Bīl'lōw y, swelling into large waves. 4. Gāin, reach.

LESSON XXXIII.

South Carolina.

Robert Young Hayne.

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE, distinguished as a lawyer, orator, and statesman, was born in South Carolina in 1791. He was Attorney-General of the United States under Monroe, and in 1823 was elected to the Senate. In 1830 occurred the famous debate between Hayne and Webster. Hayne was a gallant figure in that battle of the giants. March says of him: "His oratory was graceful and persuasive. An impassioned manner, somewhat vehement at times, but rarely, if ever, extravagant; a voice well modulated and clear; a distinct though rapid enunciation; a confident, but not often offensive address; these, accompanying and illustrating language well selected and periods well turned, made him a popular and effective speaker. Colonel Hayne was, incontestibly, the most formidable of Mr. Webster's opponents. He had more native and acquired ability than any of them. Such is the concurrent opinion of all who witnessed this great forensic contest." His tribute to South Carolina occurred in the course of this debate. Mr. Hayne died in the prime of life at Asheville, North Carolina, in 1839.

1. If there be one State in the Union, Mr. President (and I say it not in a boastful spirit), that may challenge comparison with any other, for a uniform, zealous, ardent, uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made, no service she has hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity, but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs; though deprived of her resources, divided by parties or surrounded with difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren; and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gift to the altar of their common country.

2. What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But, great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think, at least, equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren with a generous zeal which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interests in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create a commercial relationship, they might have found in their situation guarantee that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britian. But, trampling on all consideration, either of interest or of safety, they rushed

into the conflict, and, fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom.

3. Never were there exhibited in the history of the world higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the Whigs of Carolina during the Revolution. The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children! Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived; and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions, proved by her conduct that, though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Zĕal′ous, fervent; hearty; enthusiastic. 2. Ar′dent, warm; fervent. 3. Un căl′cu lā′ting, not scheming. 4. Ad hēred′, clung; remained true. 5. Rĕc′on çīled′, became friendly. 6. Es pouṣed′, adopted. 7. Guăr′an tee′, security. 8. Fŏs′tered, fed; nourished. 9. Pĕr′iled, risked. 10. O′ver whĕlm′ing, overspreading or crushing. 11. Con sūmed′, destroyed; wasted. 12. Im pĕn′e tra ble, difficult to enter or pass through. 13. Sur vīved′, continued to live. 14. Invĭn′ci ble, unconquerable; not to be subdued.

LESSON XXXIV.

PART I.

The Pressed Gentian.

John G. Whittier.

1. The time of gifts has come again,
And, on my northern window-pane,
Outlined against the day's brief light,
A Christmas token hangs in sight.
The wayside travelers as they pass,
Mark the gray disk of clouded glass,
And the dull blankness seems, perchance,
Folly to their wise ignorance.

2. They cannot, from their outlook, see
The perfect grace it hath for me;
For there the flower, whose fringes through
The frosty breath of autumn blew,
Turns from without its face of bloom
To the warm tropic of my room,
As fair as when beside its brook
The hue of bending skies it took.

3. So, from the trodden ways of earth,
Seem some sweet souls who veil their worth,
And offer to the careless glance
The clouding gray of circumstance.
They blossom best where hearth-fires burn;
To loving eyes alone they turn
The flowers of inward grace; they hide
Their beauty from the world outside.

4. But deeper meanings come to me,
My half-immortal flower, from thee!
Man judges from a partial view—
None ever yet his brother knew;
The Eternal Eye that sees the whole
May better read the darkened soul,
And find, to outward sense denied,
The flower upon its inmost side!

DEFINITIONS.—1. Tō'ken, sign. 2. Dĭsk, a flat surface. 3. Per chance', perhaps. 4. Fŏl'ly, foolishness. 5. Grāce, beauty. 6. Cĭr'cum stance, situation; condition.

LESSON XXXIV.—PART II.

Christmas in the Woods.

Harrison Weir.

From under the boughs in the snow-clad wood
The merle and the mavis are peeping.
Alike secure from the wind and the flood,
Yet a silent Christmas keeping.
Still happy are they,
And their looks are gay,
And they frisk it from bough to bough;
Since berries bright red
Hang over their head,
A right goodly feast, I trow.

There, under the boughs, in their wintry dress,
  Haps many a tender greeting;
Blithe hearts have met, and the soft caress
  Hath told the delight of meeting.
    Though winter hath come
    To his woodland home,
There is mirth with old Christmas cheer,
    For 'neath the light snow
    Is the fruit-fraught bough,
And each to his love is near.

Yes! under the boughs, scarce seen, nestle they,
  Those children of song together,
As blissful by night, as joyous by day,
  'Mid the snows and the wintry weather.
    For they dream of spring,
    And the songs they'll sing,
When the flowers bloom again in the mead;
    And mindful are they
    Of those blossoms gay,
    Which have brought them to-day
Such help in their time of need!

DEFINITIONS.—1. Mĕrle, European blackbird. 2. Mā'vis, European thrush. 3. Trōw, believe; trust. 4. Hăps, happens. 5. Blīthe, gay; merry. 6. Frạught laden.

LESSON XXXV.

"Is a Turtle a Fish?"

Alexander Hunter.

(Debate in the Virginia House of Delegates.)

1. Mr. Speaker, a bill, having for its object the marking and determining of the close season for catching and killing turtles and terrapins, has just been introduced by the gentleman from Rockbridge, who asks that it be referred to the Committee on Game, of which I have the honor to be chairman. To this disposition of the bill the gentleman from Gloucester objects, on the ground that as turtles and terrapins are fish and not game, it should go to the Committee on Fish and Oysters.

On Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, says the honorable gentleman, turtles and terrapins are frequently captured many miles out from land, in nets or with hook and line, as all other members of the finny tribe are, and that, therefore, they are fish, and nothing but fish.

2. I have profound respect for the gentleman's opinion: as a lawyer he has acquired not only a State but a national reputation; but even I, opposing a pin's point against the shield of Pelides, take issue with him. Sir, I am no lawyer; I don't understand enough of law to keep out of its meshes, but I will answer his sophistries with a few plain, incontrovertible facts; and, as the old saw says, "Facts are stubborn things."

3. Is a turtle a fish? I imagine not. Down on the old Virginia lowlands of the Potomac River, where I come

from, the colored people have dogs trained to hunt turtles when they come up on the dry land to deposit their eggs, and, when they find them, they bark as if they were treeing a squirrel. Now, I ask the House, did any member ever hear of a fish being hunted with dogs?

Who does not know that a turtle has four legs, that those legs have feet, and that those feet are armed with claws, like a cat's, a panther's, or a lion's? Has the gentleman from Gloucester ever seen a fish with talons? I think not.

4. It is well known that a turtle can be kept in a cellar for weeks, and even months, without food or water. Can a fish live without water? Why, sir, it has grown into a proverb that it cannot. And yet the gentleman says the turtle is a fish.

Do we not all know that you may cut off a turtle's head, and that it won't die till the sun goes down? Suppose, now, a modern Joshua should point his sword at the sun and command it to stand still in the heavens; why, Mr. Speaker, the turtle would live a thousand years with its head off. And yet the gentleman says the turtle is a fish.

5. Æsop tells the fable of the race between the tortoise and the hare, and we are left to believe that it took place on dry land, the author nowhere intimating that it was a swimming match. Did the gentleman from Gloucester ever hear of a fish running a quarter-stretch and coming out winner of the silver cup?

I read but a short time ago, Mr. Speaker, of a man who had a lion, which, he offered to wager, could whip any living thing. The challenge was accepted. A snapping-turtle was then produced, which conquered the lordly king of

beasts at the first bite. Can the gentleman from Gloucester bring any fish from York River that will do the same?

6. Again, a turtle has a tail. Now, what nature intended him to do with that particular member I cannot divine. He does not use it like our Darwinian ancestors, the monkeys, who swing themselves from the trees by their tails; nor like a cow or mule, as a brush in fly-time; nor yet as our household pet, the dog, who wags a welcome to us with his; nor, finally, does he use it to swim with. And, sir, if the gentleman from Gloucester ever saw a fish who didn't use his tail to swim with, then he has discovered a new and most wonderful variety.

7. Mr. Speaker, I will not take up more of the valuable time of the House by further discussion of this vexed question. I will have only one more shot at the gentleman, to prove to him that the turtle is the oldest inhabitant of the earth. Last summer, sir, I was away up in the mountains of Giles county, some two hundred miles from the ocean. One day, strolling leisurely up the mountain road, I found a land-tortoise, or turtle, and, picking him up, I saw some quaint and curious characters engraved in the shell on his back. Through lapse of time the letters were nearly illegible, but, after considerable effort, I made out the inscription, and read:

"Adam. Paradise. Year One."

Mr. Speaker, I have done. If I have not convinced every member on this floor, except the gentleman from Gloucester, that a turtle is not a fish, then I appeal to the wisdom of this House to tell me what it is!

DEFINITIONS.—1. De tẽr'min ing, deciding upon. 2. Trĭb'u ta'ries, streams; rivers. 3. Ac quīred', gained; secured. 4. Nă'tion al, pertaining to the general public or nation. 5. Rep'u tā'tion, general estimation; credit; fame. 6. Shiēld, piece of defensive armor. 7. Is'sue, contest, trial. 8. Sŏph'ist ries, unsound reasoning; quibbling. 9. In con'tro vẽr'ti ble, too clear to be disputed; indisputable. 10. De pŏs'it, to lay; place. 11. Tăl'ons, claws. 12. Prŏv'erb, maxim; a common saying. 13. In'ti mā'ting, hinting. 14. Strŏll'ing, rambling; straying. 15. Il lĕg'i ble, incapable of being read; not readable.

NOTES.—*Pel ī'des*, another name for *A chĭl'les*, the great hero of the Trojan war. He slew Hector, the bravest of the Trojans.

Ē'sop, a Greek slave, famous for his fables. He lived about six hundred years before Christ.

Dăr'win, an English scientist, born in 1820, died in 1896. He believed that man was developed from the lower forms of life, throughout long ages.

LESSON XXXVI.

A Psalm of Life.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The poet LONGFELLOW was born in the seaport town of Portland, Maine, in 1807. He was a descendant of John Alden and Priscilla, whose love story he celebrates in "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

At twelve years of age he was reading Irving's Sketch-Book and Bryant's Thanatopsis with the keenest delight; at fourteen he entered Bowdoin College; at eighteen he was graduated, in the same class with Hawthorne; at nineteen he was elected professor in his *alma mater*.

The next three years he spent in Europe, and in that time he

mastered the Italian, Spanish, French, and German languages and literatures, and, when twenty-two years of age, returned to Bowdoin to begin his duties as teacher of modern languages and literature.

Five years later he was called to a similar professorship in Harvard College. He lived in Cambridge for the rest of his life, laying down his college duties, however, in 1854, in order to devote himself entirely to literary work.

Longfellow loved children devotedly, understood them, and wrote many beautiful poems for them. He also sympathized deeply with the toiling poor. In "The Village Blacksmith" he glorifies labor and the simple virtues of the lowly.

He is the most popular and best-loved of our American poets. "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline" are his greatest poems. He died in Cambridge in 1882, and lies buried near by in Mount Auburn Cemetery.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream:
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
  Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
  Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living present!
  Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the sands of Time;

Footprints that, perhaps, another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labor and to wait.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Nŭm'bers, verse; poetry. 2. Gōal, end. 3. Dĕs'tined, marked out by fate or destiny. 4. Biv ouac (bĭv'wăk), camping ground. 5. Sub līme', grand; noble. 6. Māin, ocean. 7. For lŏrn', hopeless; wretched. 8. A chiēv'ing, accomplishing; doing.

LESSON XXXVII.

The Valley of Waterfalls.

George N. Curzon.

1. One hundred and fifty miles eastward of San Francisco, where the middle ranges of the Sierra Nevada Mountains rise to a height of thirteen thousand feet above the sea, there is hewn from east to west a deep ravine between two precipitous walls of rock.

2. The ravine varies from three-quarters of a mile to two miles in width, and is about six miles in length. It is like a deep trench, lying nearly a mile below the heights that enclose it. This gorge is popularly known as the Yosemite Valley. I have, however, called it the Valley of Waterfalls; for its wonderful cascades distinguish it, so far as I know, from all other valleys in the world.

3. Straight over the mountain walls on either side of this valley come toppling the waters that supply the shining River of Mercy, which murmurs musically below. As with a rush and a leap they spring from the craggy ledges, their forms are intertwined with rainbows.

4. From a distance of miles these waterfalls may be seen like long, white streamers hanging from the mountain walls. They vary considerably in height, being sometimes intercepted in their descent or broken up into more than one cascade. Fifteen hundred feet is the height of the highest; but this is the uppermost of a trio of cascades, one above

Sĭ ĕr′ra Nē vä′da Yō sĕm′ĭ tē

another, the united descent of which amounts to two thousand six hundred feet.

5. The cascades of the Yosemite Valley vary in volume according to the season of the year, the depth of the rainfall, and the duration of the winter snows. In early spring, when the snow is melting, each brook becomes a torrent, and each fall a cataract. Then the Yosemite is preëminently the Valley of Waterfalls; for not a mile of its rocky walls can be passed but there comes foaming from the sky a precipitous shoot of what looks like the finest snow. But late in the summer the brooks dwindle into rills, and the watery fleeces become ribbons and threads.

6. The most beautiful of these falls is that to which tourists have given the name of the Bridal Veil. The name is not ill-applied, for as the breeze catches the descending jets, when not in full volume, it puffs them outward from the rocks, and wafts them in gauzy festoons from side to side. The Bridal Veil has a sheer descent of nine hundred feet.

7. The Indian name for this waterfall was Po ho′no, or the Spirit of the Evil Wind. The natives heard in the sound of the enchanted fall the mutter of spirit voices, and scented in the breeze occasioned by its plunge the cold breath of a destroying angel. To pass by it was of ill omen, to sleep near it was perilous, to point the finger of scorn at it was death. An Indian woman who once fell from the slippery ledge at the top, and was dashed to pieces, was believed to have been swept away by the Evil One.

8. At all times a rich forest growth adorns the valley; and it is only by comparison with the celebrated Big Trees

that grow some thirty miles away, that these noble Yosemite stems, one hundred and seventy to two hundred and twenty feet high, straight as an obelisk, and tall as a tower, are not considered giants in the land.

9. If a single place were to be named from which a finer view can be obtained than from anywhere else, the honor should be conceded to the rocky height known as Glacier Point. It rises two-thirds of a mile in height above the valley. A stone dropped from the summit will not strike the rock below till sixteen seconds have been counted. From its summit the most important waterfalls are all in view.

10. There cannot be much doubt that at some remote period the entire valley was packed with a huge moving ice-field, over a mile and a half in depth. With what superhuman strength was the great ploughshare driven through the heart of the everlasting hills!

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ra vīne′, a deep, narrow hollow. 2. Pre cĭp′i tous, very steep. 3. Gôrge, a narrow pass between two mountain sides. 4. Cas cādes′, waterfalls. 5. Crăg′gy, abounding with broken rocks. 6. Lĕdg′es, shelves of rock. 7. In′ter cĕpt′ed, stopped; broken. 8. Du rā′tion, the length of time anything continues. 9. Prē ĕm′i nent ly, surpassingly; beyond comparison. 10. Pre cĭp′i tous, sudden. 11. Dwĭn′dle, grow less; fall away. 12. Tour′ists, travelers. 13. Fes tōōns′, garlands or wreaths hanging in curves. 14. O′men, significance; luck. 15. Ob′e lisk, a tall four-sided pillar, gradually tapering as it rises. 16. Con cēd′ed, granted. 17. Re mōte′, far away. 18. Su′per hū′man, beyond what is human; divine.

LESSON XXXVIII.

The Fifth Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor.

1. All the troubles and calamities I had undergone could not cure me of my inclination to make new voyages. I therefore bought goods, departed with them for the best seaport, and there, that I might not be obliged to depend upon a captain, but have a ship at my own command, I remained till one was built on purpose at my own charge. When the ship was ready, I went on board with my goods; but not having enough to load her, I agreed to take with her several merchants of different nations, with their merchandise.

2. We sailed with the first fair wind, and, after a long trip, the first place we touched at was a desert island, where we found the egg of a roc, equal in size to that I formerly mentioned. There was a young roc in it just ready to be hatched, and its beak had begun to break the egg.

The merchants who landed with me broke the egg with hatchets, and making a hole in it, pulled out the young roc piece-meal, and roasted it. I had in vain entreated them not to meddle with the egg.

3. Scarcely had they finished their repast, when there appeared in the air, at a considerable distance, two great clouds. The captain of my ship, knowing by experience what they meant, said they were the male and female parents of the roc, and pressed us to re-embark with all speed, to prevent the misfortune which he saw would otherwise befall us.

The two rocs approached with a frightful noise, which they redoubled when they saw the egg broken and their young one gone. They flew back in the direction they had come, and disappeared for some time, while we made all the sail we could to endeavor to prevent that which unhappily befell us.

4. They soon returned, and we observed that each of them carried between its talons an enormous rock. When they came directly over my ship, they hovered, and one of them let go its rock; but, by the dexterity of the steersman, it missed us and fell into the sea. The other so exactly hit the middle of the ship as to split it into pieces. The mariners and passengers were all crushed to death or fell into the sea. I myself was of the number of the latter; but, as I came up again, I fortunately caught hold of a piece of the wreck, and swimming, sometimes with one hand and sometimes with the other, but always holding fast the plank, the wind and the tide favoring me, I came to an island, and got safely ashore.

5. I sat down upon the grass to recover myself from my fatigue, after which I went into the island to explore it. It seemed to be a delicious garden. I found trees everywhere, some of them bearing green and others ripe fruits, and streams of pure, fresh water. I ate of the fruits, which I found excellent, and drank of the water, which was very light and good.

When I was a little advanced into the island, I saw an old man who appeared very weak and infirm. He was sitting on the bank of a stream, and at first I took him to be one who had been shipwrecked like myself. I went toward him

and saluted him, but he only slightly bowed his head. I asked him why he sat so still; but, instead of answering me, he made a sign for me to take him upon my back and carry him over the brook.

6. I believed him really to stand in need of my assistance, took him upon my back, and, having carried him over, bade him get down, and for that end stopped, that he might get off with ease; but, instead of doing so (and I laugh every time I think of it), the old man, who to me appeared quite decrepit, threw his legs nimbly about my neck. He sat astride upon my shoulders, and held my throat so tight that I thought he would have strangled me, and I fainted away.

7. Notwithstanding my fainting, the ill-natured old fellow kept his seat upon my neck. When I had recovered my breath he thrust one of his feet against my side, and struck me so rudely with the other that he forced me to rise up against my will. Having arisen, he made me carry him under the trees, and forced me now and then to stop, that he might gather and eat fruit. He never left his seat all day; and when I laid down to rest at night he laid himself down with me, holding still fast about my neck. Every morning he pinched me to make me awake, and afterward obliged me to get up and walk, and spurred me with his feet.

8. One day I found several dry calabashes that had fallen from a tree. I took a large one and, after cleaning it, pressed into it some juice of grapes, which abounded in the island. Having filled the calabash, I put it by in a convenient place; going thither again some days after I tasted it, and found the wine so good that it gave me new vigor, and so exhilarated my spirits that I began to sing and dance as I carried my burden.

The old man, perceiving the effect which this had upon me, and that I carried him with more ease than before, made me a sign to give him some of it. I handed him the calabash, and, the liquor pleasing the palate, he drank it off. There being a considerable quantity of it, he soon began to sing and to move about from side to side in his seat upon my shoulders, and by degrees to loosen his legs from about me. Finding that he did not press me as before, I threw him upon the ground, where he lay without motion. I then took up a great stone and slew him.

9. I was extremely glad to be thus freed forever from this troublesome fellow. I now walked toward the beach, where I met the crew of a ship that had cast anchor to take in water. They were surprised to see me, but more so at hearing the particulars of my adventures. "You fell," said they, "into the hands of the old man of the sea, and are the first who ever escaped strangling by his malicious embraces. He never quitted those he had once made himself master of till he had destroyed them, and he has made this island notorious by the number of men he has slain." They carried me with them to the captain, who received me with great kindness. He put out again to sea, and, after some days' sail, we arrived at the harbor of a great city, the houses of which overhung the sea.

10. One of the merchants, who had taken me into his friendship, invited me to go along with him. He gave me a large sack, and, having recommended me to some people of the town who used to gather cocoanuts, desired them to take me with them. "Go," said he, "follow them, and act as you see them do; but do not separate from them, other-

wise you may endanger your life." Having thus spoken, he gave me provisions for the journey, and I went with them.

11. We came to a thick forest of cocoa-trees, very lofty, with trunks so smooth that it was not possible to climb to the branches that bore the fruit. When we entered the forest we saw a great number of apes of several sizes, who fled as soon as they perceived us, and climbed to the tops of the trees with amazing swiftness.

The merchants gathered stones, and threw them at the apes on the trees. I did the same; and the apes, out of revenge, threw cocoanuts at us so fast, and with such gestures, as sufficiently testified their anger and resentment. We gathered up the cocoanuts, and from time to time threw stones to provoke the apes; so that by this stratagem we filled our bags with cocoanuts. I thus gradually collected many cocoanuts, which brought me a considerable sum.

12. Having laden our vessel with cocoanuts, we set sail, and passed by the islands where pepper grows in great plenty. From thence we went to the Isle of Comari, where the best species of wood of aloes grows. I exchanged my cocoa in those two islands for pepper and wood of aloes, and went with other merchants a-pearl-fishing. I hired divers, who brought me up some pearls that were very large and pure. I embarked in a vessel that happily arrived at Bussorah; from thence I returned to Bagdad, where I realized vast sums from my pepper, wood of aloes and pearls. I gave the tenth of my gains in alms, as I had done upon my return from my other voyages, and rested from my fatigues.—*The Arabian Nights.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ca lăm'i ties, great misfortunes. 2. In'cli nā'tion, desire. 3. Rŏc, a monstrous bird of Arabian mythology. It is said to have been capable of carrying off an elephant and devouring it. 4. Dextĕr'i ty, skill. 5. Măr'i ners, sailors. 6. In fĭrm', sickly; feeble. 7. De crĕp'it, worn by age. 8. Nĭm'bly, quickly; lightly. 9. Căl'a bash'es, large gourds. 10. Vĭg'or, life; activity. 11. Ex hĭl'a rā'ted, made cheerful; enlivened. 12. Păl'ate, taste. 13. Ma lĭ'cioŭs, spiteful. 14. No tō'ri ous, noted (in a bad sense). 15. Tĕs'ti fied, showed; evidenced. 16. Re şĕnt'ment, anger; displeasure. 17. Străt'a ġem, trick.

LESSON XXXIX.

Marmion and Douglas.

Sir Walter Scott.

Of all English poets and novelists, perhaps there is not one more widely known and loved than Sir WALTER SCOTT. To read his works is to form a real friendship with the author.

Scott was born in 1771 in Edinburgh. The details of his infancy, his lameness, his school-life, and his adventurous boyhood, and his real struggles in life form an interesting and heroic story.

He was familiar with all grades of society and humanity, and his novels give a clear and comprehensive view of life at that time. The first years of his literary career were devoted mainly to poetry, but when Byron rose before the public the popularity of Scott's verses began to wane. It was then that he devoted himself to novel-writing. The work begun for fame was continued for other motives. All the vast fortune which he had made as a poet had been swallowed up in a business venture with other parties, and Scott found him-

self not only penniless, but in debt. With true heroic greatness he set to work with his pen to earn enough to meet these obligations, and in four years he passed over to his creditors seventy thousand pounds, but the task was too much—his brain had been overtaxed; his friends finally persuaded him to rest, but it was too late. He died in Abbotsford in 1832.

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troops array,
  To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
  And Douglas gave a guide.

The ancient earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered in an undertone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:

"Though something I might plain," he said,
  "Of cold respect to stranger guest,
    Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed;
    Part we in friendship from your land,
    And, noble earl, receive my hand."

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.

My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone:
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire;
And "This to me!" he said:
"An't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!

"And first I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate;

And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride—
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hand upon your sword),
I tell thee thou'rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

MARMION.

On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth: "And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
  The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?—
No! by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
"Up, drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
  Let the portcullis fall!"

Lord Marmion turned—well was his need—
And dashed the rowels in his steed;
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous gate behind him rung;
To pass, there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, grazed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembles on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim;
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shouts of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he reined his fury's pace.
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!

Did ever knight so foul a deed?
At first, in heart, it liked me ill,
When the king praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line."

DEFINITIONS.—1. Safe con'duct, a written pass giving one safe passage through a hostile country. 2. "Beneath the royal seal and hand," signed and sealed by the king. 3. Pal'frey, a small saddle-horse for ladies. 4. A dieū', farewell. 5. Plāin, complain. 6. Be hĕst', command. 7. Măn'ors, lands belonging to a lord. 8. Bow'ers, chambers. 9. Sŏv'er eign, king. 10. Lists, chooses. 11. Pēēr, equal. 12. Tŭr'ret, small spire or tower. 13. Swarth'y, dark. 14. Ire, anger. 15. Hōar'y, white, or gray with age. 16. Clēave, split or cut. 17. Haugh'ty, high; proud. 18. Pĭtch, pride; height of haughty power. 19. Hōld, stronghold; castle. 20. Văs'sals, servants; dependents. 21. Un scăthed', unhurt. 22. Draw'bridge', a bridge which may be raised, lowered, or turned aside. 23. Ward'er, gate keeper. 24. Pōrt-cŭl'lis, a grating or framework made of strong bars of wood or iron, sharp-pointed at the lower end, sliding vertically in grooves on either side of the entrance of a fortified place, and so adjusted as to be let fall swiftly and suddenly in case of surprise, to protect the gate from assault; commonly used in the middle ages after the twelfth century. 25. Row'els, spiked or toothed wheels used on spurs. 26. Pŏn'der ous, heavy. 27. Gāunt'let, long glove to protect the hand and wrist.

NOTES.—1. This selection is from Canto VI. of "Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field." The Scotch king, James IV., in 1513,

made an inroad into the north of England and captured four fortresses on the border, encamping on Flodden, one of the Cheviot Hills. Here he was attacked, defeated, and killed by the English under the Earl of Surrey. The scene here is laid at Tantallon Castle, the home of the great Earl Douglas, three miles from North Berwick.

2. Lord Marmion is an English lord sent as messenger to the Scotch king, and is now returning to the English camp with Clara, who has been placed under his escort by the Scotch king, staying overnight as the guest of Douglas.

3. Saint Bride of Bothwell: Saint Bride or Bridget. She was a favorite of the Douglas family, and had a shrine at their castle of Bothwell on the Clyde.

4. "St. Jude to speed" means St. Jude, protect me!

5. St. Bothan was the saint held in special reverence at a monastery near the English border.

6. Gawain, a son of Lord Douglas, was a scholar, or what the nobility called, in contempt, a clerk. He translated Virgil's Æneid into Scottish verse in 1513.

LESSON XL.

The Chestnut Farms of the Apennines.

Olive May Eager.

PART I.

1. The millions of peasants in Italy find it hard to get enough from the soil to feed themselves and to keep the thousands of landlords in a greater or less degree of lazy luxury. On the plains, the country people do manage to have bread with their wine, or fruit, or vegetables, but the mountaineers would be only too glad to work for enough dry bread.

Italy is a mountainous country, and at one thousand feet above the sea in the Apennines the low annual temperature does not favor luxurious vegetation. There, grapes and figs

cease to ripen, vegetables grow poor and scarce, corn is diseased and "nubby," and grain matures imperfectly.

2. As one ascends, the prospect of food grows worse, and at fifteen hundred feet the tiny grain plots would seem contemptible to our Western farmers. These little "beds," rather than fields, are actually propped up by solid stone walls, which keep the precious soil from washing down the mountain-side. Some of the terraces are but two or three yards wide.

3. The highest point of the Apennines is over nine thousand feet, and all along up the mountains for more than half that height thousands of persons are trying to wrench a living from Mother Earth. At an altitude of two thousand feet I read this inscription on a farm-house gate: "Highest Summer Temperature 25° Centigrade," which is about 77° Fahrenheit, and this is reached only ten times or so during the summer.

4. From two thousand feet up, even wheat and potatoes refuse to grow, and chestnut-trees furnish the sole hope of food. In fact, chestnuts are "the staff of life" in the higher Apennines, and one can walk for miles and miles in chestnut groves. The trees are planted at proper intervals, and are kept well pruned down, though they do not naturally attain to a great height.

As I write, I look out upon acres of them, covering the steep mountain-sides so evenly that the highest tree scarcely rises two feet above its lowest neighbor. No undergrowth except heather is allowed; for it would not only detract from the nourishment of the trees, but interfere with the gathering of chestnuts.

5. Some of the chestnut orchards belong to small peasant farmers, but the bulk of them are owned by the gentry, who reside in the towns, and rent out their property on the half-share principle. A peasant will take one or two or more thousand trees, keep them in order, gather the nuts and divide the crop. The division is left entirely to the tenant, and among the Tuscan peasants this homely joke is current: "O master, come on, and let us halve *your* half of the crop!"

Among themselves, the strictest honesty prevails, and, although there are no walls, ditches, or other property lines visible, the humblest peasant would not pick up a chestnut under his neighbor's tree. An unwritten law allows a man to claim what lies on his own ground, no matter what the source, which leads to much ingenious trenching and terracing to prevent the chestnuts from rolling down-hill.

6. Whatever falls into a public path or highway belongs to the public by common consent, and no one but the meanest of peasants will deign to gather any of his own nuts which have thus strayed away. The biblical custom of gleaning is still in vogue, and after a heavy rain the very poor turn out with bags and baskets, hunting for the chestnuts which have rolled into the sheltered nooks and turns of the mountain paths.

Within the groves are many rude stone huts, where tenants heap the straggling fall of nuts which they find in the daily round after the burrs begin to crack open. But the real "harvest home" in early November is the signal for a general stir among the mountaineers. Old and young turn

out together to thresh the trees and pick the nuts, with singing and merrymaking.

The sun sets by five o'clock in the afternoon, and everybody troops home gayly, anticipating a good dinner. The quality of a dinner varies with the point of view, and an Apennine family asks nothing better than a caldron of hot potatoes, boiled in salted water; or, if they chance to be epicures, cabbages cooked with cheese and olive oil are highly satisfactory.

7. Every peasant housewife tries to have something special for the harvest home, and schemes beforehand to that purpose. The finger of scorn is pointed at the mother and wife who fails to do her duty at this time.

When our pet goat ate up four scraggly cabbages growing at the door step of a peasant neighbor, I thought to make ample amends by sending her four full, round heads from my own garden.

"O signora," she said, with a pathetic air of apology, "it is not the cabbages I care for, but when we work hard in the wind and wet at the chestnut harvest, it is so good to feel that a nice hot cabbage is boiling away at home for us!"

8. The loft over the peasant's kitchen has a floor made of close slats, on which are piled the fresh chestnuts, while a fire is built in the middle of the stone floor below. Doors and windows are tightly closed, so that the heat and smoke, rising through the crevices above, will dry the chestnuts. The small windows never lose their dingy look; for nobody dreams of cleaning them, and they are dim with the smoke of years of chestnut drying.

Once I engaged a servant who was fresh from the Apennines, and assigned her the task of washing my city windows and glass doors, first showing her how it should be done. When I returned from a walk, the mountain Bridget met me with a rueful face. "O sigñora," she exclaimed tearfully, "I have scrubbed and scrubbed on the glass, but some of it is so smoked it will not come clean!" The obdurate panes were of colored glass in tints of yellow!

DEFINITIONS.—1. Pĕaş'ants, country people; farmers. 2. Lŭx'u ry, free indulgence of appetites or tastes. 3. Lux ū'ri ous, abundant. 4. Ma tūres', ripens. 5. In'ter vals, spaces. 6. Pruned, trimmed. 7. Hĕa~~th~~' er, a low shrub with small evergreen leaves and pink flower clusters; used by the poor in Europe for thatch, beds, fuel, &c. 8. At tāin', reach. 9. De trăct', take from. 10. Gen' try, people of education and good breeding. 11. Cŭr'-rent, common; in general use. 12. Pre vāils', is common. 13. In gēn ious, skillful. 14. Deign (dān), condescend. 15. Vōgue, use; practice. 16. An tĭc i' pa' ting, looking forward to, or expecting with joy and pleasure. 17. Cal'dron, large kettle. 18. Ep'i cūres, persons who are fond of dainty or expensive food. 19. Schēmes, plans; contrives. 20. As sīgned', appointed; allotted. 21. Ob'dū rate, unyielding; stubborn.

The Chestnut Farms of the Apennines.

PART II.

1. After the chestnuts are well dried and hulled, they are sent to a rude mill, where they are soon turned into a

grayish flour, very heavy and very sweet. The chestnut millstone is of far coarser grain than that used for grinding flour, and one lasts about forty years.

Some of the mills look very ancient, and not a few date back to the fourteenth century. Seeing an old millstone built into a moss-grown wall, I asked the white-haired miller what he thought about its age.

He replied: "My grandfather died at the age of ninety, before I was born, but he told my father that the millstone was set in the wall before his father's day."

2. The year's store of chestnut flour is kept in a big chest which stands in the kitchen, and is made of chestnut wood. On many of these bins is carved a date of two or three centuries ago, but the wood is as firm and as solid as if cut last year. The common way of preparing chestnut flour for the table is to mix it up with water in a wooden bowl, and then boil the porridge in a copper kettle. When done, the stiff, brown mass is poured out on the deal table, and, after cooling a little, it is sawed into slices by a tow string, a steel blade being considered injurious to the flavor of the porridge.

But if the family cook be in a good humor, she makes her household happy by baking *necci*, which in color and shape are very much like buckwheat cakes. They are tough, sickeningly sweet, and very indigestible, yet they are considered the "doughnuts" of an Apennine kitchen.

3. The baking apparatus is as crude as it is unique: it consists of round tiles chipped from mountain slate, and kept in a triangular rack in a corner when not in use. These tiles are heated in the ashes of a wood fire, and then

covered with chestnut leaves that have been soaked in water to prevent them from scorching.

Tile after tile is spread thickly with the batter, and pressed into the rack which holds them in place, until the stack is as high as the upright rods of the rack. After baking between the heated tiles for a few minutes, the cakes are served hot for supper, and what is left over will be eaten cold for tomorrow's breakfast.

4. Hanging from the smoked rafters of every kitchen, are great festoons of dried chestnut leaves, ready to line the baking tiles. The gathering and stringing of these leaves in the autumn is the work of the young folks, who make it the occasion of much fun.

Word gets abroad that a stringing "bee" is on hand at a certain house, and soon after supper the rustic maids appear with needle and thread. They string and chatter busily for an hour or so, when the swains begin to drop in, and dancing is in order. The music is furnished by a cracked fiddle or a wheezy accordion, or by some obliging whistler.

5. One can scarcely speak of Apennine peasantry without emphasizing the fact that for ten months in the year their bill of fare alternates between chestnut porridge and chestnut cakes. It is small wonder, then, that in October and November freshly boiled chestnuts are welcomed as a dainty novelty.

6. "The lean and hungry look" which every mountain peasant wears, together with a half-famished gleam in his hollow eyes, tell a pitiful tale of the lack of nourishing food, although he may have never known actual hunger.

The taste for chestnuts would seem to pervade the Italian

cities, for in the winter the chestnut vender is found at every other corner. Many a child on his way to school adds a cent's worth of roasted chestnuts to his lunch—a cent's worth varying from twenty to ten, as the season advances. The chestnuts are as large as English walnuts, and of too coarse a flavor to be eaten raw; but, when cooked with lamb, they taste like sweet potatoes.

7. Boiled chestnuts, passed through a sieve and served with whipped cream, form a popular dessert at the big hotels; but necci, or chestnut cakes, can be relished by few except those born to an appreciation of them. A Roman beggar or a Neapolitan *lazzarone* will turn up his nose at necci as food fit for hogs only; but the Apennine peasant, wandering far from home, longs for them like a toper for his cups.

A poor mountain mother once asked me to carry down some home-knit socks to her soldier boy in Rome. I felt inclined to smile when the recipient opened the bundle in my presence, and came upon some flabby necci several days old. With Tuscan courtesy he immediately asked me to partake, and I read in his eyes the keenest enjoyment of this reminder of his Apennine childhood.

Since then, when I see a man with a tray of chestnut cakes hanging about the barracks, I no longer look upon him as a petty hawker, who is trying to wheedle the poor soldiers out of their scanty pence; to my enlightened vision, he seems a philanthropist, seeking to refresh the homesick mountain boys as with a whiff of their native air.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Pŏr′ridge, broth. 2. Ap′pa rā′tus, implement; utensil. 3. Crude, rough; imperfect. 4.

U nique′, without a like or equal; singular. 5. Tīleş, thin pieces of slate or baked clay. 6. Fes tōōns′, wreaths hanging in curves. 7. Swāins, country lovers; rustics. 8. Al′ter nātes, varies by turns. 9. Făm′ished, starved; hungry. 10. Per vāde′, fill. 11. Vĕnd′er, seller. 12. Tō′per, one who drinks largely. 13. Re-cīp′i ent, receiver. 14. Par tāke′, take a part. 15. Băr′-racks, houses for soldiers. 16. Hawk′er, vender; seller. 17. Whēē′dle, coax; flatter. 18. En līght′ened, made clear. 19. Vī′şion, perception. 20. Phi lăn′thro pist, a lover of mankind.

LESSON XLI.

A Dream of the South Wind.

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE has justly been called the "Laureate of the South." He was born at Charleston, and, being left an orphan by the death of his father, Lieutenant Hayne, of the navy, he was reared and educated by his uncle, Robert Young Hayne. His fortune was ample, but he studied law, although he never practiced. He became editor of *Russell's Magazine* and a contributor to the *Southern Literary Messenger*. His genius and lovely nature made him a favorite with all of his companions, among whom were, notably, William Gilmore Simms and Henry Timrod.

During the Civil War he served in the Confederate army. His entire property, the inheritance of several generations, was destroyed in the bombardment of Charleston. From 1865 till his death, in 1886, he resided at Copse Hill, a small cottage home in the pine hills near Augusta, Georgia, "keeping the wolf from the door" only by the point of his pen.

O fresh, how fresh and fair
Through the crystal gulfs of air,
The fairy South Wind floateth on her subtle wings of balm!
And the green earth lapped in bliss,
To the magic of her kiss,
Seems yearning upward fondly through the golden-crested calm.

From the distant tropic strand,
Where the billows, bright and bland,
Go creeping, curling round the palms with sweet, faint undertune;
From its fields of purpling flowers,
Still wet with fragrant showers,
The happy South Wind lingering sweeps the royal blooms of June.

All heavenly fancies rise
On the perfume of her sighs,
Which steep the inmost spirit in a languor rare and fine,
And a peace more pure than sleep's
Unto dim half-conscious deeps,
Transports me, lulled and dreaming, on its twilight tides divine.

Those dreams! ah, me! the splendor,
So mystical and tender,
Wherewith, like soft heat lightnings, they gird their meaning round,
And those waters, calling, calling,
With a nameless charm enthralling,
Like the ghost of music melting on a rainbow spray of sound!

Touch, touch me not, nor wake me,
Lest grosser thoughts o'ertake me;
From earth receding faintly with her dreary din and jars.
What viewless arms caress me?
What whispered voices bless me,
With welcome dropping dew-like from the weird and wondrous stars?

Alas! dim, dim, and dimmer
Grows the preternatural glimmer
Of that trance the South Wind brought me on her subtle wings of balm,
For behold! its spirit flieth,
And its fairy murmur dieth,
And the silence closing round me is a dull and soulless calm!

—*Southern Literature.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Crys'tal, clear; transparent. 2. Sub'tle (sŭt''l), light; delicate. 3. Strănd, shore of the sea. 4. Blănd, mild; gentle. 5. Un'der tune', faintly-defined melody. 6. Lăn'guor (lăn'gwẽr), listlessness; indolence. 7. Trans pōrts', conveys from one place to another; removes. 8. Splĕn'dor, brightness; magnificence. 9. Mȳs'tic al, obscure; involving secret meaning. 10. Gĭrd, encircle; surround. 11. En thrall'ing, enslaving; holding in thrall. 12. Grōss'er, coarser. 13. Wēird, unearthly. 14. Prē'ter năt'ū ral, beyond what is natural. 15. Trance, ecstasy; half-conscious delight.

LESSON XLII.

A Beautiful Japanese Home.

Isabella Bird.

The best work of travels on this "magical country" is the production of an English lady, Miss ISABELLA BIRD. During the year 1878 she traveled twelve hundred miles in the interior of the country, mostly in regions where not a single European man or woman had ever been seen, and with no other attendant than a Japanese lad, named Ito, eighteen years of age. She was received everywhere with the utmost gentleness and kindness, not meeting with a single instance of incivility or extortion. The following selection is taken from her book, "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan."

1. I don't know what to write about my house. It is a Japanese idyl. There is nothing within or without that does not please the eye, and, after the din of villages, its silence, musical with the dash of waters and the twitter of birds, is truly refreshing. It is a simple but irregular two-storied pavilion, standing on a stone-faced terrace approached by a flight of stone-faced steps. The garden is very bright with peonies, irises, and azaleas now in blossom.

2. The mountain, with its lower part covered with red azaleas, rises just behind. A stream which tumbles down it supplies the house with water, both cold and pure; and another, after forming a miniature cascade, passes under the house and through a fish-pond with rocky islets into the river below. The gray village lies on the other side of the road, shut in with the rushing Daiya, and beyond it are high, broken hills, richly wooded, and slashed with ravines and waterfalls.

3. Kanaya's sister, Yuki, a very sweet, refined-looking woman, met me at the door and divested me of my boots.

A JAPANESE FAMILY.

The two verandas are highly polished, and so are the entrance and the stairs which lead to my room, and the mats are so fine and white that I almost fear to walk over them in my stockings. The polished stairs lead to a highly polished, broad veranda with a beautiful view, from which you enter one large room, which being too large, was at once made into two. Four highly polished steps lead from this into an exquisite room at the back, which Ito occupies, and another polished staircase into the bath-house and garden.

4. The whole front of my room is composed of sliding windows which slide back during the day. The ceiling is of light wood crossed by bars of dark wood, with supporting posts of dark, polished wood. The panels are of wrinkled sky-blue paper splashed with gold. At one end are two alcoves with floors of polished wood. In one hangs a wall picture, a painting of a blossoming branch of the cherry on white silk—a perfect piece of art, which in itself fills the room with freshness and beauty. The artist who painted it painted nothing but cherry blossoms.

5. On the shelf in the other alcove is a very valuable cabinet with sliding doors, on which peonies are painted on a gold ground. A single spray of azaleas in a pure white vase hanging on one of the polished posts, and a single iris on another, are the only decorations. The mats are very fine and white, but the only furniture is a folding screen with some suggestions of landscape in India ink.

6. I almost wish that the rooms were a little less exquisite, for I am in constant dread of spilling the ink, indenting the mats or tearing the paper windows. Downstairs there is a

room equally beautiful, and a large space where all the domestic avocations are carried on. There is a kura, or fireproof storehouse, with a tiled roof on the right of the house.

7. None of their treasures are kept in the house, but in the kura, or fireproof storehouse, out in the yard. The rooms are not encumbered by ornaments; a single wall painting or fine piece of lacquer or china appears for a few days, and then makes way for something else; so they have variety as well as simplicity, and each object is enjoyed in its turn without distraction.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Re cruit', to renew; to repair. 2. At tĕnd'ant, a companion. 3. In' çi vĭl'i ty, rudeness. 4. Ex tôr'tion, overcharge. 5. I'dyl, a pastoral poem. 6. Pa vĭl'ion, an open building for temporary shelter, entertainment, or dwelling. 7. Mĭn'i a tūre, small. 8. Cas cāde', waterfall. 9. Is lets (ī'lets), small islands. 10. Di vĕst'ed, relieved. 11. Ve răn'da, an open porch. 12. Al'cōves, recesses in a library or other room; niches. 13. Căb'i net, a set of drawers or a cupboard. 14. Sug-gĕs'tions, hints. 15. Lănd'scāpe, natural scenery, as fields, forests, mountains, rivers, etc. 16. Ex'qui sīte, dainty; refined. 17. In dĕnt', cut or mark with dents. 18. Do mĕs'tic, belonging to the home. 19. Av'o cā'-tions, duties; pursuits. 20. En cŭm'bered, burdened. 21. Lac'quer (lăk'er), a solid varnish used by the Japanese in making ornaments. 22. Dis trăc'tion, confusion.

LESSON XLIII.

The Live Oak.

Henry R. Jackson.

HENRY ROOTES JACKSON—soldier, orator, poet, jurist—was born in Athens, Georgia, in 1820. He was colonel in the Mexican War when "My Wife and Child" was written, and, later, was major-general in the Civil War. He died in 1897 at his home, in Savannah, Georgia.

1. With his gnarled old arms, and his iron form,
   Majestic in the wood,
   From age to age, in the sun and storm,
   The live oak long hath stood;
   With his stately air, that grave old tree,
   He stands like a hooded monk,
   With the gray moss waving solemnly
   From his shaggy limbs and trunk.

2. And the generations come and go,
   And still he stands upright,
   And he sternly looks on the wood below,
   As conscious of his might.
   But a mourner sad is the hoary tree,
   A mourner sad and lone,
   And is clothed in funeral drapery
   For the long-since dead and gone.

3. For the Indian hunter beneath his shade
   Has rested from the chase;
   And he here has wooed his dusky maid—
   The dark-eyed of her race;

And the tree is red with the gushing gore
As the wild deer panting dies:
But the maid is gone and the chase is o'er,
And the old oak hoarsely sighs.

4. In former days, when the battle's din
Was loud amid the land,
In his friendly shadow, few and thin,
Have gathered Freedom's band;
And the stern old oak, how proud was he
To shelter hearts so brave!
But they all are gone—the bold and free—
And he moans above their grave.

5. And the aged oak, with his locks of gray,
Is ripe for the sacrifice;
For the worm and decay, no lingering prey,
Shall he tower towards the skies!
He falls, he falls, to become our guard,
The bulwark of the free,
And his bosom of steel is proudly bared
To brave the raging sea!

6. When the battle comes, and the cannon's roar
Booms o'er the shuddering deep,
Then nobly he'll bear the bold hearts o'er
The waves, with bounding leap.
Oh! may those hearts be firm and true,
When the war clouds gather dun,
As the glorious oak that proudly grew
Beneath our southern sun.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Gnärled, twisted; knotty. 2. Mŏnk, a man who retires from the world, and devotes himself to religion. 3. Hōar'y, whitened with age. 4. Drā'per y, dress. 5. Gōre, blood. 6. Bụl'wark, a shelter or defence. 7. Dŭn, dark.

LESSON XLIV.

The Black Horse and His Rider.

Charles Sheppard.

It was the 7th of October, 1777. Horatio Gates stood before his tent, gazing steadfastly upon the two armies, now arranged in order of battle. It was a clear, bracing day, mellow with the richness of autumn. The sky was cloudless; the foliage of the woods scarce tinged with purple and gold; the buckwheat in yonder fields frostened into snowy ripeness. But the tread of legions shook the ground; from every bush shot the glimmer of the rifle-barrel; on every hill-side blazed the sharpened bayonet. Gates was sad and thoughtful, as he watched the evolutions of the two armies. But all at once a smoke arose, a thunder shook the ground, and a chorus of shouts and groans yelled along the darkened air. The play of death had begun. The two flags—this of the stars, that of the red cross—tossed amid the smoke of battle, while the sky was clouded with leaden folds, and the earth throbbed with the pulsations of a mighty heart.

Suddenly, Gates and his officers were startled. Along the height on which they stood came a rider, upon a black

horse, rushing toward the distant battle. There was something in the appearance of this horse and his rider that struck them with surprise. Look! he draws his sword, the sharp blade quivers through the air—he points to the distant battle, and lo! he is gone; gone through those clouds, while his shout echoes over the plains. Wherever the fight is thickest, there, through intervals of cannon smoke, you may see riding madly forward that strange soldier, mounted on his steed black as death. Look at him, as with face red with British blood he waves his sword and shouts to his legions. Now you may see him fighting in that cannon's glare, and the next moment he is away off yonder, leading the forlorn hope up that steep cliff. Is it not a magnificent sight, to see that strange soldier and that noble black horse dashing, like a meteor, down the long columns of battle?

Let us look for a moment into those clouds of battle. Over this thick hedge bursts a band of American militiamen, their rude farmer coats stained with blood; while scattering their arms by the way, they flee before that company of red-coat hirelings, who come rushing forward, their solid front of bayonets gleaming in the battle light. In this moment of flight a horse comes crashing over the plains. The unknown rider reins his steed back on his haunches, right in the path of these broad-shouldered militiamen. "Now, cowards! advance another step and I'll strike you to the heart!" shouts the unknown, extending a pistol in either hand. "What! are you Americans, men, and fly before British soldiers? Back again, and face them once more, or I myself will ride you down!" This appeal was

not without its effect. Their leader turns; his comrades, as if by impulse, follow his example. In one line, but thirty men in all, they confront thirty sharp bayonets. The British advance. "Now upon the rebels—charge!" shouts the red-coat officer. They spring forward at the same bound. Look! their bayonets almost touch the muzzles of their rifles. At this moment the voice of the unknown rider was heard: "Now let them have it! Fire!" A sound is heard, a smoke is seen, twenty Britons are down, some writhing in death, some crawling along the soil, and some speechless as stone. The remaining ten start back. "Club your rifles and charge them home!" shouts the unknown. That black horse springs forward, followed by the militiamen. Then a confused conflict—a cry for quarter, and a vision of twenty farmers grouped around the rider of the black horse, greeting him with cheers.

Thus it was all the day long. Wherever that black horse and his rider went, there followed victory. At last, toward the setting of the sun, the crisis of the conflict came. That fortress yonder, on Bemus Heights, must be won, or the American cause is lost! That cliff is too steep—that death is too certain. The officers cannot persuade the men to advance. The Americans have lost the field. Even Morgan, that iron man among iron men, leans on his rifle and despairs of the field. But, look yonder! In this moment, when all is dismay and horror, here, crashing on, comes the black horse and his rider. That rider bends upon his steed, his frenzied face covered with sweat and dust and blood; he lays his hand upon that bold rifleman's shoulder, and as though living fire had been poured into his veins, he seizes

his rifle and starts toward the rock. And now look! now hold your breath, as that black steed crashes up that steep cliff. That steed quivers! he totters! he falls! No! no! Still on, still up the cliff, still on toward the fortress. The rider turns his face and shouts: "Come on, men of Quebec! come on!" That call is needless. Already the bold riflemen are on the rock. Now, British cannon, pour your fires, and lay your dead tens and twenties on the rock. Now, red-coat hirelings, shout your battle-cry if you can! For, look! there, in the gate of the fortress, as the smoke clears away, stands the black horse and his rider. That steed falls dead, pierced by a hundred balls; but his rider, as the British cry for quarter, lifts up his voice and shouts afar to Horatio Gates, waiting yonder in his tent, "Saratoga is won!" As that cry goes up to heaven he falls, with a leg shattered by a cannon-ball.

Who was the rider of the black horse? Do you not guess his name? Then bend down and gaze on that shattered limb, and you will see that it bears the mark of a former wound. That wound was received in the storming of Quebec. *That rider of the black horse was—Benedict Arnold.—Taken from The Golden Treasury.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Frŏst'ened, whitened by frost. 2. Lē'gions, troops of soldiers. 3. Ev' o lū'tions, movements into fighting order. 4. In'ter vals, spaces. 5. For lôrn', wretched; desperate. 6. Mē'te or, shooting star. 7. Hīre'lings, those who serve for wages. 8. Con frŏnt', face. 9. Wrīth'ing, twisting or turning. 10. Quar'ter, merciful treatment. 11. Crī'sis, turning point 12. Frĕn'zied, frantic.

LESSON XLV.

Divers and Their Work.

1. Little does the world at large know of the perilous undertakings beneath the surface of the sea, so skillfully carried out by submarine engineers. It is not until the imposing superstructure of lighthouse or other edifice rears itself above the waters that the result of their submarine labor is manifest; and too often the readier admiration is given to that which is visible, rather than to the more perilous and exhausting labors out of sight, in the depths of the sea.

2. So great are the cold and exhaustion attending the work of divers under water, even when protected by the best scientific appliances, that the hardiest can work only for an hour or two at a stretch, and but few hours in the day. In many cases bleeding at the nose and ears, deafness and other ailments soon supervene, if the work is to be carried on at any considerable depth.

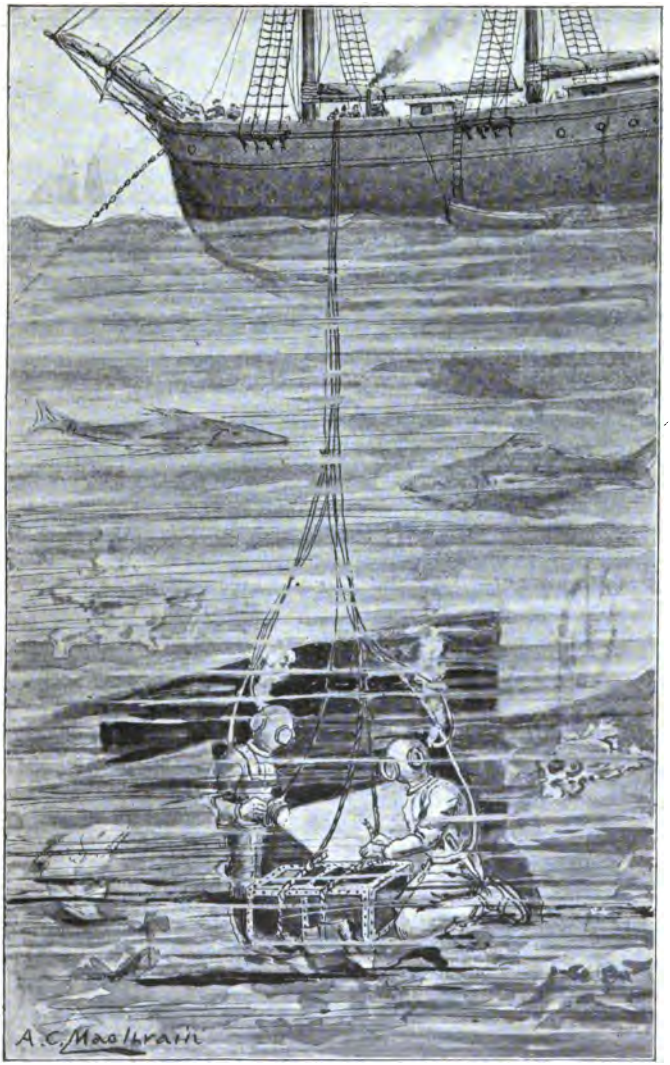
3. A diver's accoutrements consist of a water-proof suit, rendered water-tight at the wrists by india-rubber, so as to leave his hands free, and his head is covered with a copper helmet, which make a water-tight junction at the neck and shoulders with his water-proof suit, and which is provided with glass goggles, to enable him to see his work. Any failure in the water-tight character of this suit and helmet would allow the water to enter and stifle the diver. Fresh air for his consumption, when under water, is supplied to the hollow helmet through flexible tubing from an air force-

pump. This pump is carried on a barge, or boat, where it is operated by two attendants. Should this air-tube become entangled or cut, the diver's life would be again in great danger. The air escapes from the helmet by its own pressure through a waste-valve, which prevents the entrance of water.

4. The strangest difficulty that the diver has to face and allow for is the buoyancy of the surrounding water. Were he to attempt to descend into the sea without any further appliances than those we have hitherto described, he would find himself unable to descend at all. The human body has nearly the same specific gravity as the water—in fact, a little less when the lungs are inflated, which enables a swimmer to float. As the volume occupied by the air in the helmet of the diver still further diminishes his specific gravity, he would find himself, when in the water, so supported by its buoyancy that he could not get below its surface at all.

5. To overcome this tendency, he carries heavy leaden weights, slung over his shoulders and fastened to the soles of his feet, and thus weights himself as if bent on suicidal intentions. These weights present a new element of danger. He is obliged to carefully descend a ladder from the boat, from which he is liable to fall as if in the air. In the same way, whilst working on the summit of a pointed rock, he is liable to miss his footing and fall into unknown abysses. Nor can he readily return to the surface in cases of extreme emergency, as his leaden weights nail him to the bottom.

6. The weights are usually so fixed that the diver can readily throw them off in cases of emergency, should he have the presence of mind to do so; but a new danger may



DIVERS AND THEIR WORK.

arise even from such a proceeding. Were he incautiously to remove the weights first from his feet whilst those on his shoulders still remained, he would find his feet rise vertically above him, whilst his weighted head would descend to the bottom, and he would thus be rendered more helpless than ever.

In the face of such manifold dangers does the hardy diver pursue his necessary and valuable work below the chill waters, and sees, no doubt, many wonders in the deep beyond ordinary ken.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Pĕr'il ous, dangerous. 2. Sub'-ma rīne', under the sea. 3. Im pōş'ing, impressive. 4. Su'per strŭc'ture, the part of a structure above the foundations. 5. Ed'i fĭçe, building. 6. Măn'i fest, clearly visible; apparent. 7. Ap plī'an ces, instruments. 8. Su'per vēne', follow closely; happen. 9. Ac coụ'-tre ments, equipments in general; dress. 10. Jŭnc'tion, connection. 11. Gŏg'gles, eye-glasses. 12. Con sŭmp'-tion, use. 13. Hel'met, the head-piece. 14. Flĕx'i ble, easily bent. 15. Op'er ā'ted, worked. 16. Buoy'an cy, the upward pressure. 17. Spe cĭf'ic grăv'i ty, relative weight of a solid body as compared with water. 18. In flāt'ed, filled with air. 19. Di mĭn'ish es, lessens. 20. Sụ'i cī'dal, self-destructive. 21. Sŭm'mit, the highest point. 22. A byss'es, depths. 23. E mĕr'gen cy, unforeseen occurrence. 24. In cạu'tious ly, carelessly. 25. Vĕr'ti cal ly, in an upright position; straight up. 26. Măn'i fold, various. 27. Kĕn, knowledge.

LESSON XLVI.

Hohenlinden.

Thomas Campbell.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1777. His family connections were large and respectable. His father and mother were people of high character, warmly devoted to their children, whose education was their chief care. After graduating from the University of Glasgow, Thomas went to Edinburgh to study law, but in the meanwhile he had written his poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," which was received with such favor that he decided to make literature his vocation. London was then the natural center of the literary world in Great Britain, but before settling down to work, he decided to visit the Continent; accordingly in 1800 he set out for Ratisbon, and reached that place three days before the French entered it with their army. From the roof of the Scotch Benedictine Convent of St. James, where he was often entertained while in Ratisbon, he heard the din of the battle of Hohenlinden, which he has celebrated in the following poem. He lies buried in the Poets' Corner, in Westminster Abbey, London.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
  Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
  The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
  To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
  Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
  Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-cloud's rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
  Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
  And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
  Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Hō'hen lĭn'den, a village in Upper Bavaria, twenty miles east of Munich. 2. I'ser (ē zĕr), a stream in the forest of Hohenlinden. 3. Ar rāyed', drawn up in line for battle. 4. Chär'ger, war horse. 5. Rĕv'el ry, noisy festivity. 6. Rĭv'en, rent asunder by force. 7. Dŭn, dull brown. 8. Frănk, Frenchman. 9.

Hŭn, Hungarian. 10. Sūl′phur ous, full of sulphur. 11. Mū′nich, the capital of Bavaria. 12. Chīv′al ry, bravery; courage. 13. Wīnd′ing-sheet, shroud. 14. Sĕp′ul chre, tomb.

LESSON XLVII.

The Riot.

Part I.

Miss Mulock.

Dinah Maria Craik (Miss Mulock), a popular English novelist and poet, was born at Stoke-upon-Trent in 1826. She has written about thirty novels, besides sketches of life and scenery, poems, books for children, and magazine articles. Her stories are interesting and wholesome. The selection given below is taken from John Halifax, one of Miss Mulock's most popular novels. It describes the scene which took place between John and a mob composed largely of Abel Fletcher's employees. Abel Fletcher is away from home. John Halifax, also one of his employees and the intimate friend of Abel Fletcher's son, Phineas, a cripple, has charge in his absence. The men, maddened by hunger, assail Fletcher's private dwelling, and we have here an account of how John Halifax met and mastered them. The story is narrated by Phineas Fletcher.

1. In a few seconds Jael had unbarred the door, let us in, and closed it again securely, mounting guard behind it with something that looked very like my father's pistols, though I would not discredit her among our peaceful society by positively stating the fact.

"Bravo," said John, when we stood altogether in the barricaded house, and heard the threatening murmur of

voices and feet outside. "Bravo, Jael! The wife of Heber the Kenite was no braver woman than you."

"I have done all as thee bade me—thee art a sensible lad, John Halifax. We are secure, I think."

Secure? bolts and bars secure against fire—for that was threatening us now.

"They can't mean it—surely they can't mean it," said John, as the cry of "burn 'em out" rose louder and louder.

2. But they did mean it. From the attic window we watched them light torch after torch, sometimes throwing one at the house; but it fell harmless against the staunch oaken door, and blazed itself out on our stone steps. All it did was to show more plainly than even daylight had shown the gaunt, ragged forms and pinched faces, furious with famine.

John, as well as I, recoiled at that miserable sight.

"I'll speak to them," he said. "Unbar that window, Jael;" and before I could hinder, he was leaning right out. "Halloa, there!"

At his loud and commanding voice a wave of upturned faces surged forward, expectant.

"My men, do you know what you are about? To burn down a gentleman's house is—hanging."

"Not a Quaker's. Nobody'll get hanged for burning out a Quaker!"

"That be true enough," muttered Jael between her teeth. "We must e'en fight, as Mordecai's people fought, hand to hand, until they slew their enemies."

3. "Fight," repeated John, half to himself, as he stood at the now closed window, against which more than one

blazing torch began to rattle. "Fight—with these? What are you doing, Jael?"

For she had taken down a large book—the last book in the house she would have taken under less critical circumstances, and with it was trying to stop up a broken pane.

"No, my good Jael, not this;" and he carefully replaced the volume—that volume in which he might have read, as day after day and year after year we Christians generally do read, such plain words as these: "Love your enemies;" "Bless them that curse you;" "Pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

A minute or two John stood with his hand on the Book, thinking. Then he touched me on the shoulder.

"Phineas, I'm going to try a new plan—at least, one so old that it's almost new. Whether it succeeds or not you'll bear me witness to your father that I did it for the best, and did it because I thought it right. Now for it."

4. To my horror, he threw up the window and leaned out.

"My men, I want to speak to you."

He might as well have spoken to the roaring sea. The only answer was a shower of missiles, which missed their aim. The rioters were too far off, our spiked iron railings, eight feet high or more, being a barrier which none had yet ventured to climb. But at length one random stone hit John on the chest.

I pulled him in, but he declared he was not hurt. Terrified, I implored him not to risk his life.

"Life is not always the first thing to be thought of," said he, gently. "Don't be afraid—I shall come to no harm. I must do what I think right, if it is to be done."

5. John ran downstairs, and before I guessed his purpose, had unbolted the hall door, and stood on the flight of steps in full view of the mob.

The sight fairly confounded them. Even I felt that for the moment he was safe. They were awed—nay, paralyzed by his daring.

But the storm raged too fiercely to be lulled, except for one brief minute. A confusion of voices burst out afresh:

"Who be there?"—"It's one o' the Quakers."—"No, he bean't."—"Burn 'im, anyhow."—"Touch 'im if ye dare."

John stood his ground. Once a torch was flung at him; he stooped and picked it up. I thought he was going to hurl it back again, but he did not; he only threw it down, and stamped it out safely with his foot. This simple action had a wonderful effect on the crowd.

6. One big fellow advanced to the gate, and called John by his name.

"Is that you, Jacob Baines? I am sorry to see you here."

"Be ye, sir?"

"What do you want?"

"Naught wi' thee. We wants Abel Fletcher. Where is he?"

"I shall certainly not tell you."

As John said this, again the noise arose, and again Jacob Baines seemed to have power to quiet the rest.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Băr'ri cad'ed, protected by bars. 2. Hē'ber the Kenite (see Judges, chapter iv). 3. Stäunch, strong; firm. 4. Gäunt, lean; thin. 5. Făm'ine, hunger. 6. Re coiled', drew back in alarm. 7.

Crĭt'ic al, dangerous. 8. Pēr'se cute, worry; distress. 9. Mĭs'siles, weapons thrown. 10. Băr'ri er, obstacle; a wall to stop the approach of an enemy. 11. Răn'dom, chance. 12. Con found'ed, struck with amazement. 13. Awed, filled with fear and reverence.

The Riot.

Part II.

1. John Halifax never stirred. Evidently he was pretty well known. I caught many a stray sentence, such as, "Don't hurt the lad."—"He were kind to my lad, he were."—"No, he be a real gentleman."—"No, he came here as poor as we,"— and the like. At length, one voice, sharp and shrill, was heard above the rest:

"I say, young man, didst ever know what it was to be pretty nigh famished?"

"Ay, many a time."

The answer, so brief, so unexpected, struck a great hush into the throng. Then the same voice cried:

"Speak up, man. We won't hurt 'ee. You be one o' us."

"No; I am not one of you. I'd be ashamed to come in the night and burn my master's house down."

I expected an outbreak, but none came. They listened, as it were by compulsion, to the clear, manly voice that had not in it one shade of fear.

"What do you do it for?" John continued. "All because he would not sell you or give you his wheat. Even so—it was his wheat, not yours. May not a man do what he likes with his own?"

2. The argument seemed to strike home. There is always a lurking sense of justice in a mob—at least a British mob.

"Don't you see how foolish you were? You all know Mr. Fletcher; he is not a man to be threatened. Nor am I one to be threatened, either. The first one of you who attempted to break into Mr. Fletcher's house I should most certainly have shot. But I'd rather not shoot you, poor, starving fellows. I know what it is to be hungry. I'm sorry for you—sorry from the bottom of my heart."

There was no mistaking that compassionate accent nor the murmur which followed it.

"But what must we do, Mr. Halifax?" cried Jacob Baines; "we be starved, a'most."

"Suppose I gave you something to eat; would you listen to me afterwards?"

3. There rose up a frenzied shout of assent. Poor wretches, they were fighting for no principle, true or false, only for bare life. They would have bartered their very souls for a mouthful of bread.

"You must promise to be peaceable," said John, again, very resolutely, as soon as he could obtain a hearing. "You are Norton Bury folk. I could get every one of you hanged, even though Abel Fletcher is a Quaker."

"Ay—ay. Something to eat; give us something to eat."

John Halifax called out to Jael, bade her bring all the food of every kind that there was in the house, and give it to him out of the parlor window. She obeyed.

4. "Now, my lads, come in;" and he unlocked the gate.

They came thronging up the steps, not more than two score I imagined, in spite of the noise they had made.

John divided the food as well as he could among them; they fell to it like wild beasts. Meat, cooked or raw, loaves, vegetables, meal; all came alike, and were clutched, gnawed, and scrambled for in the fierce selfishness of hunger. Afterwards there was a call for water.

"Beer!" shouted some.

"Water," repeated John; "I'll have no drunkards rioting at my master's door."

And, either by chance or design, he let them hear the click of his pistol. But it was hardly needed. They were all cowed by a mightier weapon still—the best weapon a man can use—his own firm, indomitable will.

5. At length all the food we had in the house was consumed. John told them so, and they believed him. Little enough, indeed, was sufficient for some of them; wasted with long famine, they turned sick and faint, and dropped down even with bread in their mouths, unable to swallow it. Others gorged themselves to the full, and then lay along the steps, supine as satisfied brutes. Only a few sat and ate like rational human beings; and there was but one, the little, shrill-voiced man, who asked me if he might "tak' a bit o' bread to the old woman at home."

John, hearing, turned, and for the first time noticed me. "Phineas, it was very wrong of you; but there is no danger now. Well, my men," he said, looking round with a smile, "have you had enough to eat?"

"Oh, ay!" they all cried; and one man added, "Thank the Lord!"

6. "That's right, Jacob Baines; and another time, trust

the Lord. You wouldn't then have been abroad this quiet, blessed summer morning,"—and he pointed to the dawn just reddening the sky—" burning and rioting, bringing yourselves to the gallows and your children to starvation."

" They be nigh that a'ready," said Jacob, sullenly. " We men ha' gotten a meal, thankee for it; but what'll become o' the little 'uns at home? Mr. Halifax," and he seemed waxing desperate again, " we must get some food somehow."

Another of the men plucked at him from behind.

" Sir, when thee was a poor lad, I lent thee a rug to sleep on. I don't grudge 'ee getting on; you was born for a gentleman surely: but Master Fletcher be a hard man."

"And a just one," persisted John. " You that work for him, did he ever stint you a half-penny? If you had come to him and said, ' Master, times are hard; we can't live upon our wages,' he might—I don't say that he would—but he might even have given you the food you tried to steal."

7. " D'ye think he'd give it us now?" And Jacob Baines, the big, gaunt, savage fellow who had been the ringleader—the same, too, who had spoken of his " little 'uns "—came and looked steadily in John's face.

" I knew thee as a lad; thee 'rt a young man now, as will be a father some o' these days. Oh! Mr. Halifax, may 'ee ne'er want a meal o' good meat for the missus and the babies at home, if ye'll get a bit o' bread for ours this day."

" My man, I'll try."

He called me aside, explained to me, and asked my advice and consent, as Abel Fletcher's son, to a plan that had come into his mind. It was to write orders for which each man

presenting one at our mill should receive a certain amount of flour.

"Do you think your father would agree?"

"I think he would."

8. He sat down as composedly as if he had been alone in the counting-house, and wrote. I looked over his shoulder, admiring the precision, concentrativeness and quickness with which he seemed to arrange and then execute his ideas. He possessed, to the full, that "business" faculty which, out of very ordinary material, often makes a clever man.

9. "Isn't this better than hanging?" said John to the men, when he had distributed the little bits of paper—precious as pound-notes. "Why, there isn't another gentleman in Norton Bury, who, if you had come to burn his house down, would not have had the constables or the soldiers shoot down one half of you like mad dogs, and sent the other half to the county jail. Now, for all your misdoings, we let you go quietly home, well fed, and with food for children, too. Why, think you?"

"I don't know," said Jacob Baines, humbly.

"I'll tell you. Because Abel Fletcher is a Quaker and a Christian."

"Hurrah for Abel Fletcher! Hurrah for the Quakers!" shouted they, waking up the echoes down Norton Bury streets, which, of a surety, had never echoed to that shout before. And so the riot was over.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Făm'ished, starved. 2. Thrŏng, mob; crowd. 3. Com pŭl'sion, force. 4. Lûrk'ing, lying out of sight or hidden. 5. Com păs'sion ate, full of pity. 6. Frĕn'zied, wild. 7. Băr'tered, exchanged.

8. Rĕş'o lute ly, firmly. 9. In dŏm'i ta ble, powerful; not to be subdued. 10. Su pīne', indifferent; drowsy. 11. Ră'tion al, reasonable. 12. Sŭl'len ly, crossly; gloomily. 13. Wăx'ing, growing. 14. Per sĭst'ed, stood firm; insisted. 15. Stĭnt, stinginess. 16. Com pŏş'ed ly, calmly. 17. Pre cĭ'sion, exactness. 18. Con çĕn'tra-tive ness, power of fixing one's mind on a single aim. 19. Făc'ul ty, ability; power. 20. Dis trĭb'u ted, dealt out. 21. Cŏn'sta bles, officers whose duty it is to arrest disorderly persons. 22. Sūre'ty, certainty.

LESSON XLVIII.

A Day With Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik,

Author of "John Halifax."

Sarah M. Dawson.

A bright fire burned in the open grate; and on the edge of the large brass fender, which was drawn farther from the coals than usual, was a row of little feet. The coals gave the only light, and threw dim shadows along the bare floor of the large class-room, across the table in the center, to the row of chairs against the opposite wall.

The boys to whom those little feet belonged, sat on what is called a form. In most English schools the boys sit on high forms, without backs; and the children cannot rest their feet on the floor. These boys sat on chairs at the tables during some of their class-hours, and, during other recitations, with their seats moved back against the wall. The few forms kept in the large room for occasional use

were always preferred before the open-grate fire, because so many boys could crowd together; and the row of little feet along the fender showed how cozy the company was.

We had been talking about a visit to Mrs. Craik.

"Will she be anything like Miss March?" asked one of the little company, leaning his elbows on his knees, and resting his chin in his hands.

A tumult of "Yes" and "No" followed, and a great deal of boy-logic for and against Mrs. Craik's resemblance to Ursula March; for these boys had just finished the reading of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and knew the beautiful character of Ursula.

"Is she pretty?" again asked my young friend, pleased that he had roused such an excitement among his mates.

"Miss March couldn't write stories if she was pretty," said one of the boys, with a very positive air and an animated face, though with eyes closed, as if the lids were held together for mischief. There were many dreamy eyes and closed lids in that group. The bright firelight troubled none of them, for this is a picture in a London boarding-school for the blind.

Mrs. Craik invited the pupils of the "Royal Normal College for the Blind" to visit in her home twice that season; and my conversation with these children, who were among the visitors, had been previous to one of these visits. The first time I was much touched to see the care she had taken to invite a large number of friends, and enlist their sympathies so that every blind person, old and young, had some seeing-friend to supply his wants, and entertain him.

The second visit was in the month of July; and, as Mrs. Craik had promised, we had her almost alone. I will tell you of this visit only, for you must care far more for this good and loving woman than for the friends and neighbors she has drawn around her.

From Upper Norwood we went by train to Bromley, only a few miles distant. A number of carriages had been sent to the station by Mrs. Craik, but they did not accommodate all the party of thirty-eight. I walked with the few who were left, rather than wait for a carriage to return. We could not have chosen a lovelier road than the lane we soon turned into, which leads from Bromley road into Shortland's Grove.

The trees were very tall elms, with branches interlacing overhead. The high wooden fence on each side was covered with English ivy; and the green archway kept turning and winding, giving us ever-changing vistas. This lane is a favorite place for listening to the nightingales. "Corner House," where the lane enters the Shortland's road, is the home of Mrs. Craik.

We found those who had gone in carriages already feeling quite at home in the hay-field opposite the house. It was full of mounds of dry hay, just ready for the barn; and Mrs. Craik had planned to let the blind boys and girls loose in a hay-field, as a rare treat.

"Now go, boys," she said, "and see if you can find a hay-stack, and level it for a nice seat for the ladies."

They could meet with no harm, and had rare fun, shouting and running about, till a loud, "Oh, I've got it!" announced success in coming upon one of the miniature

stacks; and all gathered to the signal, and began pulling down the hay. They made hay ropes, and played in the hay to their heart's content, till Mrs. Craik sat down in the middle of a stack the boys had nearly leveled; and a large group gathered on the hay close around her.

Then sweet-voiced Jessie from Liverpool sang, "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," while Mrs. Craik sang alto with her. It was very sweet, and they sang slowly and with feeling straight through the homely words.

Then Mrs. Craik sang the solo of "Hard Times," and the pupils joined her in the chorus. All sang "My Old Kentucky Home;" and Mrs. Craik knew the words of these ballads, so that she could prompt the few Americans of the party.

Later, men came from the barn with a wagon; and, as each hayload was ready, the boys were piled on top, amidst a great deal of shouting and glee, for a ride to the barn. Mrs. Craik walked over, to direct that the loads should not be high, and that safety, with the greatest amount of freedom, should be given to each guest. By the time every boy had had his ride, a dinner-bell sounded from the house opposite; and all went across with the hostess.

The house occupies a corner lot, and is some distance from the country road in front, and from the charming, shady lane, which runs along the left as you face the house. The lower story is of red brick; while the rest, up to the Gothic roof, is finished in red tiles, overlapping. On the right is a study and reception-room; on the left, a long drawing-room; and across the end of the hall, the dining-room extending to the right.

As we left the reception-room, and stepped out into the large hall in the center of the house, Jimmy Neal, one of the blind boys, slipped his hand into mine, and said, "Tell us what the walls are made of." He had put his hand out to guide himself, and felt the smooth porcelain tiles. So I took several of the boys to the side of the hall, and let them find the lines where the tiles joined, and feel over the whole smooth surface, while I told them the colors of the conventional pattern. Then they studied the tessellated marble floor, which was made of pieces nearly as small as the tiles in the wall. Johnnie Scorah had a funny way of expressing satisfaction—a low, prolonged "ôô!" and his beaming face was bright with interest in all that he saw through his sensitive finger-tips.

Mrs. Craik was in the hall with us, and was much interested in having the children see everything. By her side, clinging to her hand, was the only child of the household, a little adopted daughter.

As the house is in Elizabethan style, the wooden beams of the ceilings are exposed in all the rooms. The walls are thick, and long ottomans fill the window recesses. The panes of glass are tiny and diamond-shaped. In the dining-room, across the fireplace, is carved in the stone, the motto, "East or west, hame is best." A true home it seemed, and we greatly enjoyed our long-continued stay in the quaint dining-room. The table was more than full; and chairs were placed near the window ottomans, so that little groups enjoyed themselves there as much as at the table.

Mrs. Craik's friends were pleasantly surprised to see the easy and familiar use of all the nice table appointments,

for the blind are not so well trained in any other school in Great Britain.

At our first visit, we had gone, after dinner, into the drawing-room to meet a large number of guests whom Mrs. Craik had invited to call while the children were there; and we had had music, and some very agreeable conversation. Mr. Craik, in a black velvet home-coat, had presided at dinner, and been genial and pleasant as he moved about among the guests.

This second visit was a gala time for the children; and, after dinner, the whole company went again to the hay-field, and spent a happy half-hour, before the signal was given for all to sit down upon the hay-mounds, and partake of some delicious strawberries and cream. Mrs. Craik said she had watched the strawberry-beds jealously for several days, to secure enough of the fairest and sweetest for her blind friends.

It was as pretty and characteristic a picture of Mrs. Craik as one could wish, to see her benevolent face turned thoughtfully and lovingly toward each guest in turn, as she sat in the midst, and felt, no doubt, glad that she had given them one glad day.

Soon we were on our way back to Norwood; and when the boys sat again on the form, and the quiet little feet made a close row along the fender, as they did many an evening during the school-year that followed, they talked of Mrs. Craik, and no longer asked "Is she pretty?" but all said—

"Isn't she just lovely!"—*Princes, Authors, and Statesmen of our Time.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Tū'mult, bustle; confusion. 2. Lŏg'ic, reasoning. 3. Re şĕm'blance, likeness. 4. An'-i mā'ted, full of life. 5. Up'per Nôr'wood, a large village in England six miles south of London. 6. Ac cŏm'mo date, serve. 7. In'ter lā'cing, twining one within another. 8. Mĭn'i a ture, small. 9. Băl'lads, songs. 10. Gŏth'ic, relating to the Goths. (The Gothic style of roof is steep and pointed.) 11. Pôr' çe lạĭn, a fine grade of china. 12. Con vĕn'tion al, general. 13. Tĕs'sel lā'ted, formed of little squares. 14. Sĕn'si tive, quick to receive impressions. 15. A dŏpt'ed, taken as one's own. 16. Ex pōşed', laid bare. 17. E lĭz'a beth'an style, very large rooms, long galleries, large, square windows, heavy ornaments, and ceilings—rich and gorgeous, rather than graceful and elegant. 18. Ot'to man, a stuffed seat without a back. 19. Drạw'ing-room, a room to which company withdraw from the dining-room. 20. Pre şīde', direct; control and regulate, as chief officer. 21. Gā'la-time, time of festivity or joy. 22. Char'ac ter īst'ic, true; lifelike. 23. Be nĕv'o lent, kindly; charitable.

LESSON XLIX.

Hymn of the Alamo.

R. M. Potter.

1. Rise! man the wall—our clarion's blast
Now sounds its final reveille—
This dawning morn must be the last
Our fated band shall ever see.
To life, but not to hope, farewell!
Yon trumpet's clang and cannon's peal,
And storming shout and clash of steel,
Is ours, but not our country's knell.
Welcome the Spartan's death—
'Tis no despairing strife;
We fall—we die—but our expiring breath
Is Freedom's breath of life!

2. "Here, on this new Thermopylæ,
Our monument shall tower on high,
And 'Alamo!' hereafter be
On bloodier fields the battle-cry."
Thus Travis from the rampart cried.
And when his warriors saw the foe
Like whelming billows move below,
At once each dauntless heart replied:
"Welcome the Spartan's death—
'Tis no despairing strife;
We fall—we die—but our expiring breath
Is Freedom's breath of life!"

3. They come—like autumn's leaves they fall,
  Yet hordes on hordes they onward rush;
With gory tramp they mount the wall,
  Till numbers the defenders crush—
Till falls their flag, when none remain!
  Well may the ruffians quake to tell
  How Travis and his hundred fell,
Amid a thousand foemen slain!
  They died the Spartan's death,
    But not in hopeless strife—
  Like brothers died; and their expiring breath
    Was Freedom's breath of life.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Clăr'i on, a kind of trumpet having a peculiarly clear, shrill tone. 2. Re veil'le (re vāl'ya), a signal by drum or bugle notifying soldiers that it is time to rise, and sentinels to cease challenging. 3. Knĕll, bell rung at a funeral or death; death signal. 4. Ex pīr'ing, dying. 5. Răm'part, defensive mound of earth round a place. 6. Whĕlm'ing, surging. 7. Hōrdes, great numbers. 8. Rŭf'fians (rŭf'yan), brutal fellows. 9. Quāke, tremble.

NOTES.—*The Äl'ä mō* is an old Spanish mission, or fortification, now to be found in the heart of the city of San Antonio, Texas. During the Texan War against Mexico for independence in 1836, this position was defended for two weeks by Colonel Travis, Colonel David Crockett, and Colonel Bowie, with one hundred and forty men, against a Mexican army four thousand strong. A sudden night attack at last left only six of the brave defenders alive, including Travis, Crockett, and Bowie, who were at once butchered by order of Santa Anna, the Mexican general. Only a servant woman and her child escaped. This child was afterward adopted by the republic of Texas, and educated at the public expense.

The Spär'tans were natives of ancient Sparta, a country of Greece. They were hardy soldiers, and are celebrated for enduring courage.

Ther mŏp'y læ was a narrow pass between the country on the north and Central Greece on the south. On one side was the sea and an impassable morass; on the other, was the end of a rugged mountain ridge. In the year 480 B. C. nearly two million Persians under Xerxes invaded Greece by way of this pass. They were met by Leonidas, king of Sparta, with three hundred Spartan soldiers, and six thousand allies. For two days and nights they held their ground against all assaults. To a demand for surrender, Leonidas cried, "Come and take us!" A treacherous Greek at last led the Persians over the mountain to the rear of the Spartans. The next day this brave Spartan band was surrounded, and slain to the last man. Over their bodies a monument was afterwards erected, bearing these words: "Stranger, tell the Spartans that we lie here in obedience to their orders."

LESSON L.

The Dignity of Labor.

Newman Hall.

1. There is a dignity in toil—in toil of the land as well as toil of the head—in toil to provide for the bodily wants of an individual life, as well as in toil to promote some enterprise of world-wide fame. All labor that tends to supply man's wants, to increase man's happiness, to elevate man's nature—in a word, all labor that is honest is honorable, too. Labor clears the forest, drains the morass, and makes "the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose." Labor drives the plow, and scatters the seeds, and reaps the harvest, and grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labor, tending the pastures and sweeping the waters as well as cultivating the soil, provides with daily sustenance the nine hundred millions of the family of man.

2. Labor gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field, the fleece from the flock, and weaves it into raiment soft and warm and beautiful, the purple robe of the prince and the gray gown of the peasant being alike its handiwork. Labor molds the brick, and splits the slate, and quarries the stone, and shapes the column, and rears not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous palace and the tapering spire and the stately dome. Labor, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of homes to defy the winter's cold.

3. Labor explores the rich veins of deeply-buried rocks, extracting the gold and silver, the copper and tin. Labor smelts the iron and molds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament, from the massive pillar to the tiniest needle, from the ponderous anchor to the wire gauze, from the mighty fly-wheel of the steam-engine to the polished purse-ring or the glittering bead. Labor hews down the gnarled oak, and shapes the timber, and builds the ship, and guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows, and wrestling with the tempest to bear to our shores the produce of every clime.

4. Labor, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts over marshy swamps, suspends bridges over deep ravines, pierces the solid mountain with its dark tunnel, blasting rocks and filling hollows, and, while linking together with its iron but loving grasp all nations of the earth, verifying, in a literal sense, the ancient prophecy: "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and

hill shall be brought low." Labor draws for thee its delicate iron thread, and, stretching it from city to city, from province to province, through mountains and beneath the sea, realizes more than fancy ever fabled; it constructs a chariot on which speech may outstrip the wind and compete with the lightning; for the telegraph flies as rapidly as thought itself.

5. Labor, a mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste; he looks earnestly at the scene, so quiet in its desolation; then, waving his wonderful wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests; those barren mountain-slopes are clothed with foliage; the furnace blazes; the anvil rings; the busy wheel whirls round; the town appears; the mart of commerce, the hall of science, the temple of religion, rear high their lofty fronts; a forest of masts, gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbor; representatives of far-off regions make it their resort. Science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service. Art, awakening, clothes its strength with beauty. Civilization smiles; Liberty is glad; Humanity rejoices; Piety exults; for the voice of industry and gladness is heard on every side.

6. Working men, walk worthy of your vocation! You have a noble escutcheon; disgrace it not. There is nothing really mean and low but sin. Stoop not from your lofty throne to defile yourselves by contamination with intemperance, licentiousness, or any form of evil. Labor, allied with virtue, may look up to Heaven and not blush; while all worldly dignities, prostituted to vice, will leave their owner without a corner of the universe in which to hide his

shame. You will most successfully prove the honor of toil by illustrating in your own persons its alliance with a sober, righteous, and godly life. Be ye sure of this, that the man of toil, who works in a spirit of obedient, loving homage to God, does no less than cherubim and seraphim in their loftiest flights and holiest songs.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Dĭg′ni ty, true worth; excellence; nobleness. 2. Mo rass′, marsh; swamp. 3. Sus′te nance, support; food. 4. Gŏs′sa mer, fine; filmy like a cob-web. 5. Gôr′geous, splendid; showy. 6. Spīre, a tall, slender steeple. 7. Dōme, a roof rounded upon the inside like a ball. 8. Smĕlts, melts. 9. Pŏn′der ous, heavy. 10. Vī′a duct, an up-raised road or waterway. 11. Vĕr′i fy′ing, proving to be true; confirming. 12. Ex ạlt′ed, elevated; lifted up; magnified. 13. Prŏv′ince, district. 14. Com pēte′, rival. 15. Pĕn′nons, banners. 16. Ex ŭlts′, rejoices; triumphs. 17. Vo cā′tion, calling; trade. 18. Es cŭtch′eon, shield; coat of arms. 19. De file′, make impure; tarnish. 20. Con tam′i nā′tion, contact with what is unclean or impure. 21. Li cĕn′-tious ness, immorality; vice. 22. Al līed′, united. 23. Prŏs′ti tu′ted, devoted to base purposes. 24. Chĕr′u bim and Ser′a phim, angels. 25. Lŏft′i est, highest; most exalted.

LESSON LI.

"The Lover's Errand."

Henry W. Longfellow.

PART I.

1. So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,
Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,
Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building
Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,
Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.
All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict,
Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.
To and fro in his breast, his thoughts were heaving and dashing,
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean.
"Must I relinquish it all?" he cried with a wild lamentation,—
"Must I relinquish it all—the joy, the hope, the illusion?
Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshiped in silence?
Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow

Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England?
Truly, the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption
Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;
Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.
All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!
This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger;
For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,
Worshiping Ashtaroth blindly and impious idols of Baal;
This is the cross I must bear—the sin and the swift retribution."

2. So through the Plymouth woods, John Alden went on his errand,
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow;
Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming around him,
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.
"Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!

So I will take them to her—to Priscilla, the May-flower of Plymouth;
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them,
Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,
Soon to be thrown away, as is the heart of the giver."

3. So through the Plymouth woods, John Alden went on his errand;
Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean
Sailless, somber and cold with the comfortless breath of the east-wind;
Saw the new-built house and people at work in a meadow;
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool, like a snow-drift,
Piled at her knee, her left hand feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her right she sped, or reversed the wheel in its motion.

Open wide on her lap the well-worn psalm book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a church-yard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem—
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of homespun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being!

DEFINITIONS.—1. Pre vāiled′, overcame. 2. Trăn′quil, quiet. 3. Vẽr′dūre, greenness; freshness. 4. A ē′ri al, in the air. 5. Com mō′tion, disturbance. 6. Foun′dering, sinking. 7. Re lĭn′quish, give up; abandon. 8. Lăm′en tā′tion, utterance of deep regret or grief; a wailing cry. 9. Il lū′sion, unreal image; mistake. 10. Corrŭp′tion, wickedness. 11. Ex′ha lā′tion, any vapor or fume. 12. Phăn′toms, shapes that exist only in the mind; unrealities. 13. De lū′sions, deceptions. 14. De vī′ces, suggestions; plans; opinions. 15. Ash′ta roth, the name of the chief goddess of the Phœnicians. She was believed to be the goddess of the moon, as Bā′al was worshiped as the god of the sun. 16. Im′pi ous, profane; heathenish. 17. Rĕt′ri bū′tion, punishment; penalty. 18. Ap păr′el, clothing; dress.

"The Lover's Errand."

Part II.

1. Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand—
All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,
All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
Haunted by vain regrets and pallid, sorrowful faces.
Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
"Let not him that putteth his hand to the plow look backwards:
Though the plowshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearts of the living,
It is the will of the Lord; and His mercy endureth forever."

2. So he entered the house; and the hum of the wheel and the singing
Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,
Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand in signal of welcome,
Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage;

THE LOVER'S ERRAND.

For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning."
Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled
Thus in the sacred psalm that came from the heart of the maiden,
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,
Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter,
After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village,
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway,
Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside,
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snowstorm.
Had he but spoken then! perhaps, not in vain had he spoken;
Now it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished!
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

3. Then they sat down, and talked of the birds and the beautiful Spring-time,
Talked of their friends at home, and the *Mayflower* that sailed on the morrow.

"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,
"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of England—
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors
Going about as of old and stopping to gossip together,
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the church-yard.
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

4. Thereupon answered the youth: "Indeed, I do not condemn you;
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on;
So I have come to you now with an offer and proffer of marriage

Made by a good man and true—Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!"

DEFINITIONS.—1. Re lĕnt'less, unmerciful; cruel. 2. Văn'ished, disappeared. 3. Tĕn'ant less, unoccupied. 4. Pal'lid, pale. 5. En cŭm'bered, clogged; hid. 6. A băshed', confused. 7. Gŏs'sip, talk idly. 8. Condĕmn', censure; blame. 9. Quāiled, become cast down; shrunk with dread. 10. Prŏf'fer, offer; proposal.

"The Lover's Errand."

PART III.

1. Thus he delivered his message: the dexterous writer of letters
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a school-boy;
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla, the Puritan maiden,
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless,
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence:
"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,

Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!"

2. Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy,
Had no time for such things—"such things"! the words, grating harshly,
Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made answer:
"Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married?
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.
When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal;
And are offended and hurt, and indignant, perhaps, that a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.

This is not right nor just; for, surely, a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
Had he but waited a while, had he only showed that he loved me,
Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have won me,
Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

3. Still, John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding;
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,
How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,
How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth.
He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish;
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,

Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent,
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.
He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;
Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how, during the winter,
He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's.
Somewhat hasty and hot (he could not deny it), and headstrong;
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always;
Not to be laughed at and scorned because he was little of stature;
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish!
But, as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

DEFINITIONS.—1. Dĕx'ter ous, ready; expert; artful; clever. 2. Em bĕl'lish, ornament; illustrate; to add imaginary incidents or items to, so as to heighten the

interest of a story. 3. Thēme, subject on which one writes or speaks. 4. Blŭrt'ed, uttered suddenly or unadvisedly. 5. Di lāt'ed, expanded; opened wide. 6. Om'i nous, fateful; significant. 7. Ab rŭpt', sudden. 8. A vow'al, open declaration. 9. Pĕd'i gree, line of ancestors; forefathers. 10. De frạud'ed, cheated. 11. Crĕst, a bearing worn not upon the shield, but usually above it or separately, as an ornament for plate, liveries, and the like. 12. Ar'gent, silvery; bright. 13. Wạt'tled, furnished with wattles, a fleshy growth under the throat of some fowls. 14. Gūles, the tincture red indicated in seals and blazons by parallel vertical lines. 15. Blä'zon, a coat of arms. 16. Plä'ca ble, willing to forgive. 17. Mag năn'i mous, great of mind; above what is mean or ungenerous; honorable. 18. Cour ä'geous, brave; resolute; daring. 19. El'o quent, powerfully expressive in words of strong feeling or elevated thought.

LESSON LII.

George Balcombe.

PART I.

Beverly Tucker.

NATHANIEL BEVERLY TUCKER was born in Virginia in 1784. He was a son of St. George Tucker, of Revolutionary fame, and half-brother to John Randolph. He was educated at William and Mary College, and afterwards called to the chair of law of that institution. His friend, William Gilmore Simms, has well described him as a brave old Virginian gentleman, a stern States' Rights advocate, and a man of intense feeling, jealous of right, and with an eager sense of wrong and injury.

Besides his legal works, Judge Tucker wrote three novels, "George Balcombe," "Gertrude," and "The Partisan Leader." The last gives a foreshadowing of the secession movement, and reveals very clearly the ideas and opinions prevailing among the leading classes in the South at that time.

1. At length, issuing from the wood, I entered a prairie more beautiful than any I had yet seen. The surface, gently undulating, presented innumerable swells on which the eye might rest with pleasure. Many of these were capped with clumps and groves of trees, thus interrupting the dull uniformity which generally wearies the traveler in these vast expanses. I gazed around for a moment with delight; but soon found leisure to observe that my road had become alarmingly indistinct. It is easy, indeed, to follow the faintest trace through a prairie. The beaten track, however narrow, wears a peculiar aspect, which makes it distinguishable even at a distance. But the name of Arlington, the place of my destination, denoted at least a village; while the tedious path which I was traveling seemed more like to terminate in the midst of the prairie than to lead to a public haunt of men. I feared I had missed my way, and looked eagerly ahead for some traveler who might set me right, if astray. But I looked in vain. The prairie lay before me, a wide waste, without one moving object. The sun had just gone down; and as my horse, enlivened by the shade and the freshness of evening, seemed to recover his mettle, I determined to push on to such termination as my path might lead to.

2. At this moment, a shout from behind reached my ear. I turned, and saw a man on horseback, standing between

me and the sky, on the top of the east swell. Though a quarter of a mile off, his figure stood out in such distinct relief that every limb was conspicuous and well defined on the bright background. He was stationary, standing erect in his stirrups, and twisted around, so that his back and his horse's head were both toward me. After repeating a shout which I found was a call to a dog, he put his horse in motion, and advanced at a brisk trot.

3. I was now in no hurry, and he soon overtook me. Touching his hat, he was passing on at a gait too rapid for my jaded horse, when I accosted him. He drew up immediately, and again erecting himself on the wooden stirrups of his Spanish saddle, and resting his left hand on the pommel and the right on the cantle, brought his horse to a walk, and faced half round toward me.

I asked if I was on the road to Arlington, and was answered in the affirmative. The distance? "Some eight miles."

"I hope," said I, "the road grows plainer, or I shall hardly find it in the night."

"You will have no difficulty," said he; "your horse will keep it instinctively, as there is no fork in the road. Besides, I am going nearly to the place, and as the evening is pleasant, I will accommodate the gait of my horse to the weariness of yours."

4. I made due acknowledgments for this unlooked-for courtesy, which, however, surprised me less than a turn of expression so little in keeping with the stranger's appearance. At this moment his dogs came up—two beautiful greyhounds; one, jet black; the other, spotless white. He

stopped his horse, spoke first reproachfully and then kindly to them; and, as the white dog reared up to his knee, he patted his head, saying in a tender tone, "My poor fellow! my poor dog! my poor Gryphon!"

"Gryfon!" thought I. "This fellow, now, is an illiterate clown who has seen the word griffin somewhere, and has given the name to his dog without knowing how to pronounce it. He is no better than he looks to be, after all; though his words and tone are those of a cultivated and well-bred man, he is no better than he looks to be."

5. And truly this was not saying much for him. I could not distinguish his features by the waning light, but saw that he was a tall, spare man in his shirt sleeves, without a cravat, and with a broad-brimmed straw hat turned up behind and down before. A shirt, white enough at the bosom, a shabby, half-worn Marseilles waistcoat, trousers of country linen and a pair of old slip-shod pumps constituted his dress. He rode a large, high-formed and apparently high-bred mare, of fine action, but long-tailed, barefooted, and in low order, that seemed as much at cross-purposes with herself as did her rider.

6. We moved slowly and in silence. I had no doubt my companion, after the fashion of the country, would soon begin to question me; and, as I had some curiosity concerning him, I was prepared to be civil and communicative. But I was disappointed. My name, my residence, my journey and its object, seemed to be quite indifferent to him. It appeared as if the first glance had told him all he

Mar seilles (Mär sälz′).

wanted to know, and he scarce looked at me again. I determined to begin.

7. "You have a beautiful country," said I.

"Yes," he replied; "and there are few scenes more beautiful than that which the darkness is beginning to hide from your eye."

"But the night itself is beautiful; and the moon will shine almost as bright as day."

"The night is indeed beautiful," said he, "but that is nearly the same everywhere; and moonlight, however beautiful, shows no distant objects. Observe my dogs," continued he; "they wind a deer. He is near us, on the side of the naked swell we are ascending; but look as you will, you cannot see him. Even they do not see him; if they did, they would give chase. Gryphon! come in, sir! Back! back!"

8. A sharp, whistling sound was now heard near us, and the bounding of the deer immediately followed. The eager dogs were restrained by the master's voice, and in a few seconds the sound ceased.

I now spoke to the white dog, as he trotted by my side; "Griffin," said I. The dog took no notice of me. "Griffin! Griffin! poor fellow!"

"I once knew a gentleman," said my companion, "who had a passion for pronouncing words as they are spelled. In the management of a little amour, it became necessary that he should acquaint himself with the name of the house-dog. You know a dog's name is a spell of mighty power to subdue his fierceness. The dog in question was named

Boatswain. He took great pains to call him Boat-swain, and was bitten for his trouble. You might get into a scrape of the same sort with my dog, sir."

9. "How so? Is not his name Griffin?"

"Gryphon, sir."

"Gryphin?" said I. "Well, if you choose so to pronounce the word, it is his name, to be sure. But give me leave to ask you why you so pronounce it?"

"Because it is so spelled, and always so pronounced."

"Gri-fin?" said I.

"No," said he, "Gryph-on," emphasizing the last syllable. Then, pointing to the dogs, alternately, he added, "Gryphon the white, and Aquilant the black."

I was taken all aback at once. "I believe," said I, "I have seen those names so associated, but where, I cannot remember. Where is it?"

"In the 'Orlando Furioso,'" said he.

10. I think I never felt more foolish in my life. I had tried to play the pedagogue, and I was flogged with my own birch. I had been trying, too, to decipher this strange half-clown, half-gentleman, but all in vain; while he, as I saw, had read me through and through, like print. I really felt too much abashed to say another word for several minutes. At length it occurred to me that the best way to re-establish our intercourse on an easy footing was to speak out and make a clean breast.

"I perceive," said I, "that in pretending to correct a fancied blunder, I have made a very foolish one. But, as I would not have you think me more impertinent than I

Boatswain (bō′s'n).

really was, it is well to say frankly that I am sensible of having been so."

11. "My dear sir," replied he, in the kindest tone, "it is only by blunders that we learn wisdom. You are too young to have made many as yet. God forbid that when you shall have made as many as I have you should have profited as little by them. But it will not be so. You take the right plan to get the full benefit of all you make. I am not sure," continued he, "that we do not purchase all our good qualities by the exercise of their opposites. How else does experience of danger make men brave? If they were not scared at first, then they were brave at first. If they were scared, then the effect of fear upon the mind has been to engender courage. Virtue, indeed, may be formed by habit. But who has a habit of virtue? Very few. The rest have to arrive at virtue by the roundabout road of crime and repentance; as if a man should follow the sun around the earth to reach a point but a few degrees east of that from which he started. But it is God's plan of accomplishing his greatest end, and must be the best plan."

DEFINITIONS.—1. Is'su ing, coming out. 2. Un'dulā'ting, rising and falling as if in waves; rolling. 3. Ex pănsʼes, wide stretches of space. 4. Dĕs'ti nā'tion, end of a journey. 5. De nōt'ed, signified; indicated. 6. Tē'di ous, tiresome. 7. Tĕr'mi nate, end. 8. Enlīv'ened, given new life; refreshed. 9. Mĕt'tle, spirit. 10. Re liēf', prominence. 11. Con spĭc'u ous, easy to be seen. 12. Gāit, walk; step. 13. Ac cŏst'ed, addressed. 14. Pŏm'mel, the knob of a saddle bow. 15. Căn'tle, the upwardly projecting rear part of a saddle

bow, opposite to the pommel. 16. In stĭnc'tive ly, by instinct. 17. Ac cŏm'mo date, adapt; suit. 18. Il lĭt'-er ate, unlearned. 19. Pŭmps, a kind of low shoe with a thin sole. 20. Con'sti tū'ted, made up. 21. Com-mū'ni ca tive, talkative; ready to give information. 22. Re strāined', held back. 23. A mour', love affair. 24. As-sō'ci ā' ted, connected. 25. Pĕd'a gŏgue, school teacher. 26. De cī'pher, make out. 27. A bāshed', shamed; con-fused. 28. In'ter cōurse, acquaintance; fellowship. 29. Im pēr'ti nent, rude. 30. En ġĕn'der, produce.

NOTES.—O ri os'to's "*Or lăn'do Fu'ri o'so*" is an old book of French romance poetry. Orlando, the hero of the poem, represents King Çhar'le māgne, who lived in the eighth century. *Gryph'ŏn* the white, and *Aquilant* (Ăk'wĭ lănt) the black—so called from the color of their armor—were knights in attendance upon Orlando. Rō'land and Oliver were other knights in his train. Their deeds of daring and adventure make a story of extravagant fiction.

George Balcombe.

PART II.

1. It may be readily believed that such a speech as this, though it effectually soothed my feelings, did not dispose me to talk much at random to this "learned Theban." Philosophy in shirt sleeves, taking the air by moonlight on a prairie in Missouri, was so strange a phenomenon that I knew not what to say or even to think. But my companion relieved me at once.

"You are lately from Virginia?" said he, in a tone between inquiry and affirmation.

"I am," said I; "but give me leave to ask why you thought so."

2. "I can hardly tell," he replied; "I believe I arrived at the conclusion almost *per saltum;* but it may be amusing to endeavor to trace the process. To begin with small things. Your equipment is too elaborate for one who has been long among us—your whip, your umbrella, your saddle-bags and valise, your martingale and surcingle. Had you been long here, you would have learned to exchange these for the curt and succinct equipments which we use on the longest journeys. This pocket" (pointing to a pouch on the cover of his saddle, just in front of the right knee) "would hold two shirts; the opposite, waistcoats and drawers; behind, is another of the same size for socks, handkerchiefs, etc.; and then there is a fourth for crackers, cheese, or jerked venison. By the way, will you have a bit?"

3. Saying this, he handed me something that looked and felt like a piece of split wood. I took it, tasted it, found it delicious, and he went on thus: "Shall I go on with my reasons? Well; your horse! No horse can be put in his order without first being made very fat. He is now worked down, but still in good condition, and his flesh is as hard and dry as that you are chewing; ergo, he is from a long journey."

"You have made it very clear," said I, "that I have come from a distance; but why from Virginia?"

4. "Because from nowhere else. Not from the western country, or you would have asked me more questions in five minutes than I think you would in a week. Besides, you are a judge of horseflesh; I see you admire my mare, and you would have been beating about me for a trade before this.

"You are not from the South, or you would have been on wheels. You are not from the East, or you would never have made the frank speech which just preceded my remark 'that you were lately from Virginia.' And by the same token, you are from the country below the mountains; and I should locate you on tidewater, and designate you an alumnus of William and Mary. Am I right?"

"You are."

5. "You see how curiosity whets observation, and how that is whetted by a residence in this remote country. Hence the universal propensity to ask questions. When restrained by delicacy or self-respect or respect for others, curiosity effects its object by keen observation."

"I think," said I, "I may infer from all this that you, too, are a Virginian."

6. "Of course, I would not suppose you could doubt it. There is a sort of freemasonry among us by which we know each other. By-the-by, it is time I were giving you one of its 'due signs and tokens.' A Virginian who suffers another who is a stranger in the land to part company with him at his own gate is a cowan, and should be turned out of the lodge. I would not disparage my neighbors of the city of Arlington, but I am afraid your accommodations there would not much refresh you after a hard day's ride."

7. "I suppose there is a public house there?"

"Not exactly. In the first place, there is nobody there who lays himself out for the entertainment of travelers; and, in the second place, though there is a town there, yet, properly speaking, there is no house."

"Why, then, was I directed there?"

8. "Because there is a man there who will take your money for what you eat, if you can get it, (and that depends on his gun,) and for what your horse should eat, whether he gets it or not; and that, I suspect, depends mainly on the negroes in the neighborhood."

"Your account is rather discouraging."

9. "Yes, but I am only showing the greater evil. I think my shanty is the less of the two, and I am the more anxious that you should choose wisely, because I foresee that you will not travel to-morrow."

"Why not?"

"Because 'I hear a sound of much rain,' and see signs of it, too."

"Hear! I hear nothing in all this vast solitude but the sound of our voices and our horses' hoofs."

"Listen a moment. Do you hear nothing else?"

"I hear something like the sound of an ax."

"That ax is more than two miles off."

"And what of that?"

"Were it not about to rain it could not be heard half the distance."

"But I never saw a more beautiful night."

"Nor I."

"The wind is in the west, the moon is bright, the atmosphere is clear, and 'the clouds are drifting east the sky' at a rate which will soon sweep them all to the Atlantic. And see how light and beautiful they are."

10. "True! they are beautiful. Do you observe their milky whiteness?"

"Yes."

"Do you observe the intense blaze of the sky?"

"Yes."

"Do you mark the deep, deep chasms between the clouds?—not as if they glided along the surface of the blue vault, but as if it lay myriads of miles beyond them. See! it is the moon that is set in the solid vault. The clouds are here—though far above us, still comparatively here—is it not so?"

"It is."

"Well, whenever you see that appearance, make up your mind to spend the next day wherever you spend the night; and so make up your mind to spend the night where you wish to spend the next day. Now, if you are what, as a Virginian, I would have you to be, you will take me at my word; if not, you will begin to talk about hating to give trouble—and so I shall let you go."

11. I paused, and was at a loss what to say; so he went on: "I see I have posed you. So, before you commit yourself too far, it is but just to add that I have no house any more than my neighbor Dennis at Arlington. But I can keep you dry, and the weather will keep you warm; and I can give you something to eat and a book to read, and, as you know well enough by this time, I can talk to you. So, end as you began with me. Speak up frankly, and say that you will camp with me."

"Then, frankly," said I, "I thank you, and I will."

"Good," said he. "And here we are at my field."

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ef fĕc′tu al ly, decidedly. 2. Răn′-dom, without care or forethought. 3. Phĭl ŏs′o phy, deep learning. 4. Phe nŏm′e non, here it means some-

thing remarkable or unusual. 5. Per sal'tum, a Latin phrase, meaning at a leap. 6. E quĭp'ment, outfit. 7. Mär'tin gale, strap to hold down a horse's head. 8. Sûr'-cin'gle, belt or girth over a saddle. 9. Cûrt, short; limited. 10. Sue çinct', brought down to what is necessary only; compressed into the smallest space possible. 11. Er'go, therefore. 12. Dĕs'ig nate, name. 13. A lŭm'-nus, graduate. 14. Pro pĕn'si ty, inclination. 15. Cow'an, pretender; interloper. 16. Dis păr'age, under-value. 17. In tĕnse', deep. 18. Chăsms, breaks. 19. Mĭr'i ad, ten thousand; a great number. 20. Pōsed, puzzled. 21. Com mĭt', pledge or bind.

NOTE.—Thē'ban, a native of Thebes, a country of ancient Greece; also, a wise man. "I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban."—*Shakespeare.*

George Balcombe.

PART III.

1. We were, indeed, at the corner of an enclosure, along one side of which we rode until we came to a rude slip-gap in the fence. This my conductor let down. We led our horses over, and found ourselves between two black walls of Indian corn, rustling in the night wind. Nothing was visible before us but the narrow turning-row which served for a road, until we reached an open space in the field of an acre or two. Here I found myself by the side of a low log cabin, through the open crevices of which gleamed the red light of a large fire. Before the door of this stood the dusky figure of a negro, who took our horses.

2. As we alighted, my companion said, "I have all this time neglected to introduce myself, or to qualify myself to introduce you. My name is Balcombe." I gave mine in return, and we went on. As yet I had seen nothing of a dwelling house, or even of the promised shanty; but as we turned the corner of the cabin a strong light gleamed upon us. This proceeded from a dwelling, which I will describe now as I saw it the next day. It consisted of two pens, each about ten feet square, made of such timbers as are used for joists, set on edge, one above another, and dovetailed into each other at the corners. The two were placed about ten feet apart, and both were covered by a roof, which sheltered also the intervening space. The floors of this passage and of both rooms consisted of loose, rough boards. Into each room was cut a doorway and window; but there was no door, nor any means of closing either that or the windows, but blankets hung up by way of curtains.

3. In the passage stood a table, covered as for supper, with a white tablecloth, a neat set of china and the necessary accompaniments; and from this table flamed two large candles, which threw their light to the spot where we were. The figure of my companion was in the light, mine in the shade, as we advanced. In front of the table stood one of the most striking female forms I ever beheld—tall and queen-like, and, as I soon found, in the bloom of youth, and with a countenance corresponding in expression with the air of her person. She was plainly, but neatly, and even fashionably dressed. Looking intently towards us, as soon as my companion emerged into the light, she ran to meet him, and, throwing her arms about his neck, kissed him

affectionately. He returned her caress with playful fondness, and then said, laughing, "You do not see who is here." She instantly disentangled herself, and, bending her large black eyes on the darkness in which I was shrouded, stood covered with blushes. I went forward, and was introduced to her as Mrs. Balcombe. We now entered this strange habitation, and my new friend said: "I need not ask if you have dined. The earnestness with which you masticated that dried venison showed that you had not. So, dearest Bet, if Tom has killed a deer this evening, then a hot steak; if not, the cold saddle."

4. "There," said she, pointing to the table, "is the saddle waiting for you, and you shall not wait long for the steak."

Soon two negro girls appeared, bringing the steak, together with coffee, butter, and all the etceteras of a good supper. My talkative host now gave his tongue a holiday, while his teeth took their turn at work. For my own part, I never enjoyed in higher perfection that first of all luxuries, a traveler's supper.

5. "It is late," said Mr. Balcombe, as soon as we had ended our meal, "and you weary. To bed, then, *sans ceremonie*."

"Let me look out on the night first," said I, "for I doubt your augury of the weather."

"It is indeed a lovely night," said he, looking up at the moon; "and the signs I read in this dappled sky, with its floating islands of light, seem given to remind us that the fairest appearances are often falsest. I am not mistaken; we

shall have a rain that will give me your company for more than one day, for it will make the streams impassable."

6. "Then I must use the more diligence, and place them behind me before they rise."

"And so place yourself in a wilderness between two impassable streams. Content yourself, my dear sir. If it does not rain, you shall be called at daylight. If it does, you shall not deny or grudge me the pleasure that Providence sends me. Are you content?"

"I am sorry to requite your kindness by saying I am content perforce; but I do say so. I will abide the event of your prediction, and, if it proves true, stay without a murmur until you tell me the way is open."

7. "Agreed. Here, Tom!" A servant came. "If it does not rain in the morning, have this gentleman's horse ready at daylight, and call him up. If it does rain, do not disturb him; but go to Colonel T——'s and Mr. H——'s and tell them I have a friend with me whom I wish to introduce to them. If they can slip along between the drops of rain, I shall be glad of their company to dinner. And now to bed."

8. He accordingly took a candle from the table, drew aside the curtain from one of the doorways, and introduced me to my pen.

"I did not promise you a house," said he; "but here you will be dry, for the planks that form this roof cannot leak. So, good-night."

9. He left me alone, and, strange to tell, in the midst of substantial comfort—a dressing table, water and glasses and basin; a neat bed with clean sheets, and a plank between

me and the sky. What more could a traveler want after a hearty supper on fat venison? I felt somewhat exposed, indeed, for I had money about me that I could ill afford to lose; but there was no mistrusting the honesty of my host's intentions towards me—so I was soon asleep.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Quạl'i fy, to become ready. 2. Inter vēn'ing, coming between. 3. In tĕnt'ly, earnestly. 4. E mẽrged', came out. 5. Măs'ti cā'ted, chewed. 6. Săd'dle, a piece of meat containing part of the backbone of an animal with the ribs on each side. 7. Et cĕt'e rȧş, others of a like kind; the rest. 8. Sans çér'é mo nie, a French phrase meaning without ceremony. 9. Au'gu ry, prediction; foretelling. 10. Dĭl'i gence, industry; care. 11. Re quīte', repay; reward. 12. Per fōrce', of necessity. 13. Sub stăn'tial, solid. 14. Ex pōsed', unprotected.

LESSON LIII.

Drifting.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, an American artist and poet, was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, in 1822. He began his career in Cincinnati as a sign-painter; but later developed into a portrait-painter and artist of considerable skill. During the Civil War he composed several patriotic poems, one of which, "Sheridan's Ride," became very popular in the North. One of his best paintings is an illustration of this poem. He was also a clever sculptor. During the last years of his life he lived chiefly in Rome. He died in New York in 1872.

1. My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingèd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swings round the purple peaks remote:

2. Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

3. Far, vague and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

4. Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

5. I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;—
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

6. Under the walls,
Where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals;
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

7. The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring in the murmuring keel.

8. Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

9. With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies;
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

10. Her children hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

11. The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

12. Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

13. O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

14. No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

DEFINITIONS.—1. Re mōte′, far away. 2. Du′plicā′ted, reflected. 3. Sap′phire (săf′fēr), blue like the sapphire. 4. Be guīl′ing, luring; drawing deceitfully. 5. Es tātes′, lands; possessions. 6. Rec′on cīled′, made friends again; restored to peaceful relations. 7. Kēēl,

the principal timber of a vessel, which supports its frame. 8. In′do lence, inclination to be idle. 9. Găm′bol ing, frolicking; playing. 10. Tĭp′sy, intoxicated. 11. Trĕss′es, curls or ringlets of hair. 12. Trăf′fic, trade; commerce. 13. Up brāids′, reproaches; rebukes.

LESSON LIV.

The Gulf Stream.

PART I.

Matthew Maury.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY, a distinguished American naval officer and scientist, was born in Spotsylvania county, Virginia, in 1806. He began his career as midshipman of the sloop-of-war Vincennes and served eleven years, but in 1836 he met with an accident which left him lame for life and rendered him unfit for active service in the navy. For many years he held the position of superintendent of the National Observatory at Washington, but on the breaking out of the Civil War he resigned that post to offer his services to Virginia and the Confederacy. At the close of the Civil War he entered the service of Maximilian, of Mexico, but when Maximilian was overthrown, Maury returned to the United States, and was made Professor of Physics in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, which office he held until his death. His works are considered an authority on matters of sea geography.

1. There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottoms are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters.

Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater.

2. Its waters, as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked that their line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one-half of the vessel may be perceived floating in Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea—so sharp is the line, and such the want of affinity between those waters, and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea.

3. At the salt-works in France, and along the shores of the Adriatic, where the "salines" are carried on by the process of solar evaporation, there is a series of vats, or pools, through which the water is passed as it comes from the sea, and is reduced to the briny state. The longer it is exposed to evaporation, the saltier it grows, and the deeper is the hue of its blue, until crystallization is about to commence, when the now deep-blue water puts on a reddish tint. Now, the waters of the Gulf Stream are saltier than the waters of the sea through which they flow, and hence we can account for the deep indigo blue which all navigators observe off the Carolina coasts.

4. These salt-makers are in the habit of judging of the richness of the sea-water in salt by its color—the greener the hue, the fresher the water. We have in this, perhaps, an explanation of the contrasts which the waters of the Gulf Stream present with those of the Atlantic, as well as of the

light green of the North Sea and other Polar waters; also of the dark blue of the trade-wind regions, and especially of the Indian Ocean, which poets have described as the "black waters."

5. What is the cause of the Gulf Stream has always puzzled philosophers. Many are the theories and numerous the speculations that have been advanced with regard to it. Modern investigations and examinations are beginning to throw some light upon the subject, though all is not yet clear. Early writers maintained that the Mississippi River was the father of the Gulf Stream. Its floods, they said, produce it; for its velocity, it was held, could be computed by the rate of the current of the river.

6. As a rule, the hottest water of the Gulf Stream is at or near the surface; and, as the deep-sea thermometer is sent down, it shows that these waters, though still far warmer than the water on either side at corresponding depths, gradually become less and less warm until the bottom of the current is reached. There is reason to believe that the warm waters of the Gulf Stream are nowhere permitted, in the oceanic economy, to touch the bottom of the sea. There is everywhere a cushion of cool water between them and the solid parts of the earth's crust. This arrangement is suggestive and strikingly beautiful.

7. One of the benign offices of the Gulf Stream is to convey heat from the Gulf of Mexico, where otherwise it would become excessive, and to dispense it in regions beyond the Atlantic for the amelioration of the climates of the British Islands and of all Western Europe. Now, cold water is one of the best non-conductors of heat, and if the warm water

of the Gulf Stream was sent across the Atlantic in contact with the solid crust of the earth—comparatively a good conductor of heat—instead of being sent across as it is, in contact with a cold, non-conducting cushion of cool water to fend it from the bottom, all its heat would be lost in the first part of the way, and the soft climates of both France and England would be as that of Labrador, severe in the extreme and ice-bound.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ma jĕs'tic, possessing majesty; grand. 2. Jŭnc'tion, joining; union. 3. Per cēived', seen. 4. Af fĭn'i ty, likeness, kinship. 5. Re lŭc'tance; unwillingness; hesitancy. 6. Sā'līnes, salt works. 7. Sō'lar, relating to the sun. 8. E văp'o rā'tion, change of a fluid into vapor. 9. Crys'tal li zā'tion, crystallizing; forming into crystals. 10. Năv'i ga'tors, sailors. 11. Thē'o ries, explanations. 12. Spec'u lā'tions, theories; suppositions. 13. Main tāined', held. 14. Ve lŏc'i ty, quickness of motion; swiftness. 15. Com pūt'ed, determined by calculation; reckoned. 16. Ther mŏm'e ter, an instrument for measuring degrees of heat and cold. 17. Sug gĕs'tive, containing hints or suggestions. 18. Be nīgn', kindly. 19. A mēl'io rā'tion, tempering. 20. Fĕnd, to keep off; shut out.

The Gulf Stream.

PART II.

1. At the very bottom of the Gulf Stream, when its surface temperature was 80°, the deep-sea thermometer of the

Coast Survey has recorded a temperature as low as 35° Fahrenheit.

These cold waters doubtless come down from the north, to replace the warm water sent through the Gulf Stream to moderate the cold of Spitzbergen; for within the Arctic Circle the temperature at corresponding depths off the shores of that island is said to be only one degree colder than in the Caribbean Sea, while on the coasts of Labrador and in the Polar Seas the temperature of the water beneath the ice was invariably found by Lieutenant De Haven at 28°, or 4° below the melting point of fresh-water ice. Captain Scoresby relates, that on the coast of Greenland, in latitude 72°, the temperature of the air was 42°; of the water, 34 ; and 29° at the depth of one hundred and eighteen fathoms. He there found a surface current setting to the south, and bearing with it this extremely cold water, with vast numbers of icebergs, whose centers, perhaps, were far below zero. It would be curious to ascertain the routes of these undercurrents on their way to the tropical regions, which they are intended to cool. One has been found at the equator two hundred miles broad and 23° colder than the surface water. Unless the land or shoals intervene, it no doubt comes down in a spiral curve, approaching in its course the great circle route.

2. Perhaps the best indication as to these cold currents may be derived from the fish of the sea. The whales first pointed out the existence of the Gulf Stream by avoiding its warm waters. Along our own coasts, all those delicate animals and marine productions which delight in warmer waters are wanting; thus indicating by their absence the

cold current from the north now known to exist there. In the genial warmth of the sea about the Bermudas on one hand and Africa on the other, we find in great abundance those delicate shell-fish and coral formations which are altogether wanting in the same latitudes along the shores of South Carolina. The same obtains on the west coast of South America; for there the cold current almost reaches the equator before the first sprig of coral is found to grow.

3. A few years ago, great numbers of bonito and albicore—tropical fish—following the Gulf Stream, entered the English Channel, and alarmed the fishermen of Cornwall and Devonshire by the havoc which they created among the pilchards there.

4. It may well be questioned if our Atlantic cities and towns do not owe their excellent fish-markets, as well as our watering-places, their refreshing sea-bathing in summer, to this stream of cold water. The temperature of the Mediterranean is 4° or 5° above the ocean temperature of the same latitude, and the fish there are, for the most part, very indifferent. On the other hand, the temperature along our coast is several degrees below that of the ocean, and from Maine to Florida our tables are supplied with the most excellent of fish.

5. The sheep's-head, so much esteemed in Virginia and the Carolinas, when taken on the warm coral banks of the Bahamas, loses its flavor, and is held in no esteem. The same is the case with other fish; when taken in the cold water of that coast, they have a delicious flavor, and are highly esteemed; but when taken in the warm water on the other edge of the Gulf Stream, though but a few miles

distant, their flesh is soft and unfit for the table. The temperature of the water at the Balize reaches 90°. The fish taken there are not to be compared with those of the same latitude in this cold stream. New Orleans, therefore, resorts to the cool waters on the Florida coasts for her choicest fish.

6. The same is the case in the Pacific. A current of cold water from the south sweeps the shores of Chili, Peru, and Colombia, and reaches the Gallipagos Islands under the line. Throughout this whole distance, the world does not afford a more abundant or excellent supply of fish. Yet, out in the Pacific, at the Society Islands, where coral abounds, and where the water preserves a higher temperature, the fish, though they vie in gorgeousness of coloring with the birds and plants and insects of the tropics, are held in no esteem as an article of food. I have known sailors, even after long voyages, still to prefer their salt beef and pork to a mess of fish taken there. The few facts which we have bearing upon this subject seem to suggest as a point of the inquiry to be made, whether the habitat of certain fish does not indicate the temperature of the water, and whether these cold and warm currents of the ocean do not constitute the great highways through which migratory fishes travel from one region to another. Why should not fish be as much the creatures of climate as plants, or as birds and other animals of land, sea, and air? Indeed, we know that some kinds of fish are found only in certain climates. In other words, they live where the temperature of the water ranges between certain degrees.

7. Navigators have often met with vast numbers of young

sea-nettles (me du′sæ) drifting along with the Gulf Stream. They are known to constitute the principal food for the whale; but whither bound by this route has caused much curious speculation, for it is well known that the habits of the right-whale are averse to the warm waters of this stream. An intelligent sea-captain informs me that several years ago, in the Gulf Stream on the coast of Florida, he fell in with such a "school of young sea-nettles as had never before been heard of." The sea was covered with them for many leagues. He likened them in appearance on the water to acorns floating on a stream; but they were so thick as to completely cover the sea. He was bound to England, and was five or six days in sailing through them. In about sixty days afterward, on his return, he fell in with the same school off the Western Islands, and here he was three or four days in passing again. He recognized them as the same, for he had never before seen any like them; and on both occasions he frequently hauled up buckets full and examined them.

8. Now, the Western Islands is the great place of resort for whales; and at first there is something curious to us in the idea that the Gulf of Mexico is the harvest field and the Gulf Stream the gleaner which collects the fruitage planted there, and conveys it thousands of miles off to the hungry whale at sea. But how perfectly in unison is it with the kind and providential care of that great and good Being who feeds the young ravens when they cry, and who caters for the sparrow!

9. The sea has its climates as well as the land. They both change with the latitude; but one varies with the

elevation above, the other with the depression below the sea level. The climates in each are regulated by circulation; but the regulators are, on the one hand, winds—on the other, currents.

10. The inhabitants of the ocean are as much the creatures of climate as are those of the dry land; for the same Almighty Hand which decked the lily and cares for the sparrow fashioned also the pearl, and feeds the great whale, and adapted each to the physical conditions by which His providence has surrounded it. Whether of the land or the sea, the inhabitants are all His creatures, subjects of His laws, and agents in His economy. The sea, therefore, we may safely infer, has its offices and duties to perform; so may we infer have its currents, and so, too, its inhabitants; consequently, he who undertakes to study its phenomena must cease to regard it as a waste of waters. He must look upon it as a part of that exquisite machinery by which the harmonies of nature are preserved, and then he will begin to perceive the developments of order and the evidences of design. These make it a most beautiful and interesting subject for contemplation.

DEFINITIONS—1. Tĕm′per a ture, degree of heat or cold. 2. Cor′re spŏnd′ing, similar; like. 3. In vā′ri-a bly, constantly; without change. 4. Lăt′i tude, distance north or south of the equator. 5. Făth′om, a measurement equal to six feet. 6. Zē′ro, the point from which degrees of heat are reckoned upon our thermometers. 7. As′cĕr tāin′, find out; discover. 8. Shōals, shallow places in water. 9. In ter vēne′, come between. 10. Bo nī′to, a large tropical fish. 11. Al′bi cōre, a

name applied to several large fishes of the mackerel family. 12. Hăv'oc, destruction. 13. Pĭl'chard, small European food fish resembling the herring. 14. Vīe, rival. 15. Hăb'i tat, proper abode; native home. 16. Mī'gra tōry, wandering; roving. 17. Cŏn'sti tute, form. 18. A vẽrse', disinclined. 19. U'ni son, accord. 20. Cā'ters, provides. 21. Phe nŏm'e na, appearances; character. 22. Con'tem plā'tion, meditation.

LESSON LV.

To Time, The Old Traveler.

William Henry Timrod.*

1. They slander thee, Old Traveler,
   Who say that thy delight
   Is to scatter ruin far and wide,
   In thy wantonness of might;
   For not a leaf that falleth
   Before thy restless wings,
   But in thy flight thou changest it
   To a thousand brighter things.

2. Thou passest o'er the battle-field,
   Where the dead lie stiff and stark,
   Where naught is heard save the vulture's scream,
   And the gaunt wolf's famished bark;
   But thou hast caused the grain to spring
   From the blood-enriched clay,
   And the waving corn-tops seem to dance
   To the rustic's merry lay.

*The author of this poem was the father of Henry Timrod, and himself a poet of considerable reputation.

3. Thou hast strewed the lordly palace
In ruins o'er the ground,
And the dismal screech of the owl is heard
Where the harp was wont to sound;
But the self-same spot thou coverest
With the dwellings of the poor,
And a thousand happy hearts enjoy
What one usurped before!

4. 'Tis true thy progress layeth
Full many a loved one low,
And for the brave and beautiful
Thou hast caused our tears to flow;
But always near the couch of death
Nor thou, nor we can stay,
And the breath of thy departing wings
Drives all our tears away!

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Wạn'ton ness, recklessness. 2. Stärk, rigid. 3. U sûrped', seized and held without right.

LESSON LVI.

A Summer Shower.

Henry Timrod.

HENRY TIMROD, one of our great American poets, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1829. He entered the University of Georgia at sixteen, but poverty and ill-health forced him out of college before graduation. He was poor, diffident, literarily inclined, and unworldly in his aims, and passed through hard experiences as tutor, journalist, and secretary, here and there. He was an army correspondent during the war, and afterwards disease, discouragement, and disaster undermined his spirits and his life. He died in Colum-

bia, South Carolina, in 1867. He did not write much, but he wrote well, as the public is beginning to recognize of late. His poems of nature, his patriotic and war odes, his love lyrics, and his sonnets, will eventually win for him very high rank as a poet. "He sings of the sea, the pines, the cotton-boll, and the flowers, more impressively and sympathetically than any other American poet."

1. Welcome, rain or tempest,
From yon airy powers;
We have languished for them
Many sultry hours,
And earth is sick and wan, and pines with all her flowers.

2. What have they been doing
In the burning June?
Riding with the genii?
Visiting the moon?
Or sleeping on the ice amid an Arctic noon?

3. Bring they with them jewels
From the sunset lands?
What are these they scatter
With such lavish hands?
There are no brighter gems in Raolconda's sands.

4. Pattering on the gravel,
Dropping from the eaves,
Glancing on the grass and
Tinkling on the leaves,
They flash the liquid pearls as flung from fairy sieves.

5. Meanwhile, unreluctant,
Earth like Danae lies;
Listen! is it fancy
That beneath us sighs,
As that warm lap receives the largesse of the skies?

6. Jove it is, descendeth
In those crystal rills;
And this world-wide tremor
Is a pulse that thrills
To a god's life infused through veins of velvet hills.

7. Wait, thou jealous sunshine!
Break not on their bliss;
Earth will blush in roses
Many a day for this,
And bend a brighter brow beneath thy burning kiss.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Lan'guished, pined away. 2. Sŭl'try, hot; oppressive. 3. Wạn, pale; drooping. 4. Pīnes, withers; wastes. 5. Lăv'ish, wasteful; extravagant. 6. Rā'ol cŏn'da, another name for Golconda, a famous diamond district in India. 7. Un're lŭc'tant, not unwilling. 8. Dăn'a ē, a mythical princess, whose lover, Jupiter, visited her in the form of a shower of gold, in the brazen tower where her father had imprisoned her. 9. Lăr'ġesse, present or bounty bestowed. 10. Jōve, Jupiter, the chief god of the Greeks, lover of Danae, and mother of Perseus, who slew the sea monster and rescued Andromeda from the rocks. 11. Infūsed', poured in; inspired.

LESSON LVII.

Recollections of Dickens.

James T. Fields.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS, an American publisher, essayist, and poet, was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1817. He was educated at the High School in his native town. At the age of seventeen he went to Boston and was employed in a bookstore. He was barely twenty-one when he was received as a partner in the house in which he was employed. In 1870 he withdrew from business, and devoted himself to lecturing and other literary occupations.

Mr. Fields visited Europe many times, and was personally intimate with nearly every prominent American and English author. He died in Boston in 1881.

I always think of this eminent man of genius as excelling in many different ways. Sometimes I dwell upon his gifts as a great writer; sometimes as a reader in public of his own works; sometimes as an amateur actor of plays; sometimes as an orator; and often, very often, as the dearest and kindest of friends.

Not to have seen and known him is a deprivation hardly to be estimated. There was a tonic in the very sound of his cheery voice, and even dumb animals felt its magic when he spoke to them. When at Gadshill (his delightful home in Kent) he used to call the dogs for a walk, it seemed as if they would tumble him in the dust with their caresses. I have seen three massive Newfoundlanders set upon him at once, and almost devour him with affectionate recognition. I remember a horse he was accustomed to drive in a basket-wagon, who seemed to laugh when he came out

of the door, and said a few hearty words of greeting to the animal on a summer morning.

There was that welcome quality of unmistakable cheerfulness in the tone of Dickens's voice which falls upon the ear of man or beast as if a kind of fellowship were implied in it. He always "shook hands" with the mastiffs and terriers who resided on Gadshill, as if they were intimately related to him, and were just as much members of the family as his own people inside the premises.

But his felicity rose highest when he was doing something to make children happy. In that department of human endeavor, I do not believe he ever had a superior; and it was a treat indeed to see him thus employed on special occasions.

About Christmas time he came out very strong in that line. He used to begin his preparations a week or two before the festival came round, and devote himself to the business with untiring zeal. He would then shut himself up for days, getting together all sorts of surprises for the young people, who, with his own children, year after year, made a Christmas carnival in his pleasant house.

He used to study up all sorts of conjurer's tricks for the amusement of his little guests, and so became quite an adept in causing pennies and teaspoons to disappear down his own throat, pocket-handkerchiefs to burn without hurting them, and apples and oranges to fly off the table into impossible pockets. The games and charades he invented for Christmas and New-Year's were without parallel in their fun and absurdity. There was no let-up to his drollery in this way, for his invention was endless.

He was a capital dancer; and to see him cutting Christmas capers to music in a merry reel, surrounded by children, was a wonderful sight indeed. Sometimes he would imitate eccentric birds and animals with a nimble facetiousness that would send young people rolling on the floor in paroxysms of laughter and delight.

It seems, indeed, sometimes, as if the object of Dickens's life was to make other people contented and happy. There was not a poor sick child or a cripple within five miles of Gadshill who had not felt the tenderness of his bounty and the compassion of his presence. He was one of those ever-ready almoners who are never taken by surprise when want looks imploringly up from the roadside or in a hovel. You never heard him say, "I have no small change about me;" for he took care to be supplied every morning, before he went out of his study, with something substantial for the poor and the suffering. His house was a kind of free apothecary's shop for all the sick people of the neighborhood.

I have said these things about Charles Dickens here, so that, when you read his books, my young friends, you may know what manner of man it was who wrote them, how kind and charitable he was, how anxiously he sought to share his happier lot with those on whom the sun of prosperity never shone, and how he was willing to take the trouble to lend a helping hand wherever there was need of his friendly aid.

He was one of the most methodical men I ever knew. He began very early to be careful and painstaking. When a small boy, and earning his own living by a disagreeable

employment, he would never anticipate his means, but make his weekly salary last through its allotted period. He would wrap the small sum he received for work into six little parcels, each parcel containing the same amount, and labeled with a different day.

What a charming tribute Thackeray paid to Dickens when he asked if there was ever a better charity sermon preached in the world than "The Christmas Carol," and when he says, "All children ought to love Dickens. I know one who, when she is happy, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby;' when she is unhappy, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby;' when she is tired, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby;' when she is in bed, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby;' when she has nothing to do, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby;' and, when she has finished the book, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby' over again."

On the 9th of June, every year, Dickens's grave is covered with flowers. On that day, in 1870, the great and noble spirit passed on to join the immortal band of England's worthiest sons; and ever since, on the anniversary of his upward flight, many hearts are drawn to the consecrated ground which holds his ashes. Flowers, not unmingled with affectionate tears, are strewn, from morning till night, above his resting-place; and it is a beautiful tribute to his loving, pitying nature, that the toil-worn hands of the poor and friendless are seen scattering their humble offerings, on that memorial day, around the hallowed spot in Westminster Abbey.—*Princes, Authors, and Statesmen of Our Time.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Am′a tēur′, one devoted to some study or art as a pleasure. 2. Dĕp′ri vā′tion, loss. 3. Im-

plīed′, signified. 4. Fe lĭç′i ty, happiness. 5. Cär′ni val, festival. 6. A dĕpt′, skillful performer. 7. Par′al lel (here), equal. 8. Ab sûrd′i ty, ridiculousness. 9. Drōll′-er y, fun; amusing tricks. 10. Ec çĕn′tric, peculiar. 11. Fa cē′tious ness, humor. 12. Păr′ox ysms, convulsions. 13. Boun′ty, goodness; generosity. 14. Com păs′sion, pity or sorrow, with desire to help or spare. 15. Äl′-mon ers, those who give alms. 16. Hŏv′el, a rude hut. 17. Sub stăn′tial, of real value; solid. 18. A pŏth′e-ca ry, druggist. 19. An tĭç′i pate, to use beforehand. 20. Al lŏt′ted, set off or assigned for a certain purpose. 21. Trĭb′ūte, mark of respect. 22. An′ni vĕr′sa ry, a day celebrated as it returns each year.

LESSON LVIII.

At Mrs. Jellyby's.

PART I.

Charles Dickens.

CHARLES DICKENS, the great English novelist, was born near Portsmouth, England, in 1812. He died suddenly at Gadshill in 1870. He had little schooling, except in the rough experiences of life. His childhood was an unhappy one, and his youth was dreary and toilsome. But he was passionately fond of reading, and "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Arabian Nights" not only helped to lessen his hardships, but also gave direction to his genius. As a mere child, he turned one of the tales of the "Arabian Nights" into a tragedy.

After the family moved to London, young Charles was put to pasting labels on blacking boxes, while his father was in prison

for debt. Later, he became a lawyer's clerk, a shorthand writer in the law courts, and then a newspaper reporter. He went here and there over England in stage coaches hunting up items of news for the *Morning Chronicle* of London. Many of the incidents, scenes, and people in his wonderful novels Dickens found in this varied school of experience. David Copperfield, his greatest novel, is supposed to be the story of his life.

Dickens loved children passionately. He was happy in making the children happy in his home at Gadshill. Children have a prominent place in his stories. Little Nell and Kit in "The Old Curiosity Shop," Paul and Floy in "Dombey and Son," Nicholas Nickleby and Smike in "Nicholas Nickleby," Little Dorrit, Tiny Tim in "A Christmas Carol," Jemmy in "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings," have become dear to the hearts of the whole world.

Queen Victoria offered him a title of nobility. He declined it, saying that he wished to be remembered by no other name than that of Charles Dickens. When he died the nation paid him homage by burying him in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.

The selection here given is from "Bleak House." Esther Summerson, Richard and Ada, are wards of Mr. Jarndyce, on a visit to London. They are entertained at the home of Mrs. Jellyby, a lady deeply interested in African missions to the neglect of her home duties.

1. "Where is 'there,' Mr. Guppy?" said Richard, as he went downstairs.

"No distance," said Mr. Guppy; "round in Thavies' Inn, you know." We all three laughed and chatted about our experience and the strangeness of London, until we turned up under an archway to our destination; a narrow street of high houses, like an oblong cistern to hold the fog. There was a confused little crowd of people, principally children, gathered about the house at which we stopped, which had a tarnished brass plate on the door, with the inscription, "Jellyby."

2. "Don't be frightened!" said Mr. Guppy, looking in

at the coach-window. "One of the young Jellybys has got his head through the area railings!"

"Oh, poor child!" said I, "let me out, if you please."

"Pray, be careful of yourself, miss. The young Jellybys are always up to something," said Mr. Guppy.

3. I made my way to the poor child, who was one of the dirtiest little unfortunates I ever saw, and found him very hot and frightened, and crying loudly, fixed by the neck between two iron railings, while a milkman and a beadle, with the kindest intentions possible, were endeavoring to drag him back by the legs, under a general impression that his skull was compressible by those means. As I found (after pacifying him) that he was a little boy with a naturally large head, I thought that, perhaps, where his head could go his body could follow, and mentioned that the best mode of extrication might be to push him forward. This was so favorably received by the milkman and beadle that he would immediately have been pushed into the area, if I had not held his pinafore, while Richard and Mr. Guppy ran down through the kitchen, to catch him when he should be released. At last he was happily got down without any accident, and then he began to beat Mr. Guppy with a hoop-stick in quite a frantic manner.

4. Nobody had appeared belonging to the house, except a person in pattens, who had been poking at the child from below with a broom—I don't know with what object, and I don't think she did. I therefore supposed that Mrs. Jellyby was not at home; and I was quite surprised when the person appeared in the passage without the pattens, and, going up to the back room on the first floor before Ada and me,

announced us as, "Them two young ladies, Missis Jellyby." We passed several more children on our way up, whom it was difficult to avoid treading on in the dark; and, as we came into Mrs. Jellyby's presence, one of the poor little things fell downstairs—down a whole flight (as it sounded to me), with a great noise.

5. Mrs. Jellyby, whose face reflected none of the uneasiness which we could not help showing in our own faces, as the dear child's head recorded its passage with a bump on every stair (Richard afterward said he counted seven, besides one for the landing), received us with perfect equanimity. She was a pretty, very diminutive, plump woman, of from forty to fifty, with handsome eyes, though they had a curious habit of seeming to look a long way off, as if—I am quoting Richard again—they could see nothing nearer than Africa!

6. "I am very glad, indeed," said Mrs. Jellyby, in an agreeable voice, "to have the pleasure of receiving you. I have a great respect for Mr. Jarndyce; and no one in whom he is interested can be an object of indifference to me."

We expressed our acknowledgments, and sat down behind the door, where there was a lame invalid of a sofa. Mrs. Jellyby had very good hair, but was too much occupied with her African duties to brush it.

The room, which was strewed with papers and nearly filled with a great writing-table covered with similar litter, was, I must say, not only very untidy, but very dirty. We were obliged to take notice of that with our sense of sight, even while with our sense of hearing, we followed the poor

child who had tumbled downstairs, I think, into the back kitchen, where somebody seemed to stifle him.

7. But what principally struck us was a jaded and unhealthy-looking, though by no means plain, girl, at the writing-table, who sat biting the feather of her pen and staring at us. I suppose nobody ever was in such a state of ink. And, from her tumbled hair to her pretty feet, which were disfigured with frayed and broken satin slippers trodden down at heel, she really seemed to have no article of dress upon her, from a pin upwards, that was in its proper condition or its right place.

"You find me, my dears," said Mrs. Jellyby, snuffing the two great office candles in tin candlesticks, which made the room taste strongly of hot tallow (the fire had gone out, and there was nothing in the grate but ashes, a bundle of wood and a poker), "you find me, my dears, as usual, very busy; but that you will excuse. The African project at present employs my whole time. It involves me in correspondence with public bodies, and with private individuals anxious for the welfare of their species, all over the country. I am happy to say it is advancing. We hope by this time next year to have from a hundred and fifty to two hundred healthy families cultivating coffee and educating the natives of Borrioboola-Gha, on the left bank of the Niger."

8. As Ada said nothing, but looked at me, I said it must be very gratifying.

"It is gratifying," said Mrs. Jellyby. "It involves the devotion of all my energies, such as they are; but that is nothing, so that it succeeds; and I am more confident of success every day. Do you know, Miss Summerson, I

almost wonder that you never turned your thoughts to Africa?"

This application of the subject was really so unexpected to me that I was quite at a loss how to receive it. I hinted that the climate—

"The finest climate in the world!" said Mrs. Jellyby.

"Indeed, ma'am?"

"Certainly, with precaution," said Mrs. Jellyby. "You may go into Holborn without precaution, and be run over, You may go into Holborn with precaution, and never be run over. Just so with Africa."

I said, "No doubt." I meant as to Holborn.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Des'ti nā'tion, place set for the end of a journey. 2. Tär'nished, dulled; soiled. 3. Inscrīp'tion, something written or engraved. 4. A're ȧ, an open space in a building; the outer entrance to a basement. 5. Bēa'dle, a sexton or bailiff. 6. Comprĕss' i ble, capable of being pressed into smaller size. 7. Ex'tri cā'tion, getting out; setting free. 8. Pĭn' afore, apron. 9. Frăn'tic, wild. 10. Păt'tens, loose slippers, usually with wooden soles to protect the feet from mud. 11. Re flĕct'ed, expressed. 12. Re côrd'ed, marked. 13. E'qua nĭm'i ty, calmness. 14. Di mĭn'ū-tive, small. 15. Frāyed, worn out at the edges. 16. Proj'ect, plan. 17. In vŏlves', employs; engages. 18. In'di vĭd'u als, persons. 19. Spē'ciēs, race. 20. Ap'-pli cā'tion, turn; direction. 21. Pre cau'tion, care.

At Mrs. Jellyby's.

Part II.

1. "If you would like," said Mrs. Jellyby, putting a number of papers toward us, "to look over some remarks on that head and on the general subject (which have been extensively circulated), while I finish a letter I am now dictating to my eldest daughter, who is my amanuensis—"

The girl at the table left off biting her pen, and made a return to our recognition, which was half bashful and half sulky.

"I shall then have finished for the present," proceeded Mrs. Jellyby, with a sweet smile, "though my work is never done. Where are you, Caddy?"

"'Presents her compliments to Mr. Swallow, and begs—'" said Caddy.

"'And begs,' said Mrs. Jellyby, dictating, 'to inform him, in reference to his letter of inquiry on the African project— No, Peepy! not on any account!"

2. Peepy (so self-named) was the unfortunate child who had fallen downstairs, who now interrupted the correspondence by presenting himself, with a strip of plaster on his forehead, to exhibit his wounded knees, in which Ada and I did not know which to pity most, the bruises or the dirt. Mrs. Jellyby merely added, with the serene composure with which she said everything, "Go along, you naughty Peepy!" and fixed her fine eyes on Africa again.

However, as she at once proceeded with her dictation, and as I interrupted nothing by doing it, I ventured quietly

to stop poor Peepy as he was going out, and to take him up to nurse. He looked very much astonished at it and at Ada's kissing him; but he soon fell fast asleep in my arms, sobbing at longer and longer intervals, until he was quiet. I was so occupied with Peepy that I lost the letter in detail, though I derived such a general impression from it of the momentous importance of Africa and the utter insignificance of all other places and things, that I felt quite ashamed to have thought so little about it.

3. "Six o'clock!" said Mrs. Jellyby, "and our dinner hour is nominally (for we dine at all hours) five! Caddy, show Miss Clare and Miss Summerson their rooms. You would like to make some change, perhaps? You will excuse me, I know, being so much occupied. Oh, that very bad child! Pray put him down, Miss Summerson!"

I begged permission to retain him, truly saying that he was not at all troublesome, and carried him upstairs and laid him on my bed. Ada and I had two upper rooms, with a door of communication between. They were excessively bare and disorderly, and the curtain to my window was fastened up with a fork.

4. "You would like some hot water, wouldn't you?" said Miss Jellyby, looking round for a jug with a handle to it, but looking in vain.

"If it is not being troublesome to you," said we.

"Oh! it's not the trouble," returned Miss Jellyby; "the question is, if there is any."

The evening was so very cold, and the rooms had such a marshy smell, that I must confess it was a little miserable; and Ada was half crying. We soon laughed, however, and

were busily unpacking, when Miss Jellyby came back to say that she was sorry there was no hot water; but they couldn't find the kettle, and the boiler was out of order.

5. We begged her not to mention it, and made all the haste we could to get down to the fire again. But all the little children had come up to the landing outside, to look at the phenomenon of Peepy lying on my bed; and our attention was distracted by the constant apparition of noses and fingers in situations of danger between the hinges of the doors. It was impossible to shut the door of either room; for my lock, with no knob to it, looked as if it wanted to be wound up, and, though the handle of Ada's went round and round with the greatest smoothness, it was attended with no effect whatever on the door. Therefore, I proposed to the children that they should come in and be very good at my table, and I would tell them the story of little Red Riding-Hood while I dressed; which they did, and were as quiet as mice, including Peepy, who awoke opportunely before the appearance of the wolf.

6. When we went downstairs we found a mug with "A Present from Tunbridge Wells" on it lighted up in the staircase window, with a floating wick; and a young woman, with a swelled face bound up in a flannel bandage, was blowing the fire of the drawing-room (now connected by an open door with Mrs. Jellyby's room), and choking dreadfully. It smoked to that degree, in short, that we all sat coughing and crying with the windows open for half an hour; during which Mrs. Jellyby, with the same sweetness of temper, directed letters about Africa. Her being so employed was, I must say, a great relief to me; for Richard

told us that he had washed his hands in a pie-dish, and that they had found the kettle on his dressing-table; and he made Ada laugh so that they made me laugh in the most ridiculous manner.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ex tĕn′sive ly, widely. 2. Cĭr′cu-lā′ted, spread abroad. 3. Dic′tā′ting, speaking for another to write. 4. A man′u ĕn′sis, one who writes what another dictates. 5. Se rēne′, undisturbed. 6. Mo mĕn′tous, great. 7. In′sig nĭf′ i cance, lack of importance; state of being trifling. 8. Nŏm′i nal ly, in name only. 9. Re tāin′, keep. 10. Ex cĕss′ive ly, very; extremely. 11. Märsh′y, damp; unwholesome. 12. Phe nŏm′e non, something remarkable or unusual. 13. Dis tract′ed, drawn away. 14. Ap′pa rĭ′tion, appearance. 15. Op′por tūne′ly, at the right moment.

LESSON LIX.

"David Copperfield."

Charles Dickens.

This selection from "David Copperfield," one of CHARLES DICKENS's best works, gives an account of David's first school holiday. David's father having died, his mother, a weak but affectionate woman, marries again. Her husband, Mr. Murdstone, and his sister rule the poor little woman with a rod of iron. They force her to send David off to boarding school. His first holiday and happy home-coming are here described. Peggotty is their faithful and devoted servant. David never saw his mother again, for she died soon after this visit.

1. The carrier put my box down at the garden gate and left me. I walked along the path toward the house, glancing

at the windows. No face appeared, however; and, being come to the house, and knowing how to open the door before dark without knocking, I went in with a quiet, timid step.

God knows how infantine the memory may have been that was awakened within me by the sound of my mother's voice in the old parlor, when I set foot in the hall. She was singing in a low tone. I think I must have lain in her arms and heard her singing so to me when I was but a baby. The strain was new to me, and yet it was so old that it filled my heart brimful—like a friend come back from a long absence.

2. I believed, from the solitary and thoughtful way in which my mother murmured her song, that she was alone, and I went softly into the room. She was sitting by the fire, holding an infant, whose tiny hand she held against her neck. Her eyes were looking down upon its face, and she sat singing to it. I was so far right, that she had no other companion.

I spoke to her, and she started and cried out. But, seeing me, she called me her dear Davy, her own boy!—and, coming half across the room to meet me, kneeled down upon the ground and kissed me, and laid my head down on her bosom near the little creature that was nestling there, and put its hand up to my lips.

I wish I had died—I wish I had died then with that feeling in my heart! I should have been more fit for heaven than I ever have been since.

3. "He is your brother," said my mother, fondling me, "Davy, my pretty boy! My poor child!" Then she kissed me more and more, and clasped me round the neck. This

she was doing when Peggotty came running in, and bounced down on the ground beside us, and went mad about us both for a quarter of an hour.

It seemed that I had not been expected so soon, the carrier being much before his usual time. It seemed, too, that Mr. and Miss Murdstone had gone out upon a visit in the neighborhood, and would not return before night. I had never hoped for this. I had never thought it possible that we three could be together undisturbed once more; and I felt for the time as if the old days were coming back.

4. We dined together by the fireside. Peggotty was in attendance to wait upon us; but my mother wouldn't let her do it, and made her dine with us. I had my own old plate, with a brown view of a man-of-war in full sail upon it, which Peggotty had hoarded somewhere all the time that I had been away, and would not have had broken, she said, for a hundred pounds. I had my own old mug with David on it, and my own old little fork and knife that wouldn't cut.

5. We sat round the fire, and talked delightfully. I took the little baby in my arms when it was awake, and nursed it lovingly. When it was asleep again, I crept close to my mother's side according to my old custom, broken now a long time, and sat with my arms embracing her waist and my little red cheek on her shoulder, and once more felt her beautiful hair drooping over me—like an angel's wing, as I used to think, I recollect—and was very happy indeed.

6. Peggotty darned away at a stocking as long as she could see, and then sat with it drawn on her left hand like a glove, and her needle in her right, ready to take another stitch whenever there was a blaze. I cannot conceive whose

stockings they can have been that Peggotty was always darning, or where such an unfailing supply of stockings in want of darning can have come from. From my earliest infancy she seems to have been always employed in that class of needlework, and never by any chance in any other.

7. When we had had our tea, and the ashes were thrown up and the candles snuffed, I read Peggotty a chapter out of the Crocodile Book, in remembrance of old times (she took it out of her pocket: I don't know whether she had kept it there ever since). Then we talked about Salem House, which brought me round again to Steerforth, who was my great subject. We were very happy; and that evening, as the last of its kind, and destined evermore to close that volume of my life, will never pass out of my memory.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Căr'ri er, driver. 2. In'fan tīne, childish; undeveloped. 3. Strāin, song. 4. Sŏl'i ta ry, lonely. 5. Man-of-war, a war ship. 6. Hōard'ed, saved; treasured. 7. Con cēive', think; imagine. 8. Snŭff, to pinch off the charred end of a candle-wick. 9. Dĕs'-tined, fated; intended by Providence.

LESSON LX.

Song of the Chattahoochee.

Sidney Lanier.

SIDNEY LANIER, another of our great American poets, was born in Macon, Georgia, in 1842, and died of consumption in the mountains of North Carolina in 1881. He studied and practiced law for five years, but music and poetry were the twin passions of his life, and to these he devoted himself with priestly fervor for the remainder of his short career. Lanier's life, like Timrod's, was saddened by poverty, discouragement, and disease. He was selected to write the Centennial Cantata for the opening of the Philadelphia Exposition. He wrote "Boy's King Arthur," "Boy's Percy," and two other popular books of this series, which have sold steadily and abundantly. He wrote also "The Science of English Verse" and "The English Novel," both standard authorities upon these subjects. Two years before his death he was appointed Lecturer on English Literature in Johns Hopkins University, a position of distinction. But his honors and rewards came too late, and death claimed him in the very hour of generous public recognition. Lanier ranks next to Poe among the great poets of our country.

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, *Abide, abide,*
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said, *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz stone and the smooth brookstone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone—
Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain,
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

DEFINITIONS.—1. A māin′, with full force. 2. At tāin′, to reach. 3. Thrąll, captive. 4. Lāv′ing, bathing; standing rooted in the water. 5. Măn′i fold, various. 6. Glādes, open spaces in the woods. 7. Lū′mĭ nous, bright; shining. 8. Lūres, tempting sights; decoys. 9. Fāin, long. 10. Māin, sea. 11. Môr′tal ly, desperately.

NOTES.—*Chăt′ta hōō′chee*, a river rising in North Georgia. *Hall*, *Hăb′er sham*, counties in the same section of the State.

LESSON LXI.

The Funeral of Stonewall Jackson.

Moses D. Hoge.

One of the greatest pulpit orators this country has ever produced was the Rev. MOSES D. HOGE, D. D. He was born in 1818 at Hampden-Sidney College, Prince Edward county, Virginia. He came from a long line of ministers, and it is only natural that in the choice of a profession he should turn to the church.

Although the fame of his eloquence was almost universal, the most flattering calls did not tempt him from his first charge; he never had but one church, the Second Presbyterian, in Richmond, Virginia, but his ministry here extended over a period of more than fifty years.

Dr. Hoge was a staunch Southerner, and even to the time of his death was known as "the Soldier's Friend." During the Civil War he ran the blockade from Charleston to England by way of Nassau, Cuba, and St. Thomas to obtain Bibles and religious books for the Confederate army.

He was a man of great public spirit, and lent his aid freely to any measure for the good of the community. He was especially interested in education, and it has been said that he attended more college commencements than any other one person in the country. Generous to a fault, he gave lavishly of his own funds, and, although he received a handsome salary, he died without estate January 6, 1899. His death, although expected, was a great sorrow, not only to the community in which he had lived and worked, but to the country at large.

1. It was in the noontide of Jackson's glory that he fell, but what a pall of darkness suddenly shrouded all the land in that hour! If any illustration were needed of the hold he had acquired on the hearts of our people, on the hearts of the good and brave and true throughout all the civilized

world, it would be found in the universal lament which went up everywhere when it was announced that Jackson was dead—from the little girl at the Chandler house, who "wished that God would let her die in his stead, because then only her mother would cry; but if Jackson died, all the people of the country would cry;" from this humble child up to the Commander-in-Chief, who wept, as only the strong and brave can weep, at the tidings of his fall; from the weather-beaten sea captain who had never seen his face, but who burst into loud, uncontrollable grief, standing on the deck of his vessel with his rugged sailors around him, wondering what had happened to break that heart of oak, up to the English earl, honored on both sides of the Atlantic, who exclaimed, when the sad news came to him, "Jackson was in some respects the greatest man America ever produced."

2. The impressive ceremonies of the hour will bring back to some here present the memories of that day of sorrow, when, at the firing of a gun at the base of yonder monument, a procession began to move to the solemn strains of the Dead March in "Saul," the hearse on which the dead hero lay preceded by a portion of the command of General Pickett and followed by a mighty throng of weeping citizens, until, having made a detour of the city, it paused at the door of the Capitol, when the body was borne within by reverent hands and laid on an altar erected beneath the dome.

3. The Congress of the Confederate States had adopted a device for their flag, and one emblazoned with it had just been completed, which was intended to be unfurled from the

roof of the Capitol. It never fluttered from the height it was intended to grace. It became Jackson's winding-sheet. Oh! mournful prophecy of the fate of the Confederacy itself!

4. The military authorities shrouded him in the white, red, and blue flag of the Confederacy. The citizens decked his bier with the white, red, and blue flowers of spring until they rose high above it, a soft floral pyramid; but the people everywhere embalmed him in their hearts with a love sweeter than all the fragrance of spring, and immortal as the verdure of the trees under which he now rests by the river of life.

5. And where, in all the annals of the world's sorrow for departed worth, was there such a pathetic impersonation of a nation's grief as was embodied in the old, mutilated veteran of Jackson's division, who, as the shades of evening fell, and when the hour for the closing of the doors of the Capitol came, and when the lingering throng was warned to retire, was seen anxiously pressing through the crowd to take his last look at the face of his beloved leader? They told him he was too late; that they were closing up the coffin for the last time; that the order had been given to clear the hall. He still struggled forward, refusing to take a denial, until one of the marshals of the day was about to exercise his authority to force him back. Upon this the old soldier lifted the stump of his right arm toward the heavens, and with tears running down his bearded face, exclaimed, "By this arm, which I lost for my country, I demand the privilege of seeing my General once more." Such an appeal was irresistible, and, at the instance of the Governor of the Com-

monwealth, the pomp was arrested until this humble comrade had also dropped his tear upon the face of his dead leader.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Shroud'ed, covered as with a funeral robe. 2. Ac quīred', gained; secured. 3. U'ni vĕr'sal, extending to all; including everybody. 4. La mĕnt', cry of grief; lamentation. 5. An nounced', made known. 6. Tī'dings, news. 7. Rŭg'ged, rough. 8. Cĕr'e mo'-nies, public exercises. 9. De'tȯur', a circuitous or winding route. 10. De vīçe', design. 11. Em blā'zoned, adorned. 12. Prŏph'e cy, forecast; prediction. 13. Bi̯ēr, stand or support for a coffin or casket. 14. Pŷr'a-mid, a mound rising highest in the center. 15. Em bālmed', preserved against decay. 16. Pa thĕt'ic, arousing pity. 17. Im per'son ā'tion, representation in a personal form. 18. Em bŏd'ied, expressed. 19. Mū'-ti lā'ted, crippled; scarred. 20. Ir're sīst'i ble, not to be denied. 21. In'stance, suggestion; motion. 22. Pŏmp, display; parade. 23. Ar rĕst'ed, stopped.

LESSON LXII.

Under the Shade of the Trees.

Margaret J. Preston.

This poem is founded upon the following incident, taken from an account of Stonewall Jackson's last hours: "A few moments before his death, he called out in his delirium, 'Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action; . . pass the infantry to the front; . . tell Major Hawks . .' Here the sentence was left unfinished. But soon after, a sweet smile overspread his face, and he murmured quietly, with an air of relief, 'Let us cross the river and rest under the shade of the trees.' These were his last words."

1. What are the thoughts that are stirring his breast?
What is the mystical vision he sees?
"Let us pass over the river, and rest
Under the shade of the trees."

2. Has he grown sick of his toils and his tasks?
Sighs the worn spirit for respite or ease?
Is it a moment's cool halt that he asks
Under the shade of the trees?

3. Is it the gurgle of waters whose flow
Ofttime has come to him, borne on the breeze,
Memory listens to, lapsing so low,
Under the shade of the trees?

4. Nay, though the rasp of the flesh was so sore,
Faith, that had yearnings far keener than these,
Saw the soft sheen of the thitherward shore,
Under the shade of the trees;

5. Caught the high psalms of ecstatic delight—
Heard the harps harping, like soundings of seas—
Watched earth's assoiled ones walking in white
Under the shade of the trees.

6. Oh, was it strange he should pine for release,
Touched to the soul with such transports as these—
He who so needed the balsam of peace,
Under the shade of the trees?

7. Yea, it was noblest for him—it was best
(Questioning naught of our Father's decrees),
There to pass over the river and rest
Under the shade of the trees!

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Mys'tic al, mysterious; beyond human understanding. 2. Rĕs'pīte, rest. 3. Lăps'ing, slipping along; passing softly. 4. Yĕarn'ings, strong desires. 5. Psälms, sacred songs; hymns of praise. 6. Ec stăt'ic, overpowering; highly exciting. 7. As-soiled', freed from soiling of sin. 8. Trans'pōrts, raptures.

LESSON LXIII.

Benefits of the Civil War.

Charles M. Busbee.

Hon. CHARLES M. BUSBEE is a distinguished lawyer and orator, resident in Raleigh, North Carolina. His speeches evidence rare literary taste and culture.

1. The war was not without its benefits to us, and even now we can discern them. It was inevitable! Sooner or later it had to come! It could no more have been avoided than you could have stayed the movements of the tides. It ought not to have been unavoidable, to be sure, just as man ought not to become diseased, but it was. So long as society remains irrational, so long as human governments are imperfect, will the sword be the final arbiter. It is a survival of the savage nature that the refining hand of time has never obliterated, a remnant of the ages long ago.

2. But the war, with all its dark catalogue of horrors, brought in its train many compensatory blessings. It developed the manly virtues of our people, their inherent fortitude and self-sacrifice. It is something to have illustrated the valor of a people, to have carried a nation's flag

without dishonor through a hundred battles, to have set an example to coming ages of what unselfish heroism can accomplish, to have immortalized a State, to have accepted defeat with fortitude; and this we did.

3. Again, the war built upon more certain and enduring foundations the government of the United States, and it stands upon a broader and stronger basis than before. Were we honest in our convictions? Yes. Were we sincere in our allegiance to the Confederate States? Yes. Does this affect our loyalty to the government of the United States? Not at all. Loyalty, free and honest loyalty to the government as it is, is not repugnant to a past loyalty to that adolescent nation whose star shone with abnormal brilliancy for a few short years, and then vanished into the blackness of eternal night.

4. The men who followed the "Stars and Bars" from Bethel to Appomattox with ceaseless devotion, defended them amid the whirlpool of blood that surged and eddied around Malvern Hill, carried them up the crimson slopes of Gettysburg, followed them into the jaws of death at Spotsylvania, shielded them like a tiger at bay over its young behind the earthworks of Petersburg, furled them at Appomattox forever and forever. The duties, the obligations, the allegiance of a citizen are not inconsistent with the sympathies and memories of a soldier; and if those dead heroes whose virtues and valor we to-day commemorate could defile before us, in the glory of yon setting sun, in serried ghostly phalanx, they would declare the gospel of loyalty and peace and reconciliation.

5. And the day is not far distant, if it be not already

come, when the courage and heroic deeds of both sides will be recognized as the common property of us all, the common heritage and common glory of a prosperous and patriotic people.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Dis cẽrn′, see. 2. In ĕv′i ta ble, certain. 3. Un′a void′a ble, necessary; inevitable. 4. Ir ră′tion al, unreasonable. 5. Ar′bi ter, umpire; judge. 6. Sur vīv′al, lingering trace or existence. 7. Ob līt′-er ā ted, erased; blotted out. 8. Căt′a lŏgue, list. 9. Com pĕn′sa tō ry, equivalent or equal. 10. In hēr′ent, innate; native. 11. Fôr′ti tude, endurance. 12. Văl′or, courage; heroism; bravery. 13. Im môr′tal īzed, rendered famous for all time. 14. Bā′sis, foundation. 15. Con vīc′tions, firm beliefs founded on evidence. 16. Al lē′giance, devotion; love. 17. Re pūg′nant, opposite; offensive. 18. Ad′o lĕs′cent, young. 19. Ab nôr′mal, unnatural. 20. In′con sīst′ent, at variance. 21. Commĕm′o rate, celebrate with honor. 22. De file′, to march past, file by file. 23. Sĕr′ried, crowded; dense. 24. Phă′lanx, compact body of soldiers. 25. Rĕc′on cil i ā′ tion, restored friendship. 26. Hĕr′it age, possession; property.

LESSON LXIV.

The Conquered Banner.

Abram J. Ryan.

1. Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
   Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary:

Furl it, fold it—it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it,
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it:
Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

2. Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high;
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

3. Furl that Banner—furl it sadly;
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave—
Swore that foemen's swords could never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
And that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave!

4. Furl it!—for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And the Banner—it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe:

For, though conquered, they adore it—
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it;
And oh, wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so!

5. Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory;
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust!
For its fame, on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must!

6. Furl that Banner softly, slowly;
Treat it gently—it is holy,
For it droops above the dead:
Touch it not—unfold it never;
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are fled.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Fûrl, roll up. 2. Lāve, wash; bathe. 3. Tăt'tered, torn. 4. Văl'iant, brave; heroic. 5. Dis sĕv'er, divide; separate. 6. De plōre', lament; bewail. 7. Go'ry, bloody. 8. Sā'ges, wise men.

LESSON LXV.

A Little Maid of the Revolution.

Ella Thomas.

1. It was one of the darkest periods of the Revolution. Everywhere the patriotic cause was at low ebb, and in the South especially, the war was being prosecuted in an almost savage spirit. Stories of the inhumanity of Tarleton, of violence, robbery and murder by both Tories and British, were passed from lip to lip. And so, when a battalion of Hessians occupied the plantation of Mr. Robert Gibbes, on the Stono, a few miles from Charleston, the officers taking possession of the house, and the troops camping before it, it was not strange that the family became alarmed.

Thirteen-year-old Marian Gibbes not only felt the general alarm, but realized keenly their especially unprotected situation, her father being almost an invalid with rheumatism, her mother just recovered from a severe illness, and the servants nearly helpless with terror.

2. For the next few days the situation of the Gibbes family was most unpleasant, confined to the upper part of the house, with the British officers occupying the lower rooms and making free use of their most cherished possessions, while outside the soldiers wrought general havoc on the plantation. But even this was made far worse, when, one dark and stormy evening, one of the servants rushed in with the news that vessels were coming up the river—a report whose truth was soon confirmed; for, rounding to, they opened a most destructive fire on the Hessian camp.

3. The boats had been ordered to avoid firing on the house, and to confine their attack to the encampment. But Mr. Gibbes could not know that; true, the force was that of friends, but none the less did he expect every moment that the house would be struck by a cannon ball, or some of his family killed. Nervous and alarmed for the safety of all, though hardly able to walk, he sought and received of the British officer in charge permission to seek a place of safety.

There were neither horses at hand, nor time to wait for them. The family was hastily gathered together, the sleeping children quickly aroused, and the little company, including the panic-stricken servants, was soon on its way toward the friendly shelter of a neighboring plantation.

4. It was a journey that they were not likely to forget. Darkness was all about them, and to the storm of rain was added the more dreadful storm of cannon balls falling thick and fast, and sometimes so close as to scatter the party with dirt and sand, while their loud whizzing, mingled with the roar of the cannon, made the scene one of terror as well as danger. Once beyond the range of the balls, a pause for rest was made, and then for the first time it was discovered that, in the hurry and confusion, one of the children, three-year-old little "Fen," the son of Mrs. Gibbes's sister, had been left behind.

5. The thought of leaving the little fellow alone in his danger was impossible, and to return for him was an attempt of the utmost peril. Mr. Gibbes's movements were too slow and painful for him to undertake the rescue; Mrs. Gibbes was already almost fainting with the exertion she

had made; the servants stood around frightened, trembling and bewildered. "Will no one go for him?" urged Mrs. Gibbes. "Sister's baby! Will no one go?" But the dim lantern light showed the black faces blanched and chattering, and Mammy Sarah voiced the sentiments of the rest, as, sinking to the ground and rocking herself back and forth, she moaned, "O Miss Lucy, don't ask us to go!"

6. While this was going on, Marian Gibbes stood a little to one side, her face flushing and paling, and her hands clasping and unclasping in the struggle of decision. "I will go for him," she cried, suddenly springing forward.

"No, no! my child," urged her father; "you are not old enough, and it is too far for you."

"I can bring him, and I promised Fen that I would take care of him; I must go," and she sped away.

7. The rain beat in her face, the wind came in gusts against her, every now and then her foot caught and she stumbled in the wet, tangled grass, while across the darkness came the lurid flash of the cannon, as with sullen roar they swept the space about her with their terrible iron rain. But through it all her little feet flew unfaltering and undismayed, and soon Marian was again at the door of her home, now a scene of terrified confusion.

8. Springing up the steps and across the wide veranda, she found her way barred by the musket of the sentinel. 'See here!" he exclaimed, "you can't go in."

"Oh! please let me. I must go in," she pleaded.

"I tell you that you can't," he answered, more gruffly than before.

"But it is for Fen, for little Fen," she urged. "Mammy

forgot him, and he will be so afraid alone; please let me get him. I have come back for him, and I must take him."

"What! have you come back alone?"

"Yes," she answered simply; "the servants were afraid, and there was no one else that could come."

9. "Afraid!"—he did not wonder, listening to the scream of the falling balls. For a moment he stood silent, looking into the tearful, pleading face lifted to his. In that moment, whether it was the memory of a little child across the sea, or that the heroism and high purpose of the little maiden before him touched some gentler chord in his breast, his hard face softened, and lifting his gun, he said, "Well, go and get him, then."

10. Marian needed no second bidding. She flew up the stairs to the nursery in the third story, where the little fellow, awakened at last, was softly sobbing to himself, in the dark.

"Fen, Fen," she called, trying to make her voice steady and cheery, "don't cry. Marian has come for you."

At her voice, the sobs ceased, and, with a happy laugh, a pair of chubby arms went around her neck, in the full faith that no possible harm could touch him now.

Hastily wrapping a blanket around him, Marian once more descended the stairs. As she passed out of the door with the soft, curly head pressed against her shoulder, she made a little courtesy to the sentinel, at the same time saying, "Thank you, sir."

"That's all right," he answered. "Hurry now, and get out of the range of these guns."

11. For the third time that night, Marian went out to

meet the storm of rain and iron. This time her burden made her slower, and the clinging arms about her neck half strangled, even while they stimulated her to renewed exertions. More than once, the dirt thrown up by the falling balls brushed her cheek, but, as before, now again, she passed the ordeal in safety, to be welcomed with cries of joy by the anxiously waiting group, and to hear her father murmur, as his thin fingers clasped hers, "My brave, brave little daughter!"

12. It is possible that the opposition of the British soldier would have been still stronger could he have known that the child for whom Marian Gibbes risked life and limb that night of storm and peril was later to become the Lieutenant-Colonel Fenwick, so highly distinguished for his brave and gallant services against the English in the War of 1812.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Prŏs'e cū'ted, carried on. 2. In'hū măn'i ty, hard-heartedness; barbarity; cruelty. 3. Tō'ries, colonists who opposed the cause of independence in the Revolutionary War. 4. Bat tăl'ion, a body of infantry composed of two or more companies. 5. In'va lid, a person who is weak and unable to do active service on account of ill-health. 6. Con fīned', restricted; limited. 7. Hăv'oc, widespread waste. 8. Hes'sian (hĕsh'an), belonging to Hĕsse, a province of Germany. The Hessians were German soldiers hired to fight against us. 9. Păn'ic-strĭck'en, struck with sudden fright. 10. Be wĭl'dered, confused. 11. Blănched, pale. 12. Sĕn'ti ments, thoughts prompted by feeling; opinions. 13. Lū'rid, frightful; ghastly. 14. Un fạl'ter ing, unhesitating. 15. Un dis māyed', not alarmed. 16. Hĕr'ō ism, courage; bravery. 17. Stĭm'u lā'ted, roused

to activity or to quickened action. 18. Or'dē al, a severe trial. 19. Dis tĭn'guished, noted or eminent. 20. Găl'lant, noble; heroic.

NOTE.—*Tarleton*, a colonel in the British army, one of the most active, energetic, and dangerous of all the British officers during the Revolutionary War.

LESSON LXVI.

The Cloud.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, an English poet of note, was born in Sussex, in 1792. He was drowned in a boating trip off the coast of Italy in 1822. His body was recovered and burned in the presence of his friend, Lord Byron, who buried his ashes in the new Protestant cemetery in Rome.

Shelley surpassed every other writer of his day in the field of lyric poetry. "His page flashes with imagery like a royal robe rich with gems."

1. I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds, every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

2. I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under, is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls by fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

3. The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded, I rest on my airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

4. That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm river, lakes and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

5. I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang life a roof—
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

6. I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For, after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And, out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Wiēld, handle. 2. Flāil, instrument for threshing or beating grain from the ear. 3. A ghâst′, terrified. 4. Fĕt′tered, confined; bound. 5. Gē′ni ī, good or evil spirits, supposed to be charged with the care of men, places, or things. 6. Bâsk, lie in warmth. 7. Săn′guine, red like blood. 8. Mē′te or, like a meteor; flashing; brilliant. 9. Răck, thin, flying, broken clouds. 10. Jăg, notch; cleft. 11. Ar′dors, glows; burnings. 12. Pa̧ll, covering. 13. Orbed, circular; round. 14. Strewn (strōōn or strōn), spread abroad; scattered. 15. Pēēr, look narrowly, curiously or intently. 16. Zōne, girdle; belt. 17. Nûrs′ling, fondling. 18. Pa-vĭl′ion, tent. 19. Cŏn′vex, rising into a rounded form. 20. Cĕn′o taph, empty tomb; a monument erected to the dead, but not containing the remains.

LESSON LXVII.

Autumn in the Swannanoa Valley.

Zebulon B. Vance.

ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE—orator, wit, soldier, statesman, and patriot—was born in Buncombe county, North Carolina, in 1830. He died in 1894. He was elected to the Governorship of his State three times, and was four times sent to the Senate of the United States. He was familiarly known, implicitly trusted, and fondly loved in North Carolina. Vance is an inspiring and ennobling example of wisdom, conscience, and courage, of incorruptible integrity and pure patriotism. He may fairly be called "The Great Commoner of the South."

1. A charming feature in these mountain ranges is the coves, or glens, scarped out of the sides of the ridges which enclose the valleys. Short, steep ribs rise from the brooks, and, running straight up, join the main ridge at right angles. Between these are the basin-shaped coves, down through the centers of which trickle branches of pure, sweet water. The crests of these bisecting ridges and the main tops are usually covered with mountain-pines, whilst the bosom of the cove, rich in the soils of disintegrating feldspar and hornblende-slates, is heavily laden with the noblest forest-trees. Poplars, beeches, hickories, many kinds of the oak, chestnut, buckeye, ash, maple, sourwood, walnut, wild cherry, locust, wild cucumber and many others flourish and attain great size. Close along the border of the same stream, and tracing its meanders, runs a narrow ribbon of silver spruces, lifting their dark, rich, conical tops through

the paler canopy of their deciduous neighbors, like spearmen in battle array.

2. Now, say we stand facing such a glen as this in the beautiful valley of the Swannanoa—as I have often done, and hope to do again—in the mellow mid-autumn season. A sharp, biting frost or so has already fallen, the decreasing days and the lengthening hours of the darkness have begun that mysterious chemical change in the vegetable world which we term decay, and which notifies the glory of the forest that it must die. But there is neither haste nor despair, nor any unseemliness in the dying of nature; and these children of the forest, as if in gratitude to their Creator for the magnificence which has been vouchsafed to them for a season, receive the summons gladly, and prepare to worship Him even in the splendor of their going out. Verily, it would seem as if they knew that *resurgam* was written on all things. Each puts on its funeral attire after its kind. The oaks and the beeches turn to a pale russet, the maple and sourwoods to a deep, shining purple, the red-oak to a pale yellow with iron-shot specks, the poplars, walnuts, ashes and locusts to the light gold of the hollyhock, and the wild cucumbers and the hickories put on the flaming gold of the sunflower.

3. And so they "all do fade as a leaf," except the spruces and the mountain-pines, which, like immortal spirits, die not. Oh, ye dwellers within cities and among the prosaic haunts of men, there is a scene which might kindle your souls with a strange, inexplicable fire! Behold that wondrous sea of foliage spread over the landscape as a mantle; see that multitude of gorgeous colors, and consider the

unspeakable splendors of their delicate intermingling, as they revel in the yellow beams of the setting sun, who smiles lovingly upon them and kisses his darlings good-night! Verily, it would seem that such magnificence was the joint work of both the celestial and the terrestrial powers,

> "As when some great painter dips
> His brush in hues of earthquake and eclipse;"

and that some truant rainbow, based on either mountain, had bestridden the glen with its radiant arch, and whilst in the zenith of its glory had been smitten by a thunderbolt into small, glowing dust, whose shining atoms had been scattered down upon the outstretched arms of the waiting forest!

DEFINITIONS.—1. Fa mĭl'iar ly, intimately; fondly. 2. Im plĭc'it ly, without question or doubt. 3. In spīr'ing, cheering. 4. En nō'bling, making noble. 5. Incor rŭp'ti ble, not to be bribed; pure; upright. 6. In tĕg'ri ty, honesty. 7. Cŏm'mon er, one who is interested in the welfare of the common people. 8. Scārped, cut; carved. 9. Cōves, narrow valleys with steep sides. 10. Bi sĕct'ing, dividing into two parts. 11. Dis in'te grā'ting, crumbling. 12. Fĕld'spār', the mineral associated with quartz in granite. 13. Hôrn'blĕnde, another mineral found commonly with quartz in granite. It is black, or dark-green, or brown in color. 14. Me ăn'ders, wanderings. 15. Cŏn'ic al, round and tapering to a point. 16. Căn'o py, a roof-like covering. 17. De cĭd'u ous, shedding leaves every season. 18. Glĕn, a narrow valley. 19. Mag nĭf'i cence, splendor. 20. Vouch sāfed', granted. 21. *Re sur'gam*, I shall rise

again. 22. At tīre′, dress. 23. Rŭs′set, reddish brown. 24. Pro şā′ic, dull; commonplace. 25. In ĕx′pli ca ble, unexplainable. 26. Gôr′geous, fine; showy. 27. Rĕv′el, rejoice. 28. Ce lĕs′tial, heavenly. 29. Ter rĕs′tri al, earthly. 30. E clīpse′, darkness. 31. Be strĭd′den, crossed or stepped over. 32. Zē′nith, greatest height. 33. At′oms, small particles.

NOTE.—The Swan′an no′a valley opens into the French Broad near Asheville, North Carolina, and is one of the pleasures of "The Land of the Sky."

LESSON LXVIII.

The Shipwreck.

Lord Byron.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON was born in London in 1788. His father was descended from one of the Normans who accompanied William the Conqueror into England, but he was a man of little principle and soon wasted his wife's fortune, leaving her in poverty, with George not quite two years old. Mrs. Byron was thus forced to return to Scotland, her native home.

George was a handsome, intelligent boy, but one of his feet was deformed from birth. He was very sensitive about this defect, and at times morbidly so. When he was eleven years old, a granduncle of his died, leaving George the title of Lord Byron and an estate which included Newstead Abbey. Accordingly Lord Byron and his mother removed to Newstead Abbey, and George was sent to the famous school of Harrow to prepare for Cambridge. He remained at Cambridge only two years, and then published a collection of his poems, entitled "Hours of Idleness." This was severely criticised, but Lord Byron replied

in a book called "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," which more than silenced his critics.

Soon after this, Byron traveled on the Continent, and after spending two years abroad he returned to England and wrote a poetical version of his travels under the title, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." This was received with great applause, and Byron became the literary lion of the day. The flattery he received, however, did him no good. He began to lead a very wild life, and his friends urged him to marry, thinking he would then settle down to his work. He finally consented and married Miss Milbanke, but the marriage did not prove a happy one, and at the end of a year his wife went back to her parents. Byron then left England never to return. The remainder of his life was spent chiefly in Switzerland and Italy.

Some time after, when the Greeks were fighting to shake off the yoke of Turkey, Byron sympathized so much with them that he went over to help them in their struggle for freedom. He reached Missolonghi, in Greece, in January, 1824. In April of the same year he contracted a cold, which resulted in a fever that caused his death on the 19th of that month, at the early age of thirty-six. His remains were laid to rest in the little village church of Hucknall, near Newstead Abbey.

Byron at Harrow was "always cricketing, rebelling, fighting, and in all manner of mischief." He was a poor student, but a great reader of history, biography, and literature. He began to write poetry at the age of twelve. By nature and because of unfortunate circumstances, Byron was willful, passionate, reckless, and wayward; but he was affectionate, hated shams, loved justice, and sympathized with the oppressed in every land. He freely gave his life for Greek liberty.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hen-coops, spars,
  And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
  For yet they strove, although of no great use.
There was no light in heaven but a few stars;
  The boats put off, o'ercrowded with their crews;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And going down head-foremost—sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell;
  Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave;
Then some leaped overboard, with dreadful yell,
  As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned round her like a hell,
  And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first a universal shriek there rushed,
  Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
  Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
  Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Bōōms, long poles run out for the purpose of extending the bottom of a sail. 2. Spārs, pieces of timber used as masts, yards, booms, etc. 3. Tārs, sailors. 4. Hēēl, a leaning to one side. 5. Lûrch, a sudden roll. 6. Pōrt, an opening in the left side of a vessel. 7. An tĭc'i pate, to foresee and do beforehand that which is to be done. 8. Yạ̈wned, opened wide. 9. Grăp'ples, struggles. 10. U ni vẽr'sal, general. 11. Re môrse'less, pitiless; cruel. 12. Bĭl'lows, large waves. 13. Con vŭl'sive, spasmodic.

LESSON LXIX.

Waterloo.

Lord Byron.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did you not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet;
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and trembling of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high "The Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-notes of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes;
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife—
The morn, the marshaling in arms—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

DEFINITIONS.—1. Rĕv'el ry, joyous or sportive merry-making. 2. Beau'ty, fair women. 3. Chĭv'al ry, brave men. 4. Vo lŭp'tu ous, rich; full. 5. Mū'tu al, responsive. 6. Mŭs'ter ing, assembling. 7. Squạd'rŏn, a body of cavalry comprising two companies. 8. Impĕt'u ous, hurried. 9. Pĭ'brŏch, a wild, irregular kind of martial music played by Scottish Highlanders on the bagpipe, consisting usually of an air with abundant variations. 10. Clăns'man, member of a clan. 11. In ăn'i mate, lifeless. 12. Mōld'er, crumble away; decay. 13. Lŭst'y, vigorous. 14. Mär'shal ing, arranging in rank or order. 15. Pĕnt, confined. 16. Blĕnt, mingled.

NOTES.—"*Cameron's Gathering,*" one of the regimental tunes of the Cameron Highlanders, the Seventy-ninth Regiment of British Infantry.

Loch ĭĕl': The Camerons of Lochiel (Scotland) were famous in Scottish history for their valor and achievements in war.

Al'byn: Ancient name of the Scottish Highlands.

Evan's, Donald's: Sir Evan Cameron and his descendant Donald were distinguished chiefs of the Camerons of Lochiel.

Ardennes (Är dĕn'): A range of hills, many of them covered with forests of oak and beech, extending through Belgium and Northeast France.

LESSON LXX.

General R. E. Lee.

PART I.

1. The bearing of General Lee, as commander of the Southern army, calls to mind a description of Wellington, which seems applicable to Lee. Of Wellington it has been written: "No responsibility proved too heavy for his calm, assured, and fertile intellect. If he made a mistake, he repaired it before the enemy could profit by it. If his adversary made one, he took advantage of it with immediate decision. Always cool, sagacious, resolute, self-reliant, he was never at loss for expedients, never disturbed by any unforeseen accidents, never without a clear conception of the object to be achieved and the best way of achieving it."

2. No event in Lee's career portrays so fully the grandeur of his character, or so well illustrates his superb self-control, as the final scene at Appomattox. He believed "human virtue should be equal to human calamity," and was there to test his creed.

"After his interview with General Grant," writes General Long, who was present, "when General Lee again appeared, a shout of welcome instinctively ran through the army. But, instantly recollecting the sad occasion that brought him before them, their shouts sank into silence, every hat was raised, and the bronzed faces of thousands of grim warriors were bathed with tears. As he rode slowly along the lines, hundreds of his devoted veterans pressed around their noble chief, trying to take his hand, to touch his per-

son, or even to lay a hand upon his horse, thus exhibiting for him their great affection. In answer to these demonstrations of affection, the General could only falter a few broken sentences: 'Men, we have fought through the war together; I have done my best for you; my heart is too full to say more.'"

3. General Lee's influence over his men was remarkable. This was shown by the morale of his army, which seems rather to have increased than to have diminished, as, with the passing years, their duties became more arduous and more dangerous. Neither defeat nor disaster, not even starvation, appears to have lessened their confidence in their commander. This influence was further shown by their obedience to his orders against pillage, even when invading the enemy's country. To prevent pillage, under such conditions, is most difficult at all times; with an army poorly clad and worse fed, obedience evinces wonderful control. It may be truthfully added that his slightest wish was as law to his men; to know that "Uncle Robert," as they affectionately styled their general, desired any action, was sufficient to insure their ready obedience.

4. Lee and his soldiers were worthy of one another. The manliness and genius of the officer were nobly seconded by the courage and endurance of the soldiers. No man could hesitate to brave any danger or to suffer any hardship when he knew his commander endured these, and his great responsibilities, too, without a murmur. No man could complain of scanty clothing, when he had seen his general come into camp bearing in his hand a bag of home-made socks for his men. They knew all luxuries sent him by

friends were promptly turned over to the sick. They knew he had refused, when solicited by a Northern officer, to arrange a special cartel of exchange for his wounded son, because he "would ask no favor for his own that he could not ask for the humblest private in the army." They had heard of his declining the present of a house in Richmond, desiring rather that the donors would use the money "to relieve the families of our soldiers, who are in need of assistance, and more worthy of it than myself." When they went into battle, they felt assured that "Uncle Robert" would "do his best" for them, and that no lives would be uselessly sacrificed, if he could prevent. Therefore, they went forward with that assured confidence which only a trusted leader can inspire.

5. What impression has this grand personality made upon the world?

As for the South, it is almost impossible for one who has not lived among the Southern people to fully realize their enthusiastic devotion to General Lee. While the war was being waged, their feeling was one of love for the man and of pride in the soldier; since the struggle ended, to these sentiments has been added the deeper one of veneration.

6. These sentiments on the part of the Southern people for General Lee are only natural. Are they shared by others?—by the people of the North, or by Europeans? In answer to these questions, the following extract is well worth reproducing. At the time of his death, a leading New York paper had this to say: " . . . . We have long ceased to look upon him as the Confederate leader, but have claimed him as one of ourselves; have cherished and

felt proud of his military genius as belonging to us; have recounted and recorded his triumphs as our own; have extolled his virtue as reflecting upon us. Robert Edward Lee was an American, and the great nation that gave him birth would to-day be unworthy of such a son if she regarded him lightly.

7. "Never had mother a nobler son. In him the military genius of America was developed to a greater extent than ever before. In him all that was pure and lofty in mind and purpose found lodgment. Dignified without presumption, affable without familiarity, he united all those charms of manner which made him the idol of his friends and of his soldiers, and won for him the respect and admiration of the world. Even as, in the days of his triumph, glory did not intoxicate, so, when the dark clouds swept over him, adversity did not depress. From the hour that he surrendered his sword at Appomattox to the fatal autumn morning, he passed among men, noble in his quiet, simple dignity, displaying neither bitterness nor regret over the irrevocable past. He conquered us in misfortune by the grand manner in which he sustained himself, even as he dazzled us by his genius, when the tramp of his soldiers resounded through the valleys of Virginia.

8. "And for such a man we are all tears and sorrow to-day. Standing beside his grave, men of the South and men of the North can mourn, with all the bitterness of four years of warfare erased by this common bereavement. May this unity of grief—this unselfish manifestation over the loss of the Bayard of America—in the season of dead leaves and withered branches which this death ushers in, bloom

and blossom, like the distant coming spring, into flowers of a heartier accord."

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ap'pli ca ble, suitable; fit. 2. Ad'ver sary, enemy; opponent. 3. Sa gā'cious, shrewd; quick; wise. 4. Ex pē'di ents, plans; resources. 5. Con cĕp'tion, idea; view. 6. A chiēved, accomplished. 7. Por trāys', describes. 8. Crēēd, belief. 9. In stĭnc'tive ly, by natural impulse. 10. Vĕt'er ans, old soldiērs; soldiers of experience. 11. Dem'on strā'tions, expressions. 12. Mo'răle', spirit; confidence; courage. 13. Ar'du ous, difficult; hard. 14. Diş ăs'ter, calamity; mishap. 15. Pĭl'lage, plunder; depredation. 16. E vĭn'ces, makes evident. 17. In sūre', secure. 18. Sec'ond ed, supported. 19. So lĭc'it ed, asked earnestly; begged. 20. Car tĕl', agreement for exchange of prisoners. 21. Dō'nors, givers. 22. Ven'er ā'tion, the highest degree of respect and reverence. 23. Sĕn'ti ments, thoughts prompted by feeling; opinions. 24. Re count'ed, related. 25. Ex tŏlled', glorified; praised. 26. Af'fa ble, courteous; accessible. 27. Ad vĕr'si ty, calamity; distress. 28. De prĕss', dishearten. 29. Ir rĕv'o ca ble, unchangeable. 30. Sus tāined', bore. 31. Be rēave'ment, great sorrow.

NOTE.—*Wellington*, the great English general who defeated Napoleon at Waterloo, in Belgium, in 1815. "Perhaps the only hero of the Middle Ages who deserves the unmingled praise and admiration bestowed upon him. Simple, modest, a sterling friend and tender lover, pious, humane, brave, and generous, his character exhibits the full circle of human virtues." He died in 1524, lamented by friends and foes alike.

ARLINGTON HOUSE, ON THE POTOMAC, OPPOSITE WASHINGTON, D. C.

General R. E. Lee.

Part II.

1. In person, General Lee was notably handsome, being tall, erect, admirably proportioned, with an easy, graceful carriage. His features were nobly molded, refined, and intellectual; his expression, kind and winning. As Sydney Smith said of Francis Horner, "The ten commandments were stamped upon his countenance." His manners were dignified and courteous, yet not stiff. His character was grand in its completeness, no feature predominating to mar its perfect symmetry. His reputation is twofold, based upon the character of the man and the genius of the soldier. History records the lives of many great soldiers, and of not a few noble characters. But rarely are genius and moral grandeur found combined; when so united, Nature, proud of her handiwork, stamps the man as one of her heroes.

2. It is such a life we are now to sketch—the life of one who has attracted the love and devotion of a whole people—who has won the respect, even the admiration, of former enemies, and gained honor and reverence both at home and abroad. It was the rare combination of genius and humility, of strength and gentleness, of manly courage and womanly sympathy, that formed the charm of General Lee's character. Though a lifelong soldier, he showed none of the traits commonly attributed to one bred in camps and accustomed to the work of soldier life. Rather than the hardened soldier, he was a man of the tenderest heart, of the largest sympathy.

3. Of his childhood, the earliest statement extant is the comment of his father that "Robert was always good, and will be confirmed in his happy turn of mind by his ever-watchful and affectionate mother." Robert Lee was then only ten years old—an early age to establish such a happy reputation in his father's mind.

4. It has been said that a boy who falls in love with his mother is saved. Robert Lee's passionate devotion to his mother is proverbial. She once said to a friend, "Robert is both a son and a daughter to me;" and her grief at their separation, when he left home for West Point, was only less than his grief for her when they were parted by her death. His grief was excessive. One who was present has said that he could not attend the funeral ceremonies; that he paced to and fro the floor of her bedroom in inconsolable grief.

5. At the age of eighteen, Robert Lee entered West Point. Boys are not bad judges of character. They do not readily accord leadership among themselves to any boy who has not superior qualities. It is said that George Washington, even when a lad, so impressed his schoolmates with his honesty and manly sincerity that they were wont to choose him as the arbiter of their boyish disputes. A similar position was given Robert Lee by his fellow-cadets. The boys did not attempt to "haze" him, though the practice was rife at the time. Colonel John Macomb, U. S. A., who entered in 1828, has stated that he found cadet Lee the prominent figure of the corps at that date.

6. It is not necessary to review the story of General Lee's thirty years' service in the United States army; it is sufficient to say that every duty was performed with scrupulous

fidelity, that he rose from grade to grade, rewarded at each promotion by the encomiums of his superior officers. General Scott, as is well known, entertained the highest admiration for him. It is said that the general on one occasion declared in the most emphatic manner, "Colonel Robert E. Lee is the greatest soldier now living, and, if he ever gets the opportunity, he will prove himself the greatest captain of his time;" adding at another time, "His services are worth millions a day to any government."

7. When the Civil War broke out, Lee was offered the commandership-in-chief of the Federal army. This did not tempt him; but he loved his old army comrades, his superior officers, and the old flag. His sense of duty inclined him toward the South; his feelings were strongly knit around the Union. His decision cost him a terrible struggle. No wonder his wife wrote a friend, "My husband has wept over this terrible war; but he must, as a man of honor and a Virginian, share the destiny of his State." To the passionate appeal of General Scott, "For God's sake, don't resign, Lee!" he could only falter the reply, "I am compelled to; I cannot consult my feelings in this matter."

8. When appointed to the command of the Virginia forces, General Lee returned this brief acknowledgment: "Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention: Profoundly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, for which I must say I was not prepared, I accept the position assigned me by your partiality. I would have much preferred had your choice fallen upon an abler man. Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens, I devote myself to the service of my

native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword."

DEFINITIONS.—1. Nōt'a bly, remarkably; unusually. 2. Pro pōr'tioned, formed; shaped. 3. Dig'ni fied, stately; grand. 4. Coûr'te ous, refined; elegant. 5. Pre dŏm'i na ting, surpassing in strength. 6. Sym'-me try, harmonious proportion. 7. Gran'deur, greatness. 8. Hu mĭl'i ty, modesty; diffidence. 9. Trāits, qualities of character. 10. At trĭb'u ted, considered as belonging to. 11. Ex'tant, publicly known. 12. Cŏm'-ment, remark. 13. Con fĭrm', make firm. 14. Es tăb'-lish, to build up. 15. Pas'sion ate, strong; ardent. 16. De vō'tion, great love. 17. Pro vĕr'bi al, commonly known. 18. Ex cĕss'ive, extreme; vehement. 19. In'-con sōl'a ble, not to be consoled; disconsolate. 20. Ac côrd', concede; bestow. 21. Ar'bi ter, umpire; judge. 22. Scrụ'pū lous, conscientious. 23. Fī dĕl'i ty, faithfulness. 24. En cō'mi ums, praises. 25. Em phāt'ic, earnest. 26. Fạl'ter, stammer; speak brokenly. 27. Pro found'ly, deeply. 28. So lĕm'ni ty, seriousness. 29. As sīgned', appointed; allotted. 30. Par'ti ăl'i ty, favor.

NOTES.—*Sydney Smith* was an English clergyman, famous for his wit and humor.

Francis Horner was a British statesman.

LESSON LXXI.

The Bivouac of the Dead.

Theodore O'Hara.

THEODORE O'HARA was the son of Kane O'Hara, an Irish-American educator. He was born at Danville, Kentucky,

February 11, 1820, and was educated at first by his father, afterward at St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, Kentucky, where he was also for a time professor of Greek. He then practiced law, and in 1845 became an employee in the Treasury Department in Washington. The next year he was appointed assistant quartermaster of volunteers, with the rank of captain. He served with distinction in the Mexican War, also in several expeditions in behalf of Cuba. During the War of the States he commanded a fort at the entrance of Mobile Bay, and afterward he was appointed chief-of-staff of General Breckinridge, which post he retained until the close of the war. He then went into business at Columbus, Georgia, but soon retired to his plantation at Gerrytown, on the Chattahoochee, where he died of fever June 6, 1867. "The Bivouac of the Dead," his best-known poem, was written in 1847 to commemorate the reinterment of his comrades in the Mexican War. He lies buried among them in the State Cemetery in Frankfort, Kentucky.

1. The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
   The soldier's last tattoo;
   No more on life's parade shall meet
   The brave and daring few.
   On Fame's eternal camping-ground
   Their silent tents are spread,
   And Glory guards with solemn round
   The bivouac of the dead.

2. No answer of the foe's advance
   Now swells upon the wind,
   No troubled thought at midnight haunts
   Of loved ones left behind:
   No vision of the morrow's strife
   The warrior's dream alarms:
   No braying horn or screaming fife
   At dawn shall call to arms.

3. Their shivered swords are red with rust;
  Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
  Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
  The red stains from each brow,
And their proud forms, in battle gashed,
  Are free from anguish now.

4. The neighing steed, the flashing blade,
  The trumpet's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
  The din and shout, are past;
No war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
  Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more shall feel
  The rapture of the fight.

5. Like the dread northern hurricane
  That sweeps the broad plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
  Came down the serried foe.
Our heroes felt the shock, and leapt
  To meet them on the plain;
And long the pitying sky hath wept
  Above our gallant slain.

6. Sons of our consecrated ground,
  Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
  Along the sleepless air.

Your own proud land's heroic soil
  Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war her richest spoil—
  The ashes of her brave.

7. So 'neath their parent turf they rest,
  Far from the gory field;
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast,
  On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
  Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred hearts and eyes watch by
  The heroes' sepulchre.

8. Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
  Dear as the blood you gave:
No impious footsteps here shall tread
  The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
  While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
  Where Valor proudly sleeps.

9. Yon marble minstrel's voiceless tone
  In deathless songs shall tell,
When many a vanquished age hath flown,
  The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck nor change nor winter's blight,
  Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
  That gilds your glorious tomb.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Tăt tōō′, beat of drum at night, ordering soldiers to their quarters. 2. E tĕr′nal, everlasting. 3. Biv′ouac (bĭv′wăk), camping ground. 4. Häunts, stays to distress. 5. Strīfe, contest; struggle. 6. Mär′tial, warlike. 7. An′guish, great pain. 8. Răp′tūre, extreme and excited joy. 9. Sĕr′ried, crowded; compact. 10. Cŏn′se crā′ted, holy; sacred. 11. Re-şound′, echo. 12. Spoil, booty; gains. 13. Gō′ry, bloody. 14. Spär′tan, the Spartans were brave soldiers in ancient Greece. Their heroic dead were borne from the field on their shields. 15. Sĕp′ul chre, burial place, especially one made in rock or stone; tomb; vault. 16. Em bälmed′, preserved against decay. 17. Im′pi ous, irreverent. 18. Hal′lowed, blessed; sacred. 19. Văl′or, courage. 20. Mĭn′strel, poet; bard. 21. Van′quished (văn′kwĭsht), overcome; defeated. 22. Blĭght, decay; ruin. 23. Re môrse′less, cruel; merciless.

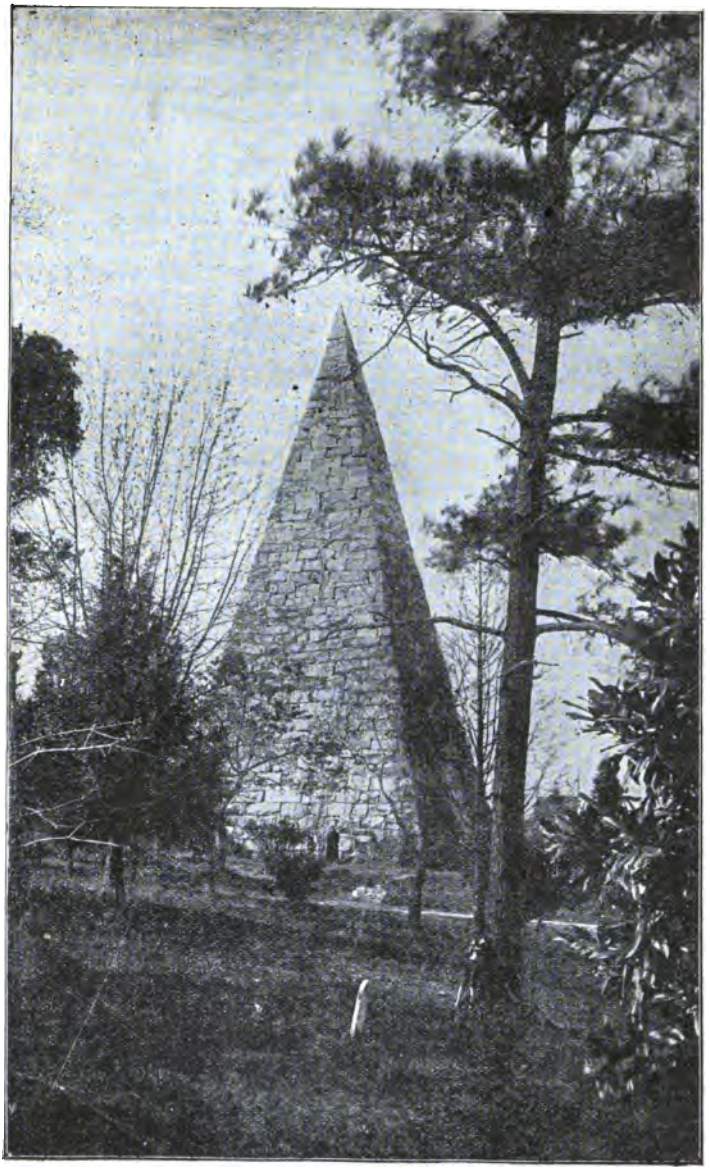
LESSON LXXII.

The Confederate Soldier.

Henry W. Grady.

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY, the most brilliant editor and captivating orator of the South since the days of Prentice, was born in Athens, Georgia, in 1850, and died in Atlanta in 1889.

Grady was a wonderfully fascinating figure everywhere—light-hearted, genial, and lovable by nature, full of wit and humor, incident and anecdote, sympathetic and generous, without the faintest trace of malice, a dominant force in politics, although shrinking from public office, public spirited in his aims, and at last giving his life for no personal end, but for the final recon-



THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

ciliation between the North and the South. The pneumonia that brought him to his untimely end was contracted while speaking eloquently the sentiment of national reunion in the sharp, open air of Boston.

This selection is taken from a speech delivered by Henry W. Grady before the New England Society at its annual banquet in New York city, on the night of December 22, 1886. His reputation as an orator had not yet reached the metropolis, and he was almost unknown to the greater part of the large audience he addressed. The company was a most distinguished one, composed of eminent lawyers, scientists, journalists, etc. In fact, all professions were represented. Dr. Talmage delivered a fervid oration, in which he pictured the achievements of the victorious armies of the North, and drew a touching picture of the soldier's return to his home after the war. Mr. Grady's speech was a great success, and produced unbounded enthusiasm everywhere. As soon as he took his seat, he was overwhelmed with congratulations, and was made the lion of the occasion.

1. Dr. Talmage has drawn for you with a master hand the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war?—an army that marched home in defeat, and not in victory—in pathos, and not in splendor; but in glory that equaled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home. Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865.

2. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by wants and wounds; having fought to exhaus-

tion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find? Let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful?

3. He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barn empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system—feudal in its magnificence—swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone, without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and, besides all this, he is confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

4. What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were

green with the harvest of June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work.

5. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. "Bill Arp" struck the keynote when he said, "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I am going to work." Or they were like the soldier returning home after defeat, who, while roasting some corn on the roadside, made the remark to his comrades, "You may leave the South if you want to, but I am going to Sandersville, kiss my wife and raise a crop; and, if the Yankees fool with me any more, I will whip 'em again." I want to say to General Sherman—who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is rather careless about fire—that from the ashes he left us in 1864, we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory.

6. But in all this what have we accomplished? What is the sum of our work? We have found out that in the general summary the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the school-house on the hilltop, and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics. We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your ironmakers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that the $400,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich, when the supplies that make

it are home-raised. We have learned that one Northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners, and have smoothed the path to southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung out our latchstring to you and yours.

7. We have reached the point that makes perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did "before the war." We have established thrift in the city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crab-grass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee, as he manufactures relics of the battle-field in a one-story shanty, and squeezes pure olive oil out of his cotton seed, against any downeaster that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausages in the valley of Vermont.

8. Above all, we know that we have achieved in these "piping times of peace" a fuller independence for the South than that which our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence, or compel on the field by their swords.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided, perhaps, but

beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave, and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial, and political institutions, we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Pa'thos, that which excites pity, sorrow, grief. 2. Pa rōle', a release from imprisonment given to a prisoner of war in exchange for his word of honor to keep the promises he makes to his captors. 3. Tes'ti mony, evidence. 4. Fi del'i ty, faithfulness; loyalty. 5. Ex haus'tion, complete weariness. 6. Păl'lid, pale. 7. Dev'as ta'ted, laid waste; pillaged. 8. Feu'dal, lordly; grand. 9. Stā'tus, condition; state. 10. Tradi'tions, opinions or practices handed down from one generation to another. 11. Sul'len ness, ill-humor; gloominess. 12. Ad vēr'si ty, calamity; distress. 13. Res'to rā'tion, recovery. 14. Ig nō'ble, unworthy. 15. Sŭm'ma ry, result. 16. Thē'o ries, ideas; schemes. 17. Chăl'lenged, summoned to contest. 18. Här'mo ny, peace; agreement. 19. Thrĭft, prosperity. 20. Fō'rum, a place for public meeting and speaking. 21. Prŏstrate, deprived of strength; lying helpless.

LESSON LXXIII.

The Song of Steam.

George W. Cutter.

George W. Cutter was born in Massachusetts in 1809; lived many years in Kentucky; was a soldier in the Mexican War; died in Washington, District of Columbia, in 1865.

1. Harness me down with your iron bands,
   Be sure of your curb and rein;
   For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
   As a tempest scorns a chain.
   How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
   For many a countless hour,
   At the childish boasts of human might,
   And the pride of human power!

2. When I saw an army upon the land,
   A navy upon the seas,
   Creeping along, a snail-like band,
   Or waiting the wayward breeze;
   When I marked the peasant faintly reel
   With the toil that he daily bore,
   As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
   Or tugged at the weary oar;

3. When I measured the panting courser's speed,
   The flight of the carrier dove,
   As they bore the law a king decreed,
   Or the lines of impatient love,

THE SONG OF STEAM.

I could but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

4. Ha! ha! ha! ha! they found me at last,
They invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast,
And laughed in my iron strength!
Oh, then ye saw a wondrous change,
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide!

5. Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,
The mountain's steep decline:
Time—space—have yielded to my power—
The world, the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline,
The giant streams of the queenly West,
Or the Orient floods divine!

6. The ocean pales wherever I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice,
And monsters of the briny deep
Cower trembling at my voice.
I carry the wealth of the lord of earth,
The thoughts of his godlike mind;
The wind lags after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind.

7. In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun's decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day;
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

8. I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put in print
On every Saturday eve.

9. I've no muscles to weary, no brains to decay,
No bones to be laid on the shelf;
And soon I intend you may go and play,
While I manage the world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns the chain.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Con cēaled′, hid. 2. Cōurs′er, a swift horse. 3. De crēēd′, announced; ordered. 4. O′rĭ ent, East. 5. Cow′er, tremble; quail. 6. Făth′om less, not to be measured.

LESSON LXXIV.

An April Day.

Caroline A. B. Southey.

CAROLINE A. B. SOUTHEY was the second wife of Robert Southey, who was Poet Laureate of England from 1813 to 1843. She was a woman of excellent literary taste and wrote simple verse charmingly.

All day the low-hung clouds have dropped
  Their garnered fullness down;
All day that soft, gray mist hath wrapped
  Hill, valley, grove, and town.

There has not been a sound to-day
  To break the calm of nature;
Nor motion, I might almost say,
  Of life, or living creature;

Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
  Or cattle faintly lowing:
I could have half believed I heard
  The leaves and blossoms growing.

I stood to hear—I love it well—
  The rain's continuous sound;
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
  Down straight into the ground.

For leafy thickness is not yet,
  Earth's naked breast to screen;
Though every dripping branch is set
  With shoots of tender green.

Sure, since I looked at early morn,
  Those honeysuckle buds
Have swelled to double growth; that thorn
  Hath put forth larger studs.

That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
  The milk-white flowers revealing;
Even now, upon my senses first
  Methinks their sweets are stealing.

The very earth, the steamy air,
  Is all with fragrance rife;
And grace and beauty everywhere
  Are flushing into life.

Down, down they come—those fruitful stores,
  Those earth-rejoicing drops!
A momentary deluge pours,
  And thins, decreases, stops.

And ere the dimples on the stream
  Have circled out of sight,
Lo! from the west a parting gleam
  Breaks forth, of amber light.

But yet behold—abrupt and loud,
  Comes down the glittering rain;
The farewell of a passing cloud,
  The fringes of her train.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Gär'nered, gathered; laid up for harvest. 2. Con tīn'u ous, without interruption. 3. Studs, stems. 4. Scrēēn, protect. 5. Clēav'ing, stick-

ing closely. 6. Cōnes, here, the meaning is flower buds. 7. Rīfe, abounding. 8. Mo′men tary, lasting only a moment. 9. Del′uge, flood. 10. Am′ber, yellow.

LESSON LXXV.

The Battle of Manila.

J. W. Buel.

PART I.

Boom! Boom! Boom! It is the dirge of the war guns drowning the voice of the sea. Swish and patter and screech; shrapnel, shell, and solid shot are filling the air with horrific sounds, and decks run red with the blood of sacrifice. Dewey is before Manila! Under the cover of night, past the sleeping forts where the enemy lay, through the treacherous waters where many a hidden mine was laid, brave Dewey led his fleet into the Bay of Manila on Sunday morning, May 1, 1898. No American will ever forget the date, and the story of his heroism will be told as long as there remains an ear to hear it, as long as our proud and grateful country can remember the names of Jones, Bainbridge, Perry, Decatur, and Lawrence.

On April 26, Commodore George Dewey was ordered from Hong-Kong to seek and destroy the Spanish fleet, which was known to be guarding the capital of the Philippines. Without delaying to ask for specific information about the strength of the enemy he sailed at once for Manila with his squadron of the following vessels:

"Olympia" (flag-ship), "Baltimore," "Boston," "Concord," "Raleigh," "Petrel," and revenue cutter "McCulloch."

The harbor of Manila is one of the finest in the world, in many respects resembling that of Havana, in which a thousand ships may anchor in safety. While the bay is a wide expanse, the entrance is narrow, for at the harbor mouth is

BATTLE OF MANILA.

an island, called Corregidor, on which are strong fortifications, while the channel is strewn with submarine mines, that render the passage of an enemy's ships perilous in the extreme. Within the bay the shores bristle with high-power rifles, for Manila has long been regarded as the most precious jewel in Spain's colonial coronet, and she has taken great pains to make her possession secure.

Commodore Dewey had no exact knowledge of the de-

Corregidor (Cor rā′he dor).

fences of Manila, nor was he advised as to the strength of the Spanish fleet, but he knew how to obey orders, and without hesitating to consider the dangers that he must encounter he proceeded with dispatch and enthusiasm to execute his duty. The distance from Hong-Kong to Manila is 628 miles, which he traversed in three days, and on the evening of April 30 his fleet anchored off the shore hills of Luzon to await the coming of night, under the cover of which he had determined to pass the Corregidor batteries.

At twelve o'clock the squadron got under way again, with the flag-ship "Olympia" leading, and by slow steaming, with lights obscured, the seven vessels slipped past Corregidor undiscovered, to a position well within the bay. When daylight revealed his surroundings, Dewey saw the strong fortifications of Cavite looming up before him in frowning prominence, before which lay the Spanish fleet of fourteen vessels, commanded by Admiral Montijo, ready to give him battle.

Lu zōn'. Montijo (Mōn tee'ho).

DEFINITIONS.—1. Dĭrġe, a funeral song. 2. Shrăp'nel, an explosive shell filled with bullets. 3. Hor rĭf'ic, frightful. 4. Trĕach'er ous, like a traitor; deceitful. 5. Spe cĭf'ic, definite; precise. 6. Squạd'rŏn, a number of vessels commanded by the senior officer. 7. Cŭt'ter, a small armed vessel, usually a steamer in the marine revenue service. 8. Ex pănse', wide extent of space. 9. Sub'ma rīne', under the sea. 10. En coun'ter, meet face to face; struggle with. 11. Dis pătch', haste; speed. 12. Ex'e cūte, carry into effect; perform. 13. Trăv'ersed, crossed. 14. An'chored (an'kĕrd), cast anchor, rested.

15. Ob scūred′, shaded; hidden. 16. Re vēaled′, made known; disclosed; showed. 17. Lōōm′ing, rising.

NOTES.—*John Paul Jones*, the great naval hero of the Revolutionary War, was a Scotchman, settled in Virginia when the war commenced. His deeds of daring are almost incredible. He died in poverty in Paris in 1792. Strange to say, the place of his burial is unknown.

Commodore William Bainbridge, a naval hero of the War of 1812, was born in New Jersey in 1774. His flag-ship, the Constitution, or "Old Ironsides," as she was fondly called (forty-four guns), defeated and captured the British frigate, the Java (forty-nine guns), in 1812 off the coast of Brazil, with a loss of only five killed. This is one of the famous sea fights in our history. Bainbridge died in Philadelphia in 1833.

Captain James Lawrence, whose fame as a hero was won in defeat, was born in New Hampshire in 1781. He fought the British ship Shannon, off the Massachusetts coast in 1813, with the Chesapeake, and a raw, half-mutinous crew. He was mortally wounded early in the fight. While being carried below, he uttered those stirring words, known to every American sailor, "Don't give up the ship, boys." He lies buried in Trinity church-yard, in New York city.

Commodore Oliver H. Perry (born in Rhode Island in 1785; died in 1819; buried in Newport;) fought the most famous sea fight of the War of 1812. With nine small vessels carrying fifty-four guns he defeated and captured the English squadron of six vessels carrying sixty-three guns, on Lake Erie, in 1813. His flag-ship was the Lawrence. The banner at its masthead bore the words, "Don't give up the ship." The Lawrence was completely disabled early in the action, and nearly all of her men killed or wounded. Jumping into a small boat, and, standing erect, a target for a score of guns, he was rowed to the Niagara—a gallant feat which history, art, and song will never weary of celebrating. Eight minutes after reaching the Niagara, the British flag-ship surrendered. The announcement of his victory contains these famous words: "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

Commodore Stephen Decatur, Jr., was born in Maryland in 1779. He died in 1820 from a wound received in a duel with Commodore James Barron. Decatur came of fighting stock. His father was naval captain. His son was Commodore Decatur, of the Civil

War. When Stephen Decatur was a lieutenant in the navy, he performed a brilliant and daring feat in the harbor of Tripoli, in 1804. With seventy-six comrades he sailed into the harbor, right under the guns of the fort, boarded one of our captured ships, killed or drove into the sea its captors, set her on fire and escaped without the loss of a man.

The Battle of Manila.

Part II.

At five o'clock a gun from Cavite boomed out its defiant challenge. The "Olympia" responded with a volley from her eight-inch rifles, and immediately a terrific conflict began. The enemy's fleet consisted of eleven vessels and three torpedo boats. The number of officers and men on the American vessels was 1,756, while opposed to them were 1,872 Spanish seamen. Though the guns and ships of our fleet were heavier than those of the enemy, Dewey was at a disadvantage because of having to divide his fire between the enemy's more numerous vessels and the strong fortifications on shore, upon which were mounted many high-power Krupp and Armstrong cannon. Besides, he had to fight in waters that were known to be planted with mines and torpedoes. The attempt to reduce the Spanish stronghold and their fleet at the same time was an undertaking of the most hazardous character, the results of which have no parallel in the annals of naval warfare. The superiority of American gunners was conspicuously demonstrated in this engagement, while the commander's skill in manœu-

Cā vĭ tē′.

vering his ships proved his remarkable sagacity, for by moving them in a circle he was able to deliver successive broadsides along the line, and prevent the enemy from obtaining his range. Every shot seemed to be accurately delivered, and with such rapidity that in less than two hours of actual fighting the guns of every fort in the harbor had been silenced and the enemy's fleet was totally destroyed. The Spanish flag-ship was first to succumb, a shell having exploded on the deck and set her on fire. When the flames made it impossible to remain by his ship any longer, Admiral Montijo escaped in an open boat to the "Don Antonio de Ulloa," but while he was in the act of mounting to the deck a solid shot from one of the "Boston's" big guns went ripping through the sides of the vessel, near the water line, followed by a shell that exploded her boiler, and a moment later she sank stern first, taking many of her crew down with her. Montijo again escaped, however, and managed to reach the shore as the last vessel of his fleet disappeared, all save one torpedo boat, which managed to escape the rain of shot and shell and gain the beach, where she was abandoned by her crew. One torpedo boat made a bold dash for the "Olympia" in a heroic effort to discharge one of her destructive missiles, but before she had approached within half a mile she was completely torn in pieces by a hail from rapid-fire guns, and the second torpedo boat was similarly destroyed while retreating toward Manila.

The loss to the Spaniards in this remarkable engagement approximated $6,000,000 in money and nearly 300 men,

Don An tō'nio de̲ Ul loa' (Ul yoa').

while, astonishing to relate, the casualties to the Americans were eight men wounded, none fatally, and damage to only one vessel, the "Baltimore," that did not exceed $5,000.

When full report of the battle was made and all the attending circumstances came to be fully known, the opinion was universal among naval experts, and by them freely expressed, that Dewey's achievement was the most remarkable in the annals of sea fighting. It appeared incredible that with a fleet little superior in fighting strength to that of the enemy, and having to brave the perils of strange waters that were known to be sowed with mines and torpedoes, and to engage nine heavy shore batteries, Dewey could utterly destroy all the forces opposed to him without great loss himself.

The news of Dewey's great victory was received throughout America with demonstrations of unrestrainable joy; his name was pronounced with universal acclaim; the whole nation went into celebration, and no one was able to conceive an honor great enough to fit him. In grateful recognition of the heroism of Commodore Dewey and his valiant officers and men, and to voice the nation's appreciation of their incomparable achievement, President McKinley sent a message to Congress on the ninth, recommending a vote of thanks be given them. In addition to these honors, a bill passed Congress on the same date raising the number of rear-admirals from six to seven, and providing for Dewey's promotion to this high position; and the sum of $10,000 was also appropriated to purchase a sword for the great commander, and for medals to be bestowed upon the officers and men who so gallantly distinguished themselves.

DEFINITIONS.—1. De fī'ant, bold; insolent. 2. Vŏl'ley, a discharge of several guns. 3. Hăz'ard ous, perilous; uncertain. 4. Con spĭc'u ous ly, very plainly. 5. Dem'on strā ted, proved; exhibited. 6. Ma nœu'vering, managing; moving in order of battle. 7. Sa găc'i ty, ready and accurate judgment. 8. Broad'side, a discharge from all the guns on one side of a ship at the same time. 9. Suc cŭmb', to be disabled. 10. Mĭs'siles, shot. 11. Ap prŏx'i ma ted, came near; approached. 12. Căş'u al, accidental; coming by chance. 13. A chiēve'ment, performance; deed. 14. In crĕd'i ble, hardly to be believed. 15. Un re strāin'a ble, not to be restrained. 16. Ac clāim', applause. 17. Con cēive', form; plan. 18. In com'pa ra ble, matchless. 19. Ap prō'pri a ted, set apart. 20. Dis tĭn'guished, glorified.

NOTE.—Krupp cannon are made in the steel works of Herr Krupp at Essen, Prussia. These works cover over 1,000 acres and employ about 20,000 workmen. Armstrong cannon are made at the works established by Lord Armstrong at Newcastle, England.

LESSON LXXVI.

The First Thanksgiving Dinner.

Clifford Howard.

PART I.

1. Amid the mirth and music of our yearly celebration of Thanksgiving Day, there breathes the spirit of a festival, whose story carries us back through the vistas of time, far beyond dear grandmother's memory of the good old Thanksgiving Days of her childhood. It takes us back through the troublous days of our country's struggle for

independence; back through the scenes of the old colonial days, when the Thanksgiving turkey roasted before a log fire; aye, back to the very threshold of our country and our liberty—back to the days of the Pilgrim fathers at Plymouth, two hundred and seventy-six years ago. There, in the autumn of 1621, amid the boundless wilderness of a new world, the first Thanksgiving was celebrated.

2. Well-nigh impossible is it for us on the borderland of the twentieth century to realize the forlorn, destitute condition of that little band of men, women, and children, alone on the wild and barren coast of New England, in their infant settlement at Plymouth; and well may we marvel at the loyalty of heart and the steadfastness of faith that, through the all-surrounding darkness of their bitter trials and sufferings, enabled them to behold the light of Providence, and to rejoice in a feast of thanksgiving.

3. It was on the twenty-first of November, in the year 1620, that the *Mayflower*, with its company of Pilgrims—one hundred and two in number—came to anchor at Cape Cod, after a stormy voyage of over nine weeks, during which their small, overburdened ship had more than once been threatened with destruction. And now, as they looked upon the land that was to be their home, separated by the vast ocean from friends and dear ones, and from all the civilized world, they beheld naught but an unbroken stretch of wilderness mingling with the gloom of the cold November skies; a spot so drear, so barren, so uninviting, and withal so unsuitable, that they ventured not to leave their vessel, but sent out small exploring parties to search for a more likely harbor.

4. Under the leadership of the redoubtable Miles Standish, the stronger men of the company explored the coast, sometimes on foot through the depths of the trackless forest, and again sailing along the shore in their open boat. They were ever exposed to the fury of the winter weather, oftentimes suffering from hunger and cold, constantly threatened with attacks from the prowling savages, sleeping in the open air at night in their drenched and frozen garments, yet always cheerful and courageous. Finally, on the ever-memorable twenty-first of December, they reached the harbor of Plymouth, and, stepping from their boat upon Plymouth Rock, they landed on the spot destined for the settlement of the first New England colony.

5. Among those who on that day stood upon Plymouth Rock, were William Bradford, Edward Winslow, and John Carver, men whose names, with that of William Brewster, their revered elder, are expressive of all that is grand and noble—men who willingly forsook the comforts of life for the sake of their religion and of freedom.

6. Filled with gladness at their success in having at last found a place for settlement, the exploring party returned to the vessel, only to be met with the sad news that during their absence the wife of Bradford had fallen overboard and was drowned. Great as was this bereavement, it was but the first of many that were to try the souls and glorify the faith of these heroic people. Five days later the *Mayflower* brought her company of Pilgrims to the spot selected for their home; and, after their customary prayer for divine guidance, they chose a site for the erection of the houses and dwellings.

7. In the midst of a storm of snow and wind, the men and larger boys went ashore to begin at once the work of settlement. With naught to shield them from the blast, and exposed to the danger of assault from the Indians, these brave and hardy builders worked with a will, felling and cutting timber, and carrying the rough-hewn logs on their backs to the open space chosen for their houses. But with the advent of Sunday all labor was suspended, notwithstanding they were without the shelter of a roof. No work was allowed to profane the Lord's Day.

8. During the succeeding days, the task of building was carried on without intermission, amid unbounded hardships and difficulties. The houses were rudely constructed of logs, and protected as much as possible from the weather by a thatching of frozen sod, which was laboriously dug from beneath the snow and ice. As the work progressed, the women and children came ashore with the household furniture. But scarcely had the labor of providing habitations begun when the struggling colonists, in their heroic battle of faith against the fearful odds that seemed ever ready to overwhelm them, were stricken with an epidemic of sickness, as the result of exposure and insufficient food, and, within the next three months, forty-six of their number—nearly one-half of the entire party—perished.

9. At one time during that awful winter, there were only seven who had strength enough to minister to the dying and bury the dead. Destitute of all comforts and necessary provision, the sick lay crowded together in a hastily improvised hospital and in their unfurnished dwellings, through the crevices of which the snow drifted in from the great

white heaps that half covered these forlorn habitations. The dead were buried at night, lest the Indians should know the weak condition of the colony. One by one, the departed loved ones were laid to rest beneath the snow, on a barren bluff near the water's edge.

10. With the arrival of spring, the desolate colony rallied from its struggle with death to find its little band reduced to barely more than half a hundred souls. Not one had escaped the inscrutable scourge of God. Silently the heart of each of the survivors wept for the voice of some loved one now forever stilled. But with the courage and zeal that had sustained them in their terrible calamity, and with the sublime faith that overspread their dark and troublous paths with the radiance of hope and comfort, they went bravely forward in the work they had undertaken, thanking God for their deliverance, and invoking His further guidance in their labors. Calmly they watched the departure of their little vessel, the *Mayflower*—the last and only bond between them and the world—as it sailed slowly out of the harbor in the bright sunshine of a morning in April, while the fragrance of the early flowers and the songs of merry birds awoke in their hearts the dreams and visions of far-away homes across the sea. The captain of the vessel had offered them a free passage to England, but they had refused with resolute firmness. Not one even considered the offer of the generous captain to return. They had put their hands to the plow, and would not look back. Their duty to God and to those who lay buried on the brow of yonder hill clearly demanded that they should remain and fulfill the task that Providence had assigned them.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Vīs'tas, views or prospects, as along an avenue of trees. 2. Thrĕsh'old, beginning; outset. 3. Bôr'der land', boundary line; verge. 4. Dĕs'ti tūte, needy; poor. 5. Mär'vel, wonder. 6. Loy'al ty, devotion; love. 7. Stĕad'fast ness, steadiness; trueness. 8. Re doubt'a ble, brave; valiant. 9. Prowl'ing, wandering stealthily as if in search of prey. 10. Mĕm'o ra ble, worthy to be remembered. 11. Re vēred', honored. 12. El'der, pastor; minister. 13. Be rēave'ment, sorrow; misfortune. 14. Sīte, place; situation. 15. E rĕc'tion, building or constructing. 16. Shiēld, to protect. 17. Ad'vent, coming; arrival. 18. Sus pĕnd'ed, stopped for a time. 19. Pro fāne', defile; dishonor. 20. In'ter mīs'sion, stop; rest. 21. Ep i dĕm'ic, distress affecting a number of persons. 22. Im'pro vised, provided on the spur of the moment. 23. Blŭff, a high, steep bank. 24. Hab'i ta'tions, dwelling-places. 25. In scrụ'ta ble, not to be understood. 26. Scourge, severe affliction. 27. Sur vīv'ors, the living. 28. Rā'di ance, brightness. 29. De līv'er ance, state of being freed from danger, sickness, etc. 30. In vōk'ing, calling for; imploring. 31. Rĕs'o lute, steadfast; steady; firm.

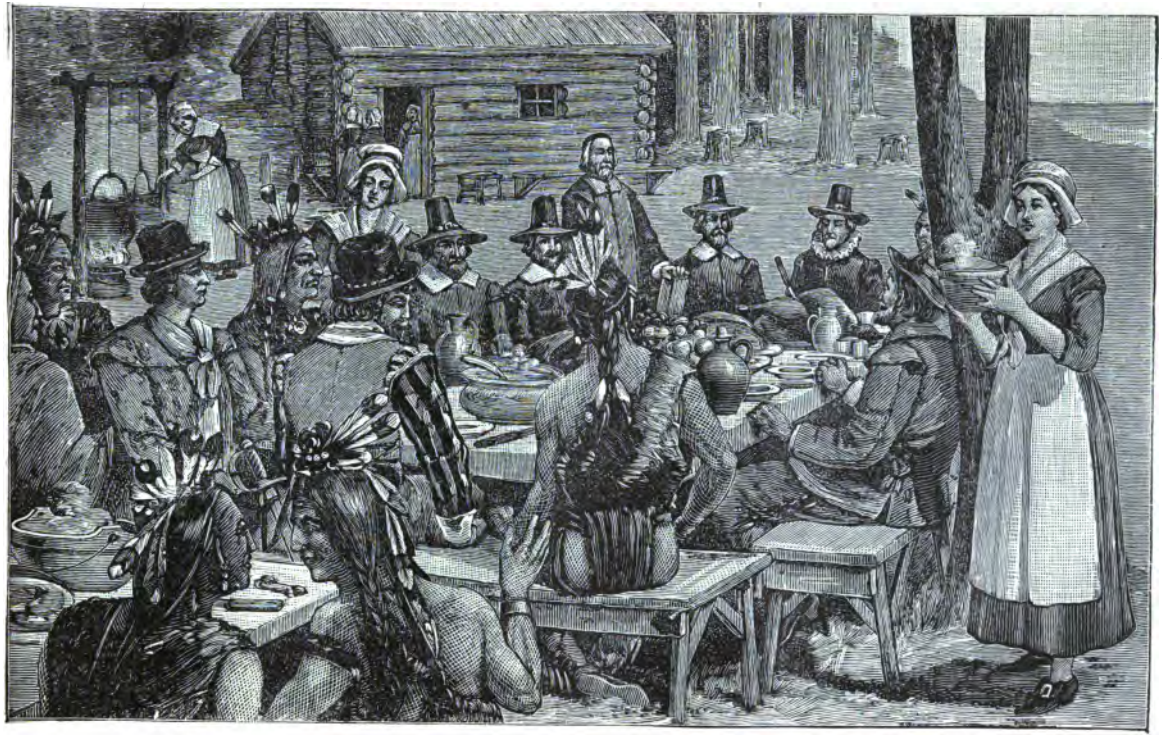
The First Thanksgiving Dinner.

PART II.

1. Always ready to acknowledge the mercies of God, the Pilgrims looked upon their life during the ensuing months as a happy and prosperous one. In his quaint style, Governor Bradford tells us that "They began now to gather in ye small harvest they had, and to fit up their

houses and dwellings against winter, being all well recovered in health and strength, and had all things in good plenty." To the minds of these devout men and women, the Lord had given them more than ordinary cause for gratitude, and, accordingly, the governor issued a proclamation appointing a Feast of Thanksgiving, that they might in a more special manner rejoice together. Gunners were sent into the woods for wild turkeys, which abounded there in great numbers; kitchens were made ready for preparing the feast—especially the large one in Dame Brewster's house, which was under the immediate direction and charge of Priscilla Molines, she who afterward became the wife of John Alden—while a messenger was dispatched to invite Massasoit, the chief of the friendly tribe, to attend the celebration.

2. Early on the morning of the appointed Thursday—about the first of November—Massasoit and ninety of his warriors arrived on the outskirts of the village, and with wild yells announced their readiness to enjoy the hospitality of their white brethren. The little settlement, which now consisted of seven dwellings and four public buildings, was soon astir with men, women, and children, who gave the Indians a hearty welcome, as they filed into the large square in front of the governor's house. Soon the roll of a drum announced the hour of prayer, for no day was begun without this religious service; and, as the people gathered together in their meeting-house, and as the tender music of their voices floated out on the morning air, the wondering savages stood by motionless and mute, in unconscious reverence. Then followed a holiday of feasting and recreation,



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

which continued not only that day but during the two succeeding days.

3. The usual routine of duties was suspended; the children romped about in merry play; the young men indulged in athletic sports and games, in friendly rivalry with the Indians; the little American army of twenty men, under the leadership of Miles Standish, went through its drill and manual of arms, to the great delight and astonishment of the natives, while the women busied themselves in the careful preparation of the excellent meals, which were eaten in the open air. But, in the midst of these festivities, the real object and purpose of the celebration was never allowed to be overlooked: each meal was made the occasion of a special service of thanksgiving, and each day was closed with fervent prayer and song expressive of heartfelt gratitude.

4. The state dinner of the occasion—the real Thanksgiving dinner—took place on Saturday, the last day of the celebration. Notwithstanding that the kitchens of these wilderness homes were sadly wanting in many of the most common essentials of cookery, there was no lack of good things nor of appetizing dishes at this great feast. The earth, the air, and the water had yielded of their bountiful supplies, and the good dames had done honor to their skill and ingenuity by setting before their hungry guests and companions a repast as sumptuous and tempting as it was varied and delightful. Foremost of all there was roast turkey, dressed with beechnuts; then came rare venison pasties, savory meat stews with dumpling of barley flour, delicious oysters (the gift of the Indians, and the first ever

tasted by the white men), great bowls of clam chowder with sea biscuit floating on the steaming broth, roasts of all kinds, broiled fish, salads, cakes and plum porridge; while the center of each of the long tables was adorned with a large basket overflowing with wild grapes and plums and nuts of every variety.

5. It was the time of the Indian summer. The soft, mellow sunlight shone warmly through the drowsy haze, illuminating the somber woodland with a rich golden light, while the gentle winds of the south, laden with the sweet perfumes of the forest, came as a lingering dream of summer to add to the joy and brightness of this Thanksgiving feast. Upon the balmy air arose the hum of many voices and the merry music of laughter, as the Pilgrims with their Indian guests partook of the feast that the Provider of all things had given them.

6. There, amid the forest wilds of a new and unknown world, in a home whose short history was one of unparalleled tribulation and sacrifice, and whose future gave promise of naught but gloom and darkness, the first Thanksgiving was celebrated.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ac knowl'edge, to confess; to own or admit. 2. En sụ'ing, following. 3. Quāint, odd. 4. Ye, the. 5. De vout', pure; earnest; pious. 6. Prŏc'lą mā'tion, official or general notice. 7. Dispătched', sent off; hastened. 8. Hos'pi tăl'i ty, the spirit, practice, or the act of receiving and entertaining strangers and guests without reward and with kindness and consideration. 9. Rĕv'er ence, awe; veneration. 10. Rĕc're ā'tion, refreshment of body or mind after toil.

11. Rou tīne′, usual order. 12. Ath lĕt′ ic, belonging to manly exercises; robust. 13. Es sĕn′tials, necessaries. 14. Fes tĭv′i ties, social enjoyment or merriment. 15. Boun′ti ful, full; abundant. 16. In′ge nū′i ty, inventive power. 17. Re pȧst′, meal. 18. Sŭmp′tu ous, costly; splendid. 19. Il lū′mi na′ting, lighting up; adorning. 20. Sŏm′ber, dull; gloomy; grave. 21. Trĭb′u lā′tion, affliction. 22. Sac′ri fice (sak′ri fīz), loss incurred.

LESSON LXXVII.

The Bison-Track.

Bayard Taylor.

BAYARD TAYLOR, one of the best-known and best-loved men of letters in America, was born in Pennsylvania in 1825. He began life amid humble surroundings, without money or friends, and with little or no education, yet he came to be famous as a traveler, in demand as a journalist and critic, popular as a lecturer and novelist, renowned as a German scholar, and admired as a poet. He lived to be our Minister to Germany, and died at fifty-three, the friend and favorite of the foremost literary men of his country.

Strike the tent! the sun has risen; not a cloud has ribbed the dawn,
And the frosted prairie brightens to the westward, far and wan.
Prime afresh the trusty rifle, sharpen well the hunting-spear,
For the frozen sod is trembling, and a noise of herds I hear.

See! a dusky line approaches; hark! the onward-surging roar,
Like the din of wintry breakers on a sounding wall of shore!
Dust and sand behind them whirling, snort the foremost of the van,
And the stubborn horns are striking through the crowded caravan.

Now the storm is down upon us; let the maddened horses go!
We shall ride the living whirlwind, though a hundred leagues it blow!
Though the surgy manes should thicken and the red eyes' angry glare
Lighten round us as we gallop through the sand and rushing air!

Myriad hoofs will scan the prairie in our wild and restless race,
And a sound like mighty waters thunder down the desert space;
Yet the rein may not be tightened, nor the rider's eye look back;
Death to him whose speed should slacken on the maddened bison's track!

Now the trampling herds are threatened, and the chase is close and warm,
For the giant bull that gallops in the edges of the storm.
Hurl your lassos swift and fearless; swing your rifles as we run!
Ha! the dust is red before him: shout, my brothers, he is won!

Look not on him as he staggers; 'tis the last shot he will need;
More shall fall among his fellows ere we run the bold stampede;
Ere we stem the swarthy breakers: while the wolves, a hungry pack,
Howl around each grim-eyed carcass, on the bloody bison-track!

DEFINITIONS.—1. Rĭbbed, streaked. 2. Wạn, pale; white. 3. Prīme, prepare; apply primers to. 4. Văn, the front column. 5. Căr'a van, company of travelers. 6. Lēague, three miles. 7. Mŷr'i ad, countless. 8. Scăn, pass over. 9. Stăm pēde', a wild, headlong running of a number of animals.

LESSON LXXVIII.

"Annie Laurie."

Bayard Taylor.

There are few Scotch songs so well known and so universally popular as "Annie Laurie." During the Crimean War (1853-1856), when the allied French and English troops were bombarding the Russian fortifications, the night before the storming of the "Malakoff," the English soldiers all sang "Annie Laurie," and Bayard Taylor beautifully poetized the incident in song, which is here reproduced.

1. "Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
While the heated guns of the camp-allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

2. The dark redan in silent scoff
   Lay grim and threatening under,
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
   No longer belched its thunder.

3. There was a pause—the guardsman said,
"We storm the fort to-morrow:
Sing while we may; another day
   Will bring enough of sorrow."

4. They lay along the battery's side,
   Below the smoky cannon—
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
   And from the banks of Shannon.

5. They sang of love and not of fame—
   Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name—
   But all sang "*Annie Laurie.*"

6. Voice after voice caught up the song,
   Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,
   Their battle-eve confession.

7. Dear girl! her name he dared not speak;
   But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
   Washed off the stains of powder.

8. Beyond the darkening hill-tops, burned
   The bloody sunset embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
   How English love remembers.

9. And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell
And bellowing of the mortars.

10. And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory,
And English Mary weeps for him
Who sang of "*Annie Laurie.*"

11. Ah! soldiers, to your honored rest,
Your truth and valor bearing:
The bravest are the tenderest;
The loving are the daring!

DEFINITIONS.—1. Trĕnch'es, ditches. 2. Al lied', united by treaty or agreement. 3. Bom bärd'ing, firing into with shells and other heavy shot. 4. Rē dăn', an angle of a fort in front of an open rear. 5. Mal a kôff', the name of the Russian fort. 6. Sĕv'ern, a river in Southwest England. 7. Clȳde, a river in Southwest Scotland. 8. Shăn'non, a river of West Ireland. 9. An'them, a song of praise. 10. Crī mē'a, an island in the Black Sea, off the coast of Russia. 11. Em'bers, lighted coals. 12. Bel'low ing, roaring. 13. Môr'tar, a short, large gun for throwing bombs and shells at high angles of elevation.

LESSON LXXIX.

The Stage Coach.

PART I.

Washington Irving.

WASHINGTON IRVING, a popular American historian and novelist, was born in New York in 1783. His father, a native of Scotland, was a prosperous merchant in New York. Washington, the youngest of eleven children, received only a common-school education, but he had the society of his older brothers, all intelligent men and of excellent literary taste; and it was this association, together with the advantage of a well-selected library, that led Irving early to seek a literary life.

At the age of sixteen Irving undertook to study law, but literature having stronger charms for him, he devoted his attention to writing.

Irving spent twenty-three years of his life in Europe, at different times, and was almost as much English as American in his tastes.

The "Sketch-Book," written after his rambles through Scotland and England, is the work on which Irving's fame as an author mainly rests. During the early part of his career he wrote very little under his own signature, but assumed such odd names as "Jonathan Oldstyle," "Launcelot Langstaff, Esq.," "Diedrich Knickerbocker," and "Geoffrey Crayon."

Irving was never married; he had been engaged to a young lady named Matilda Hoffman, but she died in 1809, and her early death cast a shade of sadness over his whole life. He died November 28, 1859, at "Sunnyside," his cottage on the Hudson river, near Tarrytown.

1. In the preceding paper I have made some general observations on the Christmas festivites of England, and am tempted to illustrate them by some anecdotes of a Christmas

passed in the country; in perusing which I would most courteously invite my reader to lay aside the austerity of wisdom, and to put on that genuine holiday spirit which is tolerant of folly and anxious only for amusement.

2. In the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded both inside and out with passengers, who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends, to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded, also, with hampers of game and baskets and boxes of delicacies; and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box, presents from distant friends for the impending feast.

3. I had three fine, rosy-cheeked boys for my fellow-passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of the little rogues, and the impracticable feats they were to perform during their six weeks' emancipation from the abhorred thraldom of book, birch, and pedagogue. They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog, and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed; but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and, according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot! how he could run! and

then such leaps as he would take! There was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

4. Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind, that I fancied I saw cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage coach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn, sounded at the entrance of the village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends; some with bundles and bandboxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them. In the mean time, the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute. Sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant; sometimes, jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public house; and sometimes, with knowing leer and words of sly import, hands to some half-blushing, half-laughing housemaid an odd-shaped billet-doux from some rustic admirer.

5. As the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side of fresh country faces and blooming, giggling girls. At the corners are assembled juntos of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing company pass; but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing of the coach is an event fruitful of much speculation. The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by; the cyclops round the anvil suspend their ringing hammers, and suffer the iron to grow cool; and the sooty spectre in brown paper cap, laboring at the bellows, leans on the handle for a moment,

and permits the asthmatic engine to heave a long-drawn sigh, while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphurous gleams of the smithy.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ob ser vā'tions, remarks. 2. Il lŭs'trate, give example of. 3. An'ec dōtes, short stories. 4. Pe rụs'ing, reading. 5. Cour'te ous ly, politely. 6. Aus tēr'i ty, severity. 7. Tŏl'er ant, forbearing; inclined to favor. 8. Hăm'pers, large baskets. 9. Dĕl'icā cies, luxuries. 10. Im pĕnd'ing, about to happen. 11. Bŭx'om, ruddy; strong. 12. Gi găn'tic, huge; great. 13. Rōgues, mischievous persons. 14. Im prăc'ti ca ble, impossible. 15. E man'ci pā'tion, freedom. 16. Abhôrred', hated. 17. Thrạl'dom, slavery. 18. Ped'agŏgue, teacher. 19. Se rĕn'i ty, calmness; peacefulness. 20. An i mā'tion, spirit; life. 21. Com mīs'sions, charges; missions. 22. Ex'e cūte, perform. 23. Lēēr, grin. 24. Im'pōrt, meaning. 25. Billet-doux (bĭl'ladōō), love-letter. 26. Jŭn'tōs, groups. 27. Sā'gest, wisest. 28. Spec'u lā'tion, guessing. 29. Cȳ'ĕlŏps, big, strong men like the fabled Cyclops who worked with Vulcan, the blacksmith-god. 30. Spĕc'tre, apparition; ghost. 31. Asth măt'ic, wheezy. 32. Mûrk'y, cloudy.

NOTE.—*Bu cĕph' a lus*, the famous horse ridden by Alexander the Great in his youth.

The Stage Coach.

PART II.

1. Perhaps the impending holiday might have given a more than usual animation to the country, for it seemed to

me as if everybody was in good looks and good spirits. Game, poultry, and other luxuries of the table were in brisk circulation in the villages; the grocers', butchers', and fruiterers' shops were thronged with customers; the housewives were stirring briskly about, putting their dwellings in order; and the glossy branches of holly, with their bright-red berries, began to appear at the windows.

2. The scene brought to mind an old writer's account of Christmas preparations: "Now capons and hens, beside turkeys, geese and ducks, with beef and mutton, must all die—for in twelve days a multitude of people will not be fed with a little. Now plums and spice, sugar and honey, square it among pies and broth. Now or never must music be in tune, for youth must dance and sing to get them a heat, while the aged sit by the fire. The country maid leaves half her market, and must be sent again, if she forgets a pack of cards on Christmas eve. Great is the contention of holly and ivy, whether master or dame wears the breeches. Dice and cards benefit the butler; and if the cook do not lack wit, he will sweetly lick his fingers."

3. I was roused from this fit of luxurious meditation by a shout from my little traveling companions. They had been looking out of the coach windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy: "There's John! and there's old Carlo! and there's Bantam!" cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

At the end of a lane there was an old, sober-looking servant in livery, waiting for them; he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer, and by the redoubtable Bantam, a

little old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and long, rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the roadside, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

4. I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount him at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

5. Off they set at last; one on the pony, with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands, both talking at once, and overpowering him with questions about home and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with a feeling in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated; for I was reminded of those days when, like them, I had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity. We stopped a few moments afterward to water the horses, and, on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country-seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls on the portico, and I saw my little comrades, with Bantam, Carlo, and old John, trooping along the carriage road. I leaned out of the coach window in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.

6. In the evening we reached a village where I had determined to pass the night. As we drove into the great gateway of the inn I saw on one side the light of a rousing

kitchen fire beaming through a window. I entered; and admired for the hundredth time that picture of convenience, neatness, and broad, honest enjoyment—the kitchen of an English inn. It was of spacious dimensions, hung round with copper and tin vessels highly polished, and decorated here and there with a Christmas green. Hams, tongues, and flitches of bacon were suspended from the ceiling; a smoke-jack made its ceaseless clanking beside the fireplace, and a clock ticked in one corner. A well-scoured deal table extended along one side of the kitchen, with a cold round of beef and other hearty viands upon it, over which two foaming tankards of ale seemed mounting guard. Travelers of inferior order were preparing to attack this stout repast, while others sat smoking and gossiping over their ale on two high-backed oaken settles beside the fire. Trim housemaids were hurrying backwards and forwards under the directions of a fresh, bustling landlady, but still seizing an occasional moment to exchange a flippant word and have a rallying laugh with the group round the fire. The scene completely realized Poor Robin's humble idea of the comforts of midwinter:

Now trees their leafy hats do bare
To reverence Winter's silver hair;
A handsome hostess, merry host,
A pot of ale now and a toast,
Tobacco and a good coal fire,
Are things this season doth require.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Cā′pŏns, cocks fattened for the table. 2. Wit, sense. 3. Lux ū′ri ous, pleasurable. 4. Med i-

tā'tion, thought; reflection. 5. Su'per ăn'nū ā ted, very aged. 6. Re doubt'a ble, terrible (used humorously). 7. Mel'an chŏl'y, sadness. 8. Pre dŏm'i na ted, prevailed. 9. Fe lĭç'i ty, happiness. 10. Re şūm'ing, continuing. 11. Dis tĭn'guish, make out; see. 12. Wĭt'ness ing, seeing. 13. Con vēn'ience, ease; comfort. 14. Spā'cious, wide; ample. 15. Di mĕn'sions, size. 16. Sus pĕnd'ed, hung. 17. Vī'ands, articles of food. 18. Tănk'ards, large drinking cups. 19. In fē'ri or, lower. 20. Re påst', meal. 21. Sĕt'tles, long seats or benches, generally of wood. 22. Flĭp'pant, trifling. 23. Răl'ly ing, bantering; challenging. 24. Rĕv'erence, treat with respect.

LESSON LXXX.

My Kate.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

ELIZABETH BARRETT was born in London in 1809. Her father was a wealthy English gentleman, and he watched carefully over the early education of his daughter, who was a remarkably bright child.

Before she was seventeen years old, Miss Barrett published her first production, "An Essay on Mind." She was a great admirer of Tennyson, and some of her poems resemble his style.

In 1846 she was married to Robert Browning, who also was a poet.

Mrs. Browning died on June 29, 1861, and so great a favorite was she in Italy that the people of Florence placed a memorial tablet in front of the house in which she died.

1. She was not as pretty as women I know,
And yet all your best made of sunshine and snow

Drop to shade, melt to naught in the long-trodden ways,
While she's still remembered on warm and cold days—
My Kate.

2. Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace;
You turned from the fairest to gaze on her face;
And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth—
My Kate.

3. Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,
You looked at her silence and fancied she spoke:
When she did, so peculiar yet soft was the tone,
Though the loudest spoke also, you heard her alone—
My Kate.

4. I doubt if she said to you much that could act
As a thought or suggestion; she did not attract
In the sense of the brilliant or wise; I infer
'Twas her thinking of others, made you think of her—
My Kate.

5. She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown—
My Kate.

6. None knelt at her feet confessed lovers in thrall;
They knelt more to God than they used—that was all:
If you praised her as charming, some asked what you meant;
But the charm of her presence was felt when she went—
My Kate.

7. The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude,
She took as she found them, and did them all good;
It always was so with her—see what you have!
She has made the grass greener even here with her grave—
My Kate.

DEFINITIONS.—1. In fẽr′, conclude. 2. Im plīed′, signified; indicated. 3. Thrạll, bondage; subjection. 4. Rīb′ald, coarse.

LESSON LXXXI.

George Peabody.

1. George Peabody's life presents a tolerable clear idea of the principles which ensure mercantile success. His life was probably not faultless. I am glad it was not. The contemplation of perfection would discourage us. He was born in a country village called South Danvers, but now the enterprising town of Peabody, Massachusetts. His education in the schools was very limited. His education in the world's university was broad and thorough. He studied hard as a boy. He mastered the best of the standard works after he had left school.

2. His parents' poverty made him a rich man. They were compelled to make him earn his own living. That was better for him financially than a legacy of a hundred thousand dollars. His mother taught him that it was all of life to live to benefit his fellow-man. He shaped his career on that divine plan. Success was as simple as that two and two make four. The wisest and most eloquent utterance

of the great financier was made, according to his neighbors' testimony, when he was fifteen years old. He entered the employ of a groceryman in Danvers when he was eleven years old, and left it when he was fifteen. He left it because they sold cigars. He stoutly declared that he "would not sell any man an article that would do him harm."

3. No man ever made money at smoking as a profession. Some men have invested in tobacco all the fortune they might have had in the savings bank, and realized nothing but a bad breath and a shattered nervous system. Much more might be said of the purchase of serpent-stinging alcohol. George Peabody decided never to sell a man any article which would do him harm. In practice he went further, and in his uncle's store at Georgetown, D. C., which he entered when he left the grocery at Danvers, he protested persistently against selling any customer what he did not need.

4. Merchants about him who failed regularly said that the best plan was to pile upon every customer all he could be enticed to purchase. They told George that it was none of his concern to look out for his patrons. "That is their own business; your business is to sell all you can and look out for yourself." George said that he would not be hired to deal in that way, and he should plainly advise a customer not to buy when he was sure the customer was wasting his money or making a miscalculation. They laughed at him and went on into bankruptcy.

5. One of the customers, whom George generously befriended, recognized his goodness of heart and genuine common sense, and he urged George to go into business for

himself, and finally so highly recommended him as a true young man to Mr. Riggs, of Baltimore, that an offer of partnership was made him before he was twenty-one. He left his uncle's employ, after waiting until he saw no hope of success of his uncle's plan. He said that "any business which is not a benefit to the community in which it is placed must fail, if it depends on it for support." His uncle's notion-store might have been a blessing to the village, if it had been conducted on another plan. The thought which inspired the business was not "how can I make my neighbors happier and richer?" but exactly the reverse: "How can I compel my neighbors to support me?"

6. An old lady came into Mr. Peabody's dry-goods store in Baltimore and asked for carpets. They did not keep the articles which the old lady wanted, and she asked where she could get them. George put on his hat and went out to several stores with her, and, after considerable delay, found a carpet to suit the old lady, and carried it to her house himself after his store closed for the day. He made no profit on that transaction, and expected none directly. But the old lady inherited unexpected wealth by the death of a son in California, and George Peabody was made executor and trustee at a handsome salary. He kept his store for the accommodation of the people. If he saw a man or woman who wanted something he had not he took great pains to obtain it. After ten years in business, his customers all over the city sent in their orders to him regularly without asking him what the price would be. He scrupulously kept his charges down to a living profit, and was very close in his purchasing. He kept no useless clerks, and lived

very economically. Baltimore, perhaps, never had an opportunity to make full return to him for his unselfish services, but she made him rich.

7. In 1837, his business had grown so large, and he was compelled to stay in London so much of the time as a purchaser, that he took up his principal residence there. His name was as good as the Bank of England in literal fact, for he never endangered his credit by unsafe speculations. He was so accommodating, he was so careful of his transactions for his friends, that hundreds of merchants insisted on entrusting their funds to him and drawing on him as they needed. He was forced by his friends into a profitable banking business for their accommodation. He invested their funds and his own only in beneficial undertakings. If a company offered him their stock, he ever asked, "What good is the company going to be to the public?" He encouraged no unrighteous speculations, and tried to deal only with honorable men.

8. What a nobleness and wisdom his life displayed!—one of the world's greatest men. He lived to give two millions to the London poor. He lived to see his native town named after him. He lived to receive a present from the queen of her portrait, costing, with its jewels, $25,000. He lived to bless his native land with four important educational institutions. He lived to refuse a title of nobility urged upon him by the queen. He lived to save his nation from financial ruin. He lived to be the best-loved American in all his native State. He died honored and lamented, and naval processions escorted his body from one continent to another.

9. His life and honorable success should live down

through the ages as a clear confirmation of the idea that to be a merchant prince a man need never be meanly selfish nor do dishonorable things. No, no. A generous, philanthropic spirit and intention is the first requisite of the greatest, best success in mercantile life. To be vastly rich is a good thing, but to be greatly loved is better. To have both is, indeed, the highest honor. One can scarcely conceive a happier condition than to be contented and prosperous, as George Peabody seems to have been through a long and useful life. He died November 4, 1869. Of George Peabody it can be said that he acquired his fortune easily, and that he resigned it easily; for the same enjoyable motive ran through the acquiring and the giving—viz., the best good of his fellow-men.

DEFINITIONS.—1. En sūre′, make sure. 2. Cŏn′templā′tion, consideration; study. 3. Lĕg′a cy, gift by will; bequest. 4. Ut′ter ance, something said. 5. Fĭn anciēr′, one skilled in money affairs. 6. Per sīst′ent ly, stoutly; steadily. 7. En tīced′, persuaded. 8. Pā′trons, customers; buyers. 9. Mis cal′cu lā′tion, an error of judgment. 10. Bănk′rupt cy, failure; financial ruin. 11. Rĕc′og nized, appreciated. 12. Com mū′ni ty, people of any place. 13. Con dŭct′ed, carried on; managed. 14. In spīred′, animated; moved. 15. Re vērse′, that which is directly opposite or contrary. 16. Trans ăc′tion, something done; the trade. 17. In hĕr′it ed, acquired by inheritance. 18. Ex ĕc′u tor, a person nominated and appointed in and by the will of another to execute the will. 19. Scrụ′pu lous ly, conscientiously; honestly. 20. E cō nŏm′ic al ly, prudently; in a careful

manner. 21. Spec u lā'tions, gambling; taking great risks. 22. Un rīght'eous (un rī'chŭs), not just; evil. 23. No bĭl'i ty, high rank. 24. La mĕnt'ed, wept for. 25. Es côrt'ed, attended. 26. Cŏn'fir mā'tion, proof. 27. Gĕn'er ous, liberal. 28. Phĭl'an thrŏp'ic, benevolent; kind. 29. Req'ui site (rek'wi zĭt), something essential or needful. 30. Ac quīred', gained; secured.

LESSON LXXXII.

Landing the Trout.

Richard D. Blackmore.

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE, an English novelist and poet, was born in Berkshire, England, in 1825. He was educated at Tiverton and Oxford, studied law and began its practice; but his heart was in outdoor life. His delight was in the prosperity of fields and the beauty of nature. In 1854 he published several volumes of poems, which were followed by others of a like nature. Later he turned his attention to novels, and produced a number of interesting and successful books, of which "Lorna Doone" is considered the best.

The trout knew nothing of all this. They had not tasted a worm for a month, except when a sod of the bank fell in, through cracks of the sun, and the way cold water has of licking upward. And even the flies had no flavor at all; when they fell on the water, they fell flat, and on the palate they tasted hot, even under the bushes.

Hilary followed a path through the meadows, with the calm, bright sunset casting its shadow over the shorn grass, or up in the hedge-road, or on the brown banks where the drought had struck. On his back he carried a fishing-

basket, containing his bits of refreshment; and in his right hand a short, springy rod, the absent sailor's favorite. After long counsel with Mabel, he had made up his mind to walk up-stream as far as the spot where two brooks met, and formed body enough for a fly flipped in very carefully to sail downward. Here he began, and the creak of his reel and the swish of his rod were music to him, after the whirl of London life.

The brook was as bright as the best cut-glass, and the twinkles of its shifting facets only made it seem more clear. It twisted about a little, here and there; and the brink was fringed now and then with something, a clump of loosestrife, a tuft of avena, or a bed of flowering water-cress, or any other of the many plants that wash and look into the water. But the trout, the main object in view, were most objectionably too much in view. They scudded up the brook at the shadow of a hair, or even the tremble of a blade of grass; and no pacific assurance could make them even stop to be reasoned with.

"This won't do," said Hilary, who very often talked to himself, in lack of a better comrade. "I call this very hard upon me. The beggars won't rise till it is quite dark. I must have the interdict off my tobacco, if this sort of thing is to go on. How I should enjoy a pipe just now! I may just as well sit on a gate and think. No, hang it, I hate thinking now. There are troubles hanging over me, as sure as the tail of that comet grows. How I detest that comet! No wonder the fish won't rise. But if I have to strip, and tickle them in the dark, I won't go back without some for her."

He was lucky enough to escape the weight of such horrible poaching upon his conscience; for suddenly to his ears was borne the most melodious of all sounds, the flop of a heavy fish sweetly jumping after some excellent fly or grub.

"Ha, my friend!" cried Hilary, "so you are up for your supper, are you? I myself will awake right early. Still, I behold the ring you made. If my right hand forget not its cunning, you shall form your next ring in the frying-pan."

He gave that fish a little time to think of the beauty of that mouthful, and get ready for another, the while he was putting a white moth on, in lieu of his blue upright. He kept the grizzled palmer still for tail-fly, and then tried his knots, for he knew that this trout was a Triton.

Then, with a delicate sidling and stooping, known to them that fish for trout in very bright water of the summer-time,—compared with which art the coarse work of the salmon-fisher is as that of a scene-painter to Mr. Holman Hunt's,—with, or in, or by, a careful manner, not to be described to those who have never studied it, Hilary won access to the water, without any doubt in the mind of the fish concerning the prudence of appetite. Then he flipped his short collar in, not with a cast, but a spring of the rod and let his flies go quietly down a sharpish run into that good trout's hole. The worthy trout looked at them both, and thought; for he had his own favorite spot for watching the world go by, as the rest of us have. So he let the grizzled palmer pass, within an inch of his upper lip; for it struck him that the tail turned up in a manner not wholly natural, or at any rate unwholesome. He looked at the

white moth also, and thought that he had never seen one at all like it. So he went down under his root again, hugging himself upon his wisdom, never moving a fin, but oaring and helming his plump, spotted sides with his tail.

"Upon my word, it is too bad," said Hilary, after three beautiful throws, and exquisite management down-stream; "everything Kentish beats me hollow. Now, if that had been one of our trout, I would have laid my life upon catching him. One more throw, however. How would it be if I sunk my flies? That fellow is worth some patience."

While he was speaking, his flies alit on the glassy ripple, like gnats in their love-dance; and then by a turn of the wrist, he played them just below the surface, and let them go gliding down the stickle, into the shelfy nook of shadow where the big trout hovered. Under the surface, floating thus, with the check of ductile influence, the two flies spread their wings and quivered, like a centiplume moth in a spider's web. Still, the old trout, calmly oaring, looked at them both suspiciously. Why should the same flies come so often, and why should they have such crooked tails, and could he be sure that he did not spy the shadow of a human bat about twelve yards up the water? Revolving these things, he might have lived to a venerable age but for that noble ambition to teach, which is fatal to even the wisest. A young fish, an insolent whipper-snapper, jumped in his babyish way at the palmer, and missed it through over-eagerness. "I'll show you the way to catch a fly," said the big trout to him; "open your mouth like this, my son."

With that he bolted the palmer, and threw up his tail,

and turned to go home again. Alas! his sweet home now shall know him no more. For suddenly he was surprised by a most disagreeable sense of grittiness, and then a keen stab in the roof of his mouth. He jumped, in his wrath, a foot out of the water, and then heavily plunged to the depths of his hole.

"You've got it, my friend," cried Hilary, in a tingle of fine emotions; "I hope the sailor's knots are tied with professional skill and care. You are a big one, and a clever one, too. It is much if I ever land you. No net, or gaff, or anything. I only hope that there are no stakes here. Ah, there you go! Now comes the tug."

Away went the big trout down the stream, at a pace hard to exaggerate, and after him rushed Hilary, knowing that his line was rather short, and that if it ran out, all was over. Keeping his eye on the water only, and the headlong speed of the fugitive, headlong over a stake he fell, and took a deep wound from another stake. Scarcely feeling it, up he jumped, lifting his rod, which had fallen flat, and fearing to find no strain on it. "Aha, he is not gone yet!" he cried, as the rod bowed like a springle-bow.

He was now a good hundred yards down the brook from the corner where the fight began. Through his swiftness of foot, and good management, the fish had never been able to tighten the line beyond yield of endurance. The bank had been free from bushes, or haply no skill could have saved him; but now they were come to a corner where a nut-bush quite overhung the stream.

"I am done for now," said the fisherman; "the villain

knows too well what he is about. Here ends this adventure."

Full though he was of despair, he jumped anyhow into the water, kept the point of his rod close down, reeled up a little as the fish felt weaker, and just cleared the drop of the hazel boughs. The water flapped into the pockets of his coat, and he saw red streaks flow downward. And then he plunged out to an open reach of shallow water and gravel slope.

"I ought to have you now," he said, "though nobody knows what a rogue you are; and a pretty dance you have led me!"

Doubting the strength of his tackle to lift even the dead weight of the fish, and much more to meet his despairing rally, he happily saw a little shallow gut, or backwater, where a small spring ran out. Into this by a dexterous turn he rather led than pulled the fish, who was ready to rest for a minute or two; then he stuck his rod into the bank, ran down stream, and with his hat in both hands appeared at the only exit from the gut. It was all up now with the monarch of the brook. As he skipped and jumped, with his rich yellow belly, and chaste silver sides, in the green of the grass, joy and glory of the highest merit, and gratitude, glowed in the heart of Lorraine. "Two and three quarters you must weigh. And at your very best you are! How small your head is! And how bright your spots are!" he cried, as he gave him the stroke of grace. "You really have been a brave and fine fellow. I hope they will know how to fry you."

While he cut his fly out of the grand trout's mouth, he

felt for the first time a pain in his knee, where the point of the stake had entered it. Under the buckle of his breeches blood was soaking away inside his gaiters; and then he saw how he had dyed the water. After washing the wound and binding it with dock-leaves and a handkerchief, he followed the stream through a few more meadows, for the fish began to sport pretty well as the gloom of the evening deepened; so that by the light of a young moon, and the comet, Lorraine had a dozen more trout in his basket, silvery-sided and handsome fellows, though none of them over a pound, perhaps, except his first and redoubtable captive.—*From "Alice Lorraine."*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Făc'ets, the small plane surfaces of gems. 2. Lōōse'strīfe', a plant having small, star-shaped flowers, usually yellow. 3. A vē'na, a kind of oat grass. 4. Scŭd'ded, moved swiftly. 5. Pa cĭf'ic, peaceable. 6. In'ter dict, an order forbidding the use of anything. 7. De tĕst', dislike; hate. 8. Pōach'ing, unlawful hunting or fishing. 9. Lieū, stead. 10. Pälm er, a hairy caterpillar. 11. Trī'ton, the name of a sea-god of mythical origin; used here to mean an immense fish. 12. Won access to; reached. 13. Prụ'dence, wisdom. 14. Kĕnt'ish, like things in Kent, a county of Southeast England. 15. Stĭc'kle, a shallow rapid in a stream or river. 16. Dŭc'tile, guiding; leading. 17. Cĕn'ti plūme, hundred-winged. 18. Re vŏlv'ing, thinking over; considering. 19. Vĕn'er a ble, old. 20. Am bĭ'tion, desire. 21. In'so lent, saucy; pert. 22. Whĭp'per-snăp'per, a trifling fellow. 23. Bōlt'ed, swallowed hastily. 24. Pro fĕs'sion al, expert. 25. Găff, a spear or hook with a handle, used for catching heavy fish. 26. Ex ăg'ger ate.

over-estimate. 27. Sprĭn'gle-bow, the bent spring of a trap. 28. Rēēled, wound up. 29. Dĕx'ter ous, clever. 30. Ex'it, means of getting out. 31. Re doubt'a ble, brave; valiant.

NOTE.—*William Holman Hunt*, a distinguished English painter; born in London in 1827.

LESSON LXXXIII.

The Habits of Ants.

Sir John Lubbock.

Sir JOHN LUBBOCK is an Englishman of great learning, a banker, and politician of wide influence. His father was an eminent astronomer and mathematician, and contributed largely to the scientific literature of his day. Sir John was born in London in 1834, and was educated at Eton, but at the age of fourteen he entered his father's banking-house, so that his opportunity for study was limited. During all his busy life he has been interested in the different branches of natural history; and he has done a great deal to develop public interest in that study. He has been an active man in public life, being a member of Parliament, of various educational boards, and many other learned bodies.

The communities of ants are sometimes very large, numbering even up to 500,000 individuals; and it is a lesson to us, that no one has ever yet seen a quarrel between any two ants belonging to the same community. On the other hand, it must be admitted that they are in hostility not only with most other insects, including ants of different species, but even with those of the same species if belonging to different communities. I have over and over again in-

troduced ants from one of my nests into another nest of the same species; and they were invariably attacked, seized by a leg or an antenna, and dragged out.

It is evident, therefore, that the ants of each community all recognize one another, which is very remarkable. But more than this, I several times divided a nest into two halves, and found that even after a separation of a year and nine months they recognized one another, and were perfectly friendly; while they at once attacked ants from a different nest, although of the same species.

It has been suggested that ants of each nest have some sign or password by which they recognize one another. To test this I made some insensible. First, I tried chloroform; but this was fatal to them, and I did not consider the test satisfactory. I decided, therefore, to intoxicate them. This was less easy than I had expected. None of my ants would voluntarily degrade themselves by getting drunk. However, I got over the difficulty by putting them into whiskey for a few moments. I took fifty specimens,—twenty-five from one nest and twenty-five from another,—made then dead drunk, marked each with a spot of paint, and put them on a table close to where other ants from one of the nests were feeding. The table was surrounded, as usual, with a moat of water to prevent them from straying. The ants which were feeding soon noticed those which I had made drunk. They seemed quite astonished to find their comrades in such a disgraceful condition, and as much at a loss to know what to do with their drunkards as we are. After a while, however, to cut my story short, they carried them all away; the strangers they took to the edge

of the moat and dropped into the water, while they bore their friends home into the nest, where by degrees they slept off the effects of the spirit. Thus it is evident that they know their friends even when incapable of giving any sign or password.

The little experiment also shows that they help comrades in distress. If a wolf or rook be ill or injured, we are told that it is driven away or even killed by its comrades. Not so with ants. For instance, in one of my nests an unfortunate ant, in emerging from the chrysalis skin, injured her legs so much that she lay on her back quite helpless. For three months, however, she was carefully fed and tended by the other ants. In another case an ant in the same manner had injured her antennæ. I watched her also carefully to see what would happen. For some days she did not leave the nest. At last one day she ventured outside, and after a while met a stranger ant of the same species, but belonging to another nest, by whom she was at once attacked. I tried to separate them; but whether by her enemy, or perhaps by my well-meant but clumsy kindness, she was evidently much hurt, and lay helpless on her side. Several other ants passed her without taking any notice; but soon one came up, examined her carefully with her antennæ, and carried her off tenderly to the nest. No one, I think, who saw it could have denied to that ant one attribute of humanity, the quality of kindness.

The existence of such communities as those of ants or bees implies, no doubt, some power of communication; but the amount is still a matter of doubt. It is well known that if one bee or ant discovers a store of food, others soon find

their way to it. This, however, does not prove much. It makes all the difference whether they are brought or sent. If they merely accompany on her return a companion who has brought a store of food, it does not simply imply much. To test this, therefore, I made several experiments. For instance, one cold day my ants were almost all in their nests. One only was out hunting, and about six feet from home. I took a dead bluebottle fly, pinned it on to a piece of cork, and put it down just in front of her. She at once tried to carry off the fly, but to her surprise found it immovable. She tugged and tugged, first one way and then another, for about twenty minutes, and then went straight off to the nest. During that time not a single ant had come out; in fact, she was the only ant of that nest out at the time. She went straight in; but in a few seconds—less than half a minute—came out again with no less than twelve friends, who trooped off with her, and eventually tore up the dead fly, carrying it off in triumph.

Now, the first ant took nothing home with her; she must therefore somehow have made her friends understand that she had found some food, and wanted them to come and help her to secure it. In all such cases, however, so far as my experience goes, the ants brought their friends; and some of my experiments indicated that they are unable to send them.

Certain species of ants, again, make slaves of others, as Huber first observed. If a colony of the slave-making ants is changing the nest,—a matter which is left to the discretion of the slaves,—the latter carry their mistresses to their new home. Again, if I uncovered one of my nests of

the fuscous ant (Formica Musca), they all began running about in search of some place of refuge. If I now covered over one small part of the nest, after a while some ant discovered it. In such a case, however, the brave little insect never remained there; she came out in search of her friends, and the first one she met she took up in her jaws, threw over her shoulder (their way of carrying friends), and took her into the covered part; then both came out again, found two more friends and brought them in, the same manœuver being repeated until the whole community was in a place of safety. This, I think, says much for their public spirit; but seems to prove that—in Formica Musca, at least—the powers of communication are but limited.

One kind of slave-making ant has become so completely dependent on their slaves that even if provided with food they will die of hunger, unless there is a slave to put it into their mouths. I found, however, that they would thrive very well if supplied with a slave for an hour or so once a week to clean and feed them.

But in many cases the community does not consist of ants only. They have domestic animals; and indeed it is not going too far to say that they have domesticated more animals than we have. Of these, the most important are aphides. Some species keep aphides on trees and bushes, others collect root-feeding aphides into their nests. They serve as cows to the ants, which feed on the honey-dew secreted by the aphides. Not only, moreover, do the ants protect the aphides themselves, but collect their eggs in autumn and tend them carefully through the winter, ready for the next spring. Many other insects are also domes-

ticated by ants; and some of them, from living constantly underground, have completely lost their eyes and become quite blind.

But I must not let myself be carried away by this fascinating subject, which I have treated more at length in another work. I will only say that though their intelligence is no doubt limited, still I do not think that any one who has studied the life history of ants can draw any fundamental line of separation between instinct and reason.

When we see a community of ants working together in perfect harmony it is impossible not to ask ourselves how far they are mere exquisite automatons, how far they are conscious beings. When we watch an ant-hill tenanted by thousands of industrious inhabitants, excavating chambers, forming tunnels, making roads, guarding their home, gathering food, feeding the young, tending their domestic animals,—each one fulfilling its duties industriously, and without confusion,—it is difficult altogether to deny to them the gift of reason; and all our recent observations tend to confirm the opinion that their mental powers differ from those of men not so much in kind as in degree.—*From "The Beauties of Nature." Macmillan & Company.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Hos tĭl′i ty, enmity. 2. Spe′cies (spē′shēz), kind; class. 3. An tĕn′na, a projection on the head of an insect, sometimes called a feeler. 4. Ȩhlo′rō form, a medicine used to deaden pain. 5. Intŏx′i cate, make drunk. 6. Vol′un ta′ri ly, of one's own will. 7. De grāde′, lower. 8. Spĕc′i mens, samples. 9. Mōat, trench or ditch. 10. In cā′pa ble, unable; lacking power. 11. Ex pĕr′i ment, trial; test. 12.

Єhrȳs'a lis, undeveloped state of a butterfly or other insect. 13. At'tri būte, quality; mark. 14. E vĕn'tu al ly, finally. 15. In'di ca ted, showed. 16. Dis crĕ'tion, wisdom; prudence. 17. Fŭs'єous, brown or grayish black. 18. Ma nœu'ver, plan of action. 19. Do mĕs'ti ca'ted, tamed for service. 20. Aph'i dēs, plant lice. 21. Făs'ci na ting, charming. 22. Fun da mĕn'tal, essential; real. 23. Au tŏm'a tons, machines which imitate the actions of conscious beings. 24. Ex'ca va'ting, hollowing out.

NOTE.—*Francois Huber*, a Swiss naturalist, born in Geneva in 1750; died in 1831. This observer, who discovered more about bees than the world had ever known before, was a blind man.

LESSON LXXXIV.

George Stephenson.

J. H. Fyfe.

1. Toward the close of the last century, a bare-legged herd-laddie about eight years old might have been seen in a field at Dewley Burn, a little village not far from Newcastle, England, amusing himself by making clay engines, with bits of hemlock-stalk for imaginary pipes. The child is father of the man, and in after years that little fellow became the inventor of the passenger locomotive, and, as the founder of the gigantic railway system which now spreads its fibers over the length and breadth, not only of our own country, but of the civilized world, the true hero of the half-century.

2. The second son of a fireman to one of the colliery

engines, who had six children and a wife to support on an income of twelve shillings a week, George Stephenson had to begin work while quite a child. At first he was set to look after a neighbor's cows and to keep them from straying; and afterward he was promoted to the work of leading horses at the plow, hoeing turnips and such like, at a salary of fourpence a day. The lad had always been fond of poking about in his father's engine-house, and his great ambition at this time was to become a fireman like his father. At length, after being employed in various ways about the colliery, he was, at the age of fourteen, appointed his father's assistant at a shilling a day. The next year he got a situation as foreman on his own account; and "now," said he, when his wages were advanced to twelve shillings a week, "now I'm a made man for life."

3. The next step he took was to get the place of "plugman" to the same engine that his father attended as fireman, the former post being rather the higher of the two. The business of the plugman is to watch the engine and see that it works properly—the name being derived from the duty of plugging the tube at the bottom of the shaft, so that the action of the pump should not be interfered with by the exposure of the suction holes. George now devoted himself enthusiastically to the study of the engine under his care: It became a sort of pet with him; and he was never weary of taking it to pieces, cleaning it, putting it together again, and inspecting its various parts with admiration and delight, so that he soon made himself thoroughly master of its method of working and construction.

4. Eighteen years old by this time, George Stephenson

was wholly uneducated. His father's small earnings and the large family he had to feed, at a time when provisions were scarce and at war prices, prevented his having any schooling in his early years; and he now set himself to repair his deficiencies in that respect. His duties occupied him twelve hours a day, so that he had but little leisure to himself; but he was bent on improving himself, and, after the duties of the day were over, went to a night-school kept by a poor teacher in the village of Water-row, where he was now situated, on three nights during the week, to take lessons in reading and spelling, and afterward in the science of pot-hooks and hangers as well; so that by the time he was nineteen he was able to read clearly and to write his own name. Then he took to arithmetic, for which he showed a great predilection. He had always a sum or two by him to work out while at the engine side, and soon made great progress.

5. Having learned all he could from the village teacher, George Stephenson now began to study mensuration and mathematics at home by himself; but he also found time to make a number of experiments in the hope of finding out the secret of perpetual motion, and to make shoe-lasts and shoes, as well as mend them. At the end of 1803 his only son, Robert, was born; and soon after, the family removed to Killingworth, seven miles from Newcastle, where George got the place of brakeman. They had not been settled long here when his wife died—a loss which affected George deeply, and attached him all the more intensely to the offspring of their union. At this time everything seemed to go wrong with him. As if his wife's death was not grief

enough, his father met with an accident which deprived him of his eyesight and shattered his frame. George himself was drawn for the militia, and had to pay a heavy sum of money for a substitute; and with his father and mother and his own boy to support, at a time when taxes were excessive and food dear, he had only a salary of £50 or £60 a year to meet all claims. He was on the verge of despair, and would have emigrated to America if, fortunately for his country, he had not been unable to raise sufficient money for his passage. So he had to stay in the old country, where a bright and glorious future awaited him, dark and desperate as the prospect then appeared.

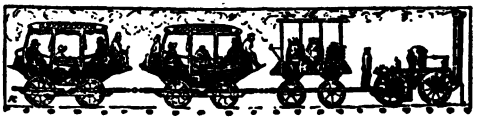
6. About this time, a new pit having been sunk in the district where he worked, the engine fixed for the purpose of pumping the water out of the shaft was found a failure. This soon reached George's ears. He walked over to the pit, carefully examined the various parts of the machinery, and turned the matter over in his mind. One day when he was looking at it, and almost convinced that he had discovered the cause of the failure, one of the workmen came up and asked him if he could tell what was wrong.

"Yes," said George; "and I think I could alter it, and in a week's time send you to the bottom." George offered his services to the engineer. Every experiment had been tried to repair the engine, and all had failed. There could be no harm, if no good, in Stephenson's trying his hand on it. So he got leave and set to work. He took the engine entirely to pieces, and in four days had repaired it thoroughly, so that the workmen could get to the bottom and proceed with their labors. George Stephenson's skill

as an engine doctor began to be noised abroad, and secured him the post of enginewright at Killingworth, with a salary of £100 a year.

7. The idea of constructing a steam engine to run on the colliery tramroads leading to the shipping place was now receiving considerable attention from the engineering community. Several schemes had been propounded, and engines actually made; but none of them had been brought into use. A mistaken notion prevailed that the plain, round wheels of an engine would slip round without catching hold of the rails, and that thus no progress would be made; but George Stephenson soon became convinced that the weight of the engine would of itself be sufficient to press the wheels to the rails so that they could not fail to bite. He turned the subject over and over in his mind, tested his conceptions by countless experiments, and at length completed his scheme. Money for the construction of a locomotive engine on his plan having been supplied by Lord Ravensworth, one was made after many difficulties and placed upon the tramroad at Killingworth, where it drew a load of thirty tons up a somewhat steep gradient at the rate of four miles an hour. Still, there was very little saving in cost, and little advance in speed as compared with horse power, but in a second one, which Stephenson quickly set about constructing, he turned the waste steam into the chimney to increase the draught and thus puff the fuel into a brisker flame and create a larger volume of steam to propel the locomotive. The fundamental principles of the engine thus formed remain in operation to this day; and it may in truth be termed the progenitor of the great locomotive family.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ġi gan'tic, huge; tremendous. 2. Cŏl'lier y (cŏl'yer y), coal mine. 3. Sal'a ry, pay for services. 4. Con struc'tion, formation; composition. 5. De fĭ'cien cies, defects. 6. Sit'u a'ted, fixed permanently. 7. Pothooks and hangers, writing. 8. Pre'dilec'tion, liking; partiality. 9. Men'su ra'tion, art of measurements. 10. Ex per'i ments, practical tests. 11. Per pet'u al, unending. 12. Shat'tered, broke up; weakened. 13. Mi lĭ'tia, body of citizens enrolled for military training and service. 14. Sub'sti tute, one who takes the place of another. 15. Ex cess'ive, heavy. 16. Verge, border. 17. De spair', hopelessness. 18. Em'i gra'ted, removed to another country. 19. Des'per ate, beyond hope; wild. 20. Pros'pect, outlook. 21. Shaft, a well-like excavation in the earth, perpendicular, or nearly so, made for reaching and raising ore, for raising water, etc. 22. En'ginewright, one whose duty it is to see that the engines are in good working order. 23. Tram'roads, roads for trains or wagons. 24. Pro pound'ed, offered for consideration. 25. Concep'tions, ideas; notions. 26. Gra'di ent, grade. 27. Draught (drȧft), current of air. 28. Pro pel', drive forward. 29. Pro ġen'i tor, forerunner; forefather.



LESSON LXXXV.

The South in Revolutionary Times.

(Adapted from Curry's "Southern States.")

Dr. JABEZ LAMAR MONROE CURRY, divine, statesman, orator, and patriot—able, noble, and untiring in his long ministry of public usefulness—is the most widely-known and fondly loved Southerner in the Union to-day.

He is a native of Georgia, but he belongs to the entire South more than to any particular State. In 1838 his father moved into Alabama, in which State Dr. Curry was reared. He was graduated from the University of Georgia, took his degree in the Harvard Law School, began the practice of law in Talladega, Alabama, and later served in the State Legislature, and in both the Confederate and Federal Congresses.

In 1861 he entered the Confederate army. After the war he was ordained to the Baptist Ministry. He became President of Howard College, Alabama, and later served for thirteen years as Professor of English, Philosophy, and Law in Richmond College, Virginia.

From 1881 to 1885 he was agent of The Peabody Education Fund. In 1885 he was appointed by Mr. Cleveland minister of the United States to the Court of Spain, where he discharged his duties with distinguished grace and ability. Upon his return to America he resumed the agency of the Peabody Fund. Dr. Curry himself has been a munificence and beneficence to the South fully as great as the Fund he has administered.

He is widely known throughout the Union as an able and eloquent orator, and as the author of a number of valuable books, the most prominent of which are "Constitutional Government in Spain," "Life of William E. Gladstone," "Establishment and Disestablishment," and "The Southern States of the American Union" from which the following selection is adapted.

1. The patriotic and noble efforts of the Northern Colonies in our Revolutionary struggle must not be underrated,

and it is far from my purpose to do so. On the other hand, it is unnecessary to claim any superiority of sacrifice or devotion on the part of the Southern Colonies; but it is well to exhibit again and again the indebtedness of the cause and the country to the South in those times of storm and stress—lest we forget.

2. The Southern Colonies were either the first to propose or the first to follow the measures that secured our independence of the Mother Country.

3. When the Legislature of Massachusetts counseled obedience to the Stamp Act, Virginia, under the leadership of Patrick Henry, declared that law to be an infringement of the privileges, liberties, and immunities of the colony, subversive of the fundamental privileges of her chartered rights, and destructive of British as well as American freedom. And this was the first legislative opposition to the Stamp Act in America. Thus it was that "Virginia rang the alarum bell and gave the signal for the Continent."

4. When the British stamp ship reached Wilmington, the Carolina colonists seized the stamp master, forced him to kneel in the sand of the street, in front of the Governor's mansion, under the frowning cannon upon its stoop, and to swear solemnly never to execute the duties of his office. And this was done without disguise and in the broad daylight.

5. The first call for an American Congress, in 1765, came from Massachusetts; but it was South Carolina that first heard and heeded that call. "And had it not been for South Carolina, no Congress would then have convened," said Gadsden. "As the united American people spread through

the vast expanse over which their jurisdiction now extends, be it remembered," says Bancroft, "that the blessing of Union is due to the warm-heartedness of South Carolina."

6. Again; it was Samuel Adams that proposed Committees of Correspondence in the various colonies for concerted action, but "whether this great idea should become a reality depended upon Virginia." Her response to the Massachusetts plan was prompt and spirited, and every other colony in the South followed her lead. "In this manner Virginia laid the foundations of our Union. Massachusetts organized a province, Virginia promoted a confederacy," says Bancroft.

7. Paul Revere and his romantic ride to Lexington, in 1775, is a patriotic story, but so also is the story of Herman Husbands and his Regulators, who, in 1771, upon the field of Alamance, offered the first armed resistance to British authority in America. The first blood of the Revolution was shed in North Carolina.

8. Boston's Tea Party is well known, and deserves to be well known for its conspicuous patriotism; but it is not so well known that Charleston, South Carolina, also had her tea party. In Boston the tea was thrown into the bay; in Charleston it was thrown into damp cellars and left to the ravages of decay.

9. It was upon Virginia's motion that the Continental Congress of 1774 assembled. By the beginning of the New Year a military company existed in nearly every county of the Old Dominion. Washington declared himself ready, at his own expense, to raise and support one thousand soldiers for the defence and the liberties of his country.

The Richmond Convention organized a body of State troops for war. Arming the colonies for defence was a bold step from which there was no retreat. Other colonies, following the lead of Virginia, came courageously to accept all the hazards which a determination to protect life and property and liberty might involve.

10. Thirteen months before the Declaration in Philadelphia, in 1776, the people of Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, had passed a similar Declaration of Independence. Three months before the Act of the Continental Congress, the Provincial Congress of North Carolina unanimously resolved upon independence and so instructed her delegates in Philadelphia. All this, mind you, while elsewhere our separation from England was desired only by a few of the most resolute. A peaceful solution of our troubles was generally desired and expected, and almost until the last moment Congress held out the hope of reconciliation. When no other course was compatible with self-respect, Virginia and Massachusetts stood side by side in the breach. Robert C. Winthrop bears this testimony to Virginia: "It is hardly too much to say that the destiny of our country at that period hung and hinged upon her action and upon the action of her great and glorious sons. It was union which opened our independence, and there could have been no union without the influence and co-operation of that great leading Southern colony."

11. Before the Declaration of Independence was uttered, Virginia had exercised the highest function of State sovereignty by establishing after her own free and sovereign will a constitution which continued in force until 1829.

12. In the war which followed, our Southern soldiers bore a glorious part. After the Long Island campaign, Adjutant-General Reed declared that the gallantry of the Southern men had inspired the whole army. In the South Tories were especially numerous among the colonists, and the struggle for liberty there became a bitter contest among families and neighbors. With British troops in the front and Tories in the rear, there was unparalleled hardship for the patriotic colonists of the South. Still, by the exploits of these patriotic backwoodsmen, the War of the Revolution was brought nearly to a close. The Battle of King's Mountain drove Cornwallis back into South Carolina; the defeat at Cowpens made his second invasion of North Carolina a desperate enterprise; Guilford Courthouse made fugitives of the British army and rendered Yorktown possible.

13. Without succor from Congress or colonies, Marion, Sumter, Horry, Pickens, and others, at the head of untrained and unpaid gentlemen, achieved deeds and successes which, in another land more careful of its chronicles and more habituated to record its achievements, would have been the theme of inspiration for romance or verse or history. The victories of these men were a triumphant overthrow of cowardice and Toryism.

14. While the Southern soldiers fought bravely, they went to the front almost to a man. Virginia and Pennsylvania were nearly equal in population, still Virginia furnished nearly twice as many troops. Although New Hampshire and South Carolina had nearly the same military population, South Carolina furnished nearly twice as many soldiers. The South Carolina soldiers outnumbered those from

New York, although she had less than half the population of military age. Out of every forty-two citizens capable of bearing arms, South Carolina sent thirty-seven to the front; Massachusetts, thirty-two; Connecticut, thirty; New Hampshire, eighteen.

15. Still, in 1848, one out of every sixty-two Revolutionary soldiers in the North was on the pension list, while there was only one out of every one hundred and ten in the South. New England alone had more pensioners than there were in the entire South.

16. It was Southern frontiersmen who explored and settled that vast domain beyond the Alleghanies; who defeated the Indians and broke the power of the British in these regions. It was the Southern States that gave to the general government this priceless territory for the common good of the colonies, and by these deeds of gift, of what was indubitably their own, made a firmer union of the colonies possible; and this at a time when colonies that had fought side by side like brothers in the Revolution were now ready to fly at one another's throats like tigers. "The cession of Virginia was the most marked instance of a large and generous self-denial," says Senator Hoar.

17. It was a Southern soldier who, without a penny of reward, and amid almost inconceivable difficulty and gloom, led the colonial troops to a final victory; who presided over our Constitutional Convention, a source of constant inspiration and wise guidance; who, as our first President, settled sagaciously and safely the hazardous experiment of united self-government; who was not only our greatest captain in a period of war, but also our grandest statesman and citizen in the still more perilous times of peace.

18. It was a Southerner who penned the Declaration of Independence, and whose political creed embodied permanent forces in human nature. It was Madison whom Bancroft calls the chief author of the American Constitution, whose wisdom, patriotism, and sagacity are to be seen on every page of the record of the Constitutional Convention, and upon whom the defence of that famous instrument mainly rested.

19. Henry was the tongue of the Revolution; Jefferson, its pen; Washington, its sword; and Madison, the conservator of its best results.

20. The South's part in the Revolutionary struggle was indeed a glorious part, and ought never to be forgotten by any man in this country, North or South.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Un der rāt'ed, undervalued. 2. Strĕss, distress. 3. Coun'seled, advised. 4. In fringe'ment, violation. 5. Im mū'ni ties, particular privileges. 6. Sub vēr'sive, tending to overthrow and ruin. 7. Fun da mĕn'tal, serving as foundation; essential; necessary. 8. Chār'tered, granted by charter. 9. A lār'um, alarm. 10. Con vēned', came together; assembled. 11. Ju'ris dĭc'tion, authority. 12. Conçērt'ed, mutually planned and agreed on. 13. Prŏv'ince, a country dependent on distant authority. 14. Conspĭc'u ous, prominent; marked. 15. Răv'a ges, wasting; ruin. 16. Hăz'ards, risks; chances. 17. U năn'i mously, having the consent of all. 18. So lū'tion, settlement. 19. Com păt'i ble, consistent; accordant. 20. Fŭnc'tion,

right; power. 21. Un păr'al leled, unmatched. 22. Ex'ploits, deeds. 23. Chrŏn'i cles, records. 24. Thēme, subject. 25. Fron tiers'men, men living on the border of a civilized or settled region. 26. In con cēiv'-a ble, incomprehensible; not readily understood. 27. Em bŏd'ied, united as a whole. 28. Con sĕrv'a tor, protector; preserver.

NOTES.—*George Bancroft*, an American historian, born 1800, near Worcester, Mass. The first great American historian.

Herman Husbands, a leader of the famous band of men known as "The Regulators," of North Carolina. They were the first to make armed resistance to unjust taxation, and in the Battle of Alamance shed the first blood of the American Revolution.

Robert C. Winthrop, a distinguished scholar, orator, and statesman in Massachusetts. He succeeded Daniel Webster in the United States Senate, and was the trusted friend and adviser of George Peabody.

Senator Hoar, a distinguished son of Massachusetts and her representative in Congress for more than twenty years. He was a member of the Electoral Commission of 1877.

Christopher Gadsden, a South Carolina statesman and patriot of Revolutionary times—"a magnanimous, unwavering, faultless lover of his country."

George Peabody, merchant, banker, and philanthropist, was born in Connecticut, of poor parents, in 1795 and died in 1869, after having given more than $12,000,000 to benevolent purposes. Of this amount, $3,500,000 was devoted by him to the promotion of education in the South.

His character was more splendid than his fortune. He was an honor and an ornament to American manhood. He ought always to be held in especial reverence, love, and gratitude by the South.

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION.

VOWELS.

ā	as in bāke		ọ	as in dọ	
ă	" făt		ȯ	" cȯme	
â	" câre		ô	" nôr	
ȧ	" lȧst		ọ	" wọlf	
ā	" cār		ōō	" tōōl	
ạ	" ạll		ŏŏ	" tŏŏk	
ạ	" whạt		ou	" out (unmarked)	
			ow	" now	"
ē	" mē		oi	" voice	"
ĕ	" mĕt		oy	" boy	"
ẽ	" hẽr				
ẹ	" thẹy		ū	" tūne	
ê	" thêre		ŭ	" nŭt	
			ụ	" bụsh	
ī	" fīne		û	" tûrn	
ĭ	" pĭn		ụ	" rụde	
ĩ	" bĩrd				
ĭ	" polĭce		ȳ	" trȳ	
			ỹ	" storỹ	
ō	" nō		ỹ	" mỹrtle	
ŏ	" nŏt				

CONSONANTS.

ϵ—k	as in ϵat		x—ks	as in tax	
ç—s	" çent		ẋ—gz	" eẋist	
ϵh—k	" ϵhorus		ph—f	" sylph	
çh—sh	" maçhine		qu—kw	" queen	
ḡ—g	" ḡet		wh—hw	" what	
ġ—j	" dan′ġer		th	" thin	
dġ—j	" edġe		~~th~~	" smoo~~th~~	
ş—z	" iş		ng	" sing	
ci—sh	" gra′cious	When placed at the beginning of a syllable.			
ti—sh	" mo′tion				
si—sh	" pas′sion				
si—zh	" oc ca′sion				

Supplementary Readers.

Progressive educators recognize in the use of Supplementary Readers a two-fold advantage. In the first place, the introduction of an interesting, connected story into the regular work of a class in reading breaks the monotony occasioned by the task-reading of disconnected stories—lessons—of the prescribed reading course, and is, therefore, valuable in making the reading period one of great interest. Besides this secondary advantage arising from the use of a good Supplementary Reader, there is a primary advantage which should not be overlooked. If the book selected treats of the career of some man or woman whom succeeding generations delight to honor, there is given to the pupil a map of the course one may pursue to attain to eminence. If the story be a life history of some noble man or woman, who (reared under the same general conditions—socially, politically, and morally as the pupil himself) stands out among his fellow-beings as the mountain peak above the undulating plain, then there is awakened in the pupil a desire to do likewise, and, at the same time, an inspiration to encourage and support him in the undertaking. Mary Lynn Williamson, a forcible and fascinating writer of child stories, has given to the world, through our publishing house, two charming books which fulfil the above conditions. Her first book, "Williamson's Life of General R. E. Lee, for Children," is written in easy words, and is intended for pupils of the Third Reader grade. Her second book, "Williamson's Life of General 'Stonewall' Jackson, for Youths," is also written in easy words, and, being one grade more difficult than the first book, is adapted to the ability of pupils of the Fourth Reader grade. In fact, however, all young people above the Second Reader grade receive much pleasure and profit from these books. We have on our files a great many testimonials from men and women who say that they received a clearer and more comprehensive view of the lives of these two illustrious Americans from these two juvenile books than they were able to get from more exhaustive histories. In these books there has been no attempt to discuss the causes which led up to the Civil War. The author has contented herself with the drawing of an ideal pen-picture of two heroes, without the sombre back-ground of *ante-bellum* contention. [See Advertisement.]

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